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**Words Uncaged Submission.**

### **Hurt So Lost**

I can identify with Kurt Kobane, so much pain that can't be comprehended by a so so brain. So I search for change, professional advice all the same no matter the desired result I know who's really insane. Dang, I woke up in need of a shoulder to lean on, looking back at the bed of disguised lies that's been made perfect for me to sleep on. I've handpicked every page in which I bestowed my grief upon, my life's an open book called oppression so read along. Let's go back to the potato sack slacks thin wall backyard shacks workin the fields singin negro songs, our genes alone so strong summon fear that we might retake the throne, while all we want is to be left alone. Minds controlled by massah as if he still livin, devout christians forgetting that massah forced our ancestors to adopt his religion. Fed the part of the pig, the shits in to degrade us now call it soulfood and feed it to your children. Jim Crow taught massah to control the mind throughout time imbedded slave like methods like the way you dine thinking its fine in serious need of devine intervention. One time maybe the 85 will listen destroy and rebuild your existence.

Peace...