"What No One Wants to Hear..."

My mind is full, at times it hurts,
My heart took too much pain.
And only by God's will, alone,
I keep from going insane...

I'm not alone, in the way I feel.
There's many more like me, behind
these walls we sit and dream,
Of the day will all be free...

We've taken it all and lived our
lives within a cold dark cell.
At times we think it could
Only be just a little bit
better. Than hell.

Some of us are a violent
breed, an hurt we seem
to lust, we walk awhile
and talk awhile, but
kill you if we must.

Some say we're wild and
dangerous, like animals in
a cage, but could it be
society has put us
in this rage?
We don't regret the things we've done; only regret we were caught. They say they want to teach us right, but what have we been taught? You've showed us how to really hate, and nothing do we fear, and everytime you knock us down, we grab another year.

It doesn't matter what you say survival is a Must.

We learn we have no real friends?

No one we could Trust.

The door that closed around us now has Changed from wood to steel, and only those Who have done this time own know the way We feel.

Some of us will never leave, soon some will have to go, but even in the outside world the scars of hell will show. A salute to all who made it out, never to return, same to those who put us here, in hell will see you burn, when the end has finally come, and hell is our domain in Death you'll still remember us as we have A Number for our Name.