

Do I Believe In Hell?

Written by Ade` Craig

Do I believe in hell? Hell yeah. But it's not beneath us. We're in it. We tread on its surface everyday. For those who don't tread light, they get burned. Yeah sure, pockets of good exist, but so many are stuck in a ditch, looking out while the devil looks in. Even you'd make a deal to escape. Handing over innocence for a hand. All while the hand pulling you up doesn't give a damn about your innocence. Shit just got very real. Drugs. Violence. Poverty. Decadence. A tunnel of perpetual darkness. Being in the wrong place at the right time becomes your otherwise known as. He had so much potential, they say. Mom and dad's tears, yeah, they'll pull you through a nickel. But a quarter is a whole different ballgame. And there's no winner in prison. Stories are shared. Dreams that never were, reminisced. Together, ya'll support each other. Together ya'll support a failed system. On the outside, nothing's changed. Pain. Suffering. ME. Our primal ways more evident. Rehabilitated? Just stamp your form sonny, like Red said. Because you kill yourself, you go to hell....HERE

Feelings from my heart.

Dedicated to the Mothers of Bedford