

## **Rapture "A Tribute"**

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Locked in verses, Locked in so many Curses  
Chained to guilt and shame, fear I'm to blame  
Death waiting at the door, you just had to answer the  
door  
Word indescribable, feelings inerasable  
Black or white, brothers are dying  
And I'm left here sitting and crying.  
Not on the outside you see, only inside me  
One at a time, once were all fine  
Warm hearts getting what they don't deserve, all they  
tried to do is just serve  
Blood dripping down their face, these images I can't  
erase.  
From another country to another death, Gasping in  
horror right before their last breath  
Oppression and control, getting the best of me, taking  
the toll  
Blood is spilling out of the veins, while death is holding  
onto the reins  
Bullets are the cause, making us think and pause.  
There were once four little boys, now there are three.  
This errant government and these deaths are getting  
the best of me.  
Shaken and disturbed, violently perturbed.  
Let it not be true, let it not be you.  
Dying of a death so violent, dying of a death so trident  
Lord of heaven above, you with your o so powerful love  
Take care of those that have died  
They lived their life and tried

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