

The Keeper of Death

It's the:

Keeper of Death avengin' through the night,

Salvagin' those that live they life correct but trife:

Adherin' to the codes of *The Street*.

"I spread my wings, embrace ya Sun,

It's your soul that I keep."

Inextricably caught in a realm of automatic fire,

Third dimension expired.

Omnipotent pyrotechnics control yo heartbeart,

Slowed to a beat a second.

You live not hardly:

In my presence?

The essence of what I' stressin,'

Is manifested since bless-sted,

as a shawty enmeshed in lessons.

Mental molested.

Tributaries to the cardiac organ congested.

Wanton desires of livin' vested.

Life's infested:

with people that claim to be yo friends,

but, they only there to push yo Benz,

or, perhaps spend yo ends.

Heated antagonisms –

Got me breakin' false niggas colors down like prisms.

Lock ‘em up in my prison.

Of whack humanities,

that can’t avoid these:

deadly matters –

LIFE is treated like a shotty when it’s “Shattered.”

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