

Bless 1

"Works"

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Maybe I should play the lottery, 'cuz I'm executing my
life horribly
Soon I'll be ass out like sodomy
Probably if I'm homeless I'll focus on my priorities
Bigots will label me another lazy minority
Standing in the rain with a can in my hand
Panhandling, scrambling to eat when I can
Defeating the plan, ripped the blueprint in my hand
Disgusted by traces of my footprints in this land
A man plays a sax underneath train tracks
Making my thoughts disappear- body relaxed
Quickly I re-entered my realm, documentary film
I control the camera, lead actor
Scenes are written by an unseen Supreme Being
Those with pain, I can't explain The Author's meaning
Fiending for direction so my movie can be
Unaltered my outside powers that whisper to me,
whisper to me, whisper to me...

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