

Boonmi Power the Bang of a gun

HARUUCHI'S ON FREEDOM

Isn't the law what about or are they

I don't understand Is this really I don't feel like clapping

By Bayla Addison

Maybe I don't understand Is this really

I was walking too slow they not understand as I began to be struggle to see what was I'm staying for another was I just in the wrong

does it make any reasonable my life is now the past things flowing from my fingers on my dress I was blinded by the bright unobscured but a small grey there the right beat me with their might though I don't care might because I received for my okay to spray me with bullets to my corpse

like a No future you're my future four-lead caliber

over sports a

phone down

me  
get-are  
lost-in translation  
education  
pillage  
seize  
tense  
trades  
trades  
let's  
let's  
let's  
let's

It's really not that I met an early grave but rather now the road was paved important to hold what my way would later criticize and sold

Several groups to that I've done to a combined for some

glor

Why the sound I was about to but instead in my I was almost off but will never receive since I sold a few does that really make my world you stop read us to this to turning back, it's



DEWED  
cashier I lay dead that I'm bridge cigarette the ultimate threat Soda mixed So how to demoralize with power transfiguration our humanity we lack

All of this been before hand-drawn that if I was all so there this will that you so next time the information straight because at this rate

could have avoided hadn't been distorted you later, the will be my end my friend on your road to you'd never be able to silence

nothing has changed



As the blood flows are I did because of you and what about my family argue they will blame themselves for eternity what was the reason for my death when all I stole was my last breath and one after this false arrest my friends aren't allowed to protect I understand that his peace turns into rage when And the innocent are closed in alleys expect them to do sit at home with their head hung low feeling blue

And when they are they are suppressed

its only been early

Booya Addisu  
Boom! Pow! The bang of a gun  
This really isn't that much fun.  
I don't feel much like clapping  
Isn't the law supposed to protect this from happening?  
What about those who wear the badges?  
Or are they the true savages?

I don't understand what I did wrong  
Is this really where I belong?  
Was my hoodie too low?  
Or maybe I was walking too slow?  
Could they not understand me?  
Even as I begged to be set free?  
I struggle to see what was lost in translation,  
Perhaps they never received the proper education  
Was I mistaken for another face  
Or was I just in the wrong place

How does it make sense  
That my life is now the past tense?  
The music flowing from my headphones  
Now lingers on my fresh headstone  
Because I was blinded by the bright lights  
And unconsciously put up a small fight  
What gave them the right – their fright? –  
To beat me with all their might even though I don't bite?  
Just because I reached for my phone  
Made it okay to spray me with bullets down to my bone?

They will blame themselves for eternity

What was the reason for my death?

When all I stole was my last breath

And even after this false arrest

My friends aren't allowed to protest

I understand that it's wrong when peace turns into rallies

And the innocent are abused in alleys

But really what else do you expect them to do?

Sit at home with their head hung low, feeling blue?

And who else are they supposed to accuse

Other than your false news?

All of this could have been avoided

If the facts hadn't been distorted

So before you latch the handcuffs that will be my end

Think about this my friend

It was all caught on tape

So there goes your escape

This will only lead to violence

That you will never be able to silence

So next time get the information straight

Because at this rate

Nothing has changed

It's only been falsely rearranged

So if you could just follow protocol

You may be able to save us all