Lost Souls

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Jack and Jane went to the alley to smoke a little crack.
It was Jack's first time, and Jane OD'd. Jack was hurt because of that.

Her death made Jack leave it alone,
But the crack was worse and had an affect,

Even though it was Jack's first time
He couldn't get the monkey off his back.

Jack is lonely cause Jane is gone, now he's been getting high all week.
Jack spent all his money so he gotta go to the streets.

He's caught between two poles because he's got to sell and use.
Shit got so ruff for Jack that he sold a pair of his son's shoes.

Now he's sad, broke, and his family's hurt
Cause Jack ain't shook that monkey.

His rent is due, his son's feet got blisters,
And Jack is still a junkie.

The devil is thinkin', "That soul is mine," cause
Jack ain't kicked his habit.

The fruity colors are white, the Trix are Rocks
And Jack's an impatient rabbit.

He tried to sell his son, but that didn't work,
Now Jack is really insane.

He went from smokin' one rock a day to four rocks a day;
The shits' killin' his brain.

Jack lost his son to D.C.F.S and
He's been locked in jail.

Everybody, including the devil, knows soon
Enough that his soul will be in Hell.

Now Jack’s real sick; and a man in Jail said,  
“Jack you should seek the Lord.”

But later on Jack told that Angel in disguise,  
“Fuck you and your sword.”

Six days later Jack was killed during a botched escape attempt.  
I tell this story because it’s true and it really makes me trip,

Jack was close to me and I learned from him,  
So now I carry a sword

Because I truly believe Jack’s life would’ve been better  
If at first he sought the Lord.

JESUS IS THE PATH

Bryon Williams
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