

Live Or Die Trying

Flatfoot 56

I write this letter from the soot in my cell. Your cherished name echoes through this hell. My body aches from the scars that show just a fragment of a man you used to know. Back of the yards, on the butcher line, Irish and German all doing time. Knocking 'em down out in freedom's land. Gotta crawl so the kids can stand. I gotta live or die trying. Ten years old, yet beyond my years. Left to a world of shame and fear. Sold as a slave, I don't understand. Just a casualty of the greed of man. I gotta live or die trying. Standing tall I face this bitter consequence. I gotta live or die trying. In life we're going to live, in death we're going to die. Like we're going to live, but only if we try. Staring trial in the face. Dig my heels in, stand my place. Against the world, back to the wall. Heart pounding through it all. Hey, we're gonna make it! We're gonna make it. I gotta live or die trying. Standing tall, I face this bitter consequence. I gotta live or die trying.