

# Pity the Plight

## Plan B

Picture the fates of young fellows  
Too long in bed with no sleep  
With their complex romantic attachments  
All look on their sorrows and weep  
They don't get a moment's reflection  
There's always a crowd in their eye  
Pity the plight of young fellows  
Regard all their worries and cry

Their Christian mothers were lazy perhaps  
Leaving it up to the school  
Where the moral perspective is hazy perhaps  
And the climate oppressively cruel  
Give me one acre of cellos  
Pitched at some distant regret  
Picture the fate of young fellows  
And their anxious attempts to forget

These aren't the tears of a thug like murky water  
Crying tears as clear as mud for his father's daughter  
His half sister, he felt obliged to support her  
Since her mum was poor and her dad died even poorer  
Separated until she was eight years old  
He knew as soon as he saw her that he adored her  
So now he's paying for blood with a brother  
And an automatic weapon; Smith And Weston  
That'd split a fucking hole in your chest length

He's been looking to corner the perpetrators responsible for a killing  
Now that he's finally got them where he wants them  
Blood will start spilling  
The atmosphere in the air tonight is chilling  
The blanket of stars above their heads in the sky feels like a ceiling  
Slowly crushing down on them as the terror starts progressing  
That leaves the youngest of the two open to his suggestion  
Only thirteen years old; pubescent adolescent  
About to learn a very harsh and depressing lesson

These are the tears of a wanna-be thug  
Crying tears as thick as blood cause his elders set him up  
To take the fall and now he's stuck with no way of getting out  
Cause even if there was a way he'd still want to vent this anger out  
Without a doubt these street are rife with corruption  
Young minds get corrupted and so easily fucked with  
Only leads to destruction in the end; false assumptions  
That people have your back makes you believe they're your friends  
Who don't some represent; no one can be trusted

One double-0 percent cause some thugs will go to lengths  
To get revenge  
Even if it means manipulating youths to carry skins  
And do the dirty work for them  
The kind of work for men  
That route the dark has past  
Not impressionable young children that never had a chance  
Growing up in these manors most are doomed from the start  
Cause the minds of their peers are as ill as their hearts

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