

## My Window

Bang

It shows it's scene without a choice  
It's looking eye is but a voice  
Reflecting sights that cause a time  
When helpless man begins to find  
The changing force of sinful ways  
The chilling thoughts of lonely days  
Now I sit with shaved hair  
My body's strapped, I fear this chair  
All right now... Fates a yell in times ever now  
One lives his life in quest of hope  
Seeing Speaking tells a tale  
Of how to live to each his own  
I scream, but ears have lost my sound  
I cannot breathe, I'm gagged and bound  
A crime of hate I have to bear... A fear of death  
This electric chair  
The twisting winds of death unfold  
My body slumps... I'm damp and cold  
Place my mind with nurtured needs  
Upon the lawn of fertile seeds  
Let me speak with lips sewn shut  
Of things I've done in mortal state  
I cannot scream so no one hears me  
They dare not look they show their fears  
My windows there the scenes the same.  
I'm not here they've lost my name