

## **Souls In Chains**

### **"Saints And Savages"**

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[Verse1][Esoterical]

Calm down, Deep breaths,  
Shes screaming pig, Up against the car resisting this  
arrest,  
37 acting like shes 19, As a little boy sits watching  
his momma,  
Wishing it was just a dream, Off he goes again to  
another family,  
Wishing God would have blessed him, Different then  
this  
hell he sees,  
Strangers seed, From eight shots and a girl gone,  
His momma always said, He was the reason why her  
world  
stopped,  
Waiting for a lullaby 12:59, Eyes wide,  
Listens to his momma cry away the night,  
He was watching his night light flicker out,  
Whispering soft words to the walls, Stopping any sense  
of doubt,  
Hes waiting for the better day in tomorrow,  
He thinks to ask her every morning, Tell me whered  
that  
smile go?  
Shes in the bottle, From sip to swallow,  
Hes likely to follow, Until she throws an apology,  
With love he thought hed never know.

[Chorus][Christina Aguilera]

Oh Im sorry for, Blaming you  
For everything, I just couldnt do  
And Ive hurt myself, By hurting you

[Verse2][jD]

One granny three uncles, Two aunts a nephew,  
Four sisters no brother, No father half a mother,  
Six cousins couple clients and a PO, One bedroom one  
window one bath,  
Shared by twenty something mother fucking, Low life  
people,  
Just a child in a sinners world, Born to be free,  
Fascination of ejaculation, Mourn victim in the system

Born wicked from the seed,  
Not a chance in hell, Fell in line in life,  
Selling drugs and such, Till the time was right,  
Stepped up his game, LH wanted the call,

Started shit with older dudes, Shots fired lids fall,  
Bled out on the concrete, Never made it home,  
Drug money bought the food, So the children wouldnt  
moan,  
Last words he uttered softly, Struggling for breath,  
Blood bubbles at his side, The rain washed away whats  
left.

[Chorus][Christina Aguilera]  
Oh Im sorry for, Blaming you  
For everything, I just couldnt do  
And Ive hurt myself, By hurting you

[Verse3][Esoterical]  
The eviction notice beats the kid awake this morning,  
Baby girl get up and gets scared, When none of the  
lights in the house are working,  
Daddy already knows that the phones are dead,  
And just as the cycle goes, Hes not quick on fixing  
this,  
Before his morning fix of cigarettes and gin,  
Hes wondering if he can just leave her with the  
relatives,  
While he becomes a savage, An arrest away from  
twelve  
steps,  
A generation of rejects and neglect,  
And its hereditary, Laced with grimy memories,  
Consistently just keeping dreams captive quiet and  
confined within sleep,  
Were just another apathetic breed,  
Lost in distilled drinks and abandoned seeds,  
Creeping to mix with fiend, And truthfully,  
With every God damn fist to a wall,  
Every desperate and pathetic drunken emergency call,  
We burn our own wings,  
And listen to what the saints are trying to sell,  
Born with tainted halos,  
Fighting,  
For the better side of hell.

[Chorus][Christina Aguilera]  
Im sorry for, Blaming you  
For everything, I just couldnt do  
And Ive hurt myself, By hurting you

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