

Souls In Chains

"December 21st"

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(Intro)

Im sorry,
To anyone this may involve,
To anyone this may hurt,
Im sorry,
I didnt mean for things to turn out like this,
It just happened,
Im sorry.

(Verse1)(jD)

If I remember correct was December 21st, 1999
melatonin
cortisol conversed, Just a snot nose kid, 8 at the
time, Maybe four foot five blond hair to my eyes, Woke
up Aladdin sheets on a pissed stained mattress,
Younger
brother in the top bunk still asleep backwards, Blood
stains on the walls dawn beatin through my window,
Cant
belive memories of something so simple, Layin still
heard a scream, Eyes open up, Slowly shut, In my
dreams, Lonely us, Pupils connected with the cucifix
now, Hanging from a hook on my ceiling its Lucifer
now,
Clutch my sides bend my knees and cover myself with
blankets, Heard another scream momma took a swing
at
poppas facial, Fighting in thee other room I pray for
silence mind is feeble, Blind but not deaf intertwined
with the roots of all evil.

(Hook)

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

It takes alot to be always on fault, it takes alot.

(jD)(Spoken)

My momma she was going to shcool to become a
doctor,
she'd always suffer from depression, panic attacks,
anxiety and what not I mean she was sick. I remember
back, I was about 10 she chased my dad into the street
with a shovel swung and hit him in the face. Right in
front of me, I was 10 years old, 10.

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

I maybe not all the time all Ive got, maybe not.

(Verse2)(jD)

Im scarred I hear my momma crying daddas yellin'
wish

to God endure these fights are seldom, Restriction of
the tear glands I can hardly help it, 7:13 not a second
past, Watch my life stop, Count my seconds back,
Resort

to acrimony screams the Devils at large now, Ask my
self the very question am I Satan's or Gods child, Pick
my head up surface the covers, 3 feet above me in a
peaceful sleep my little baby brother, Fall a thousand
feet back down nothings certain, eyes interpret, Starin
up, walls brushed the yellows of urine, Watery eyes
blurry and burnin, Medulla infested with serpents that
flourish, A ray of Eden truth in the trees hidden but
slippin' through the blinds and the white curtains,
Perception, Loud fast foot steps in the next room,
Paniced, Cant sit still listen for next moves, Felt a

crash against the wall knocked books off shelves,
Shattered the mirror glass fell to the floor lost sight
of myself.

(Hook)

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

It takes alot to be always on fault, it takes alot.

(jD)(Spoken)

I remember alot of nights my parents would get loud
and

either my mom or the niehbors would call the cops.

These stupid pricks would come into my house, arrest
my

dad, question me and my brother. And at school the
next

day Id have to front with these rich private school
kids like we live the same lifestyles, and that went on
for nine years, nine.

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

I maybe not all the time all Ive got, maybe not.

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

Now for the first days, Safety left of course, Whats
the hurry, One love remaining, Waiting on one love,
Have you got it, Have you got it in you.

(jD)(Spoken)

The truth is we never really had much never had
anything just enough to get us by, and we were happy
that way. That is, until the medication stopped
working.

(Verse3)(jD)

Hear momma screamin for police I know no help is
comin,
Cut the phone cords last night so no help can ever
touch us, Sick of hindin' in the closets under beds
down the street, Sick of cryin' through the nights
cause my dadda has to leave, sick of school the next
day rich kids bitchin' about they perfect lives, lived
most of my days in poverty no purpose or drive,
Humiliation, They use to laugh at what Im from, Layin
here beneath these blankets, contimplatin madness my
familys become, Almost 8:00 o'clock seconds slow as
screaming stops, Open my eyes quiet not a care not a
thought, Brother wakes up tears fall from my eyes, My
body is still I cant move cant escape from the screams
in my mind.

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

It takes alot to be always on fault, it takes alot.

(jD)(Spoken)

My father use to beat me, hit me with what ever he
could get his hands on. So I learned to runaway alot. I
never really gave a shit what people saw when they
looked at me, I had to grow up quick just me and my
brother that all there was, I feel for any kids who
been through shit like us, Anyone who see's and paints
a sky green and fields blue ought to be sterilized,
Fuck them

(Sampled)(Male Vocalist)

I maybe not all the time all Ive got, maybe not.

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