

rage of the forgotten

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## rage of the forgotten

rage,

black rage, as we turn the pages of time, somethings never change, like a million pound of lead, so many bleed, and lay dead

shackle, bound face down on the ground, they said, search their jackets and pockets treating us like moppets, inappropriate, behavior, oh how we need a savior, cuz they show no mercy,

they are heartless, disrespectful, and neglectful, they take away our rights, and choices, no justice no peace, no liberty, lack of education, a disturb, distorted nation, dirty looks, and hateful intentions

rage,

black rage like a speeding race car gage running high, to the boiling point, the spilling of blood on the grass, and cells and haul way, police brutality, low self esteem and low morality. damage emotions, dreams

and hope killers, shameless, a physical and mental slavery. mindless, blindness, sadness, oppressors, in god we trust, but the crys for freedom in the shadows and dust, for equality, unity, integration, to be heard,

we want just to be love, a cry for peace, to live, to give, achieve, and express our many talents, and abilities, yes we are people of the rainbow, we bleed the same blood, so why prosecute, rebuke and chastised us

are we just like u? we not do the things u do to, can we all just get along, emotional break down, black rage to be accepted, greeted to be want and needed, but we hate to be misunderstood and mistreated.

rage,

black rage like wild animals in cages, wishing, and hoping for the taste and feeling of freedom, the forgotten scars, and hateful words, the gaping wounds, the pain and suffering, we bear being sacrifice and crucified

black rage in the minds and soul of the creatures of the nite, now in the light, give me vision give me site, and strength to fight, oh so much sweat, blood and tears, we must write the wrongs, oh lord for forgive them,

for they know not what there done, black rage like pirates of the sea, like the howling wind at the top of the big old oak trees, like the fire that burns within the belly of the undead, but with faith we can move ahead, and

remember the forgotten dead, black rage like the ligions of doom, from the womb to the tomb, like the flame from the pit of hell, black rage still burning inside us, as we turn the page, to be better modern day worriors.

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