

Poetry Series

grace pelt
- poems -

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And Tomorrow By Tupac

Today is filled with anger, fueled with hidden hate.
Scared of being outkast, afraid of common fate.
Today is build on tragedies which no one want's to face.
Nightmares to humanity and morally disgraced.
Tonight is filled with Rage, violence in the air.
Children bred with ruthlessness cause no one at home cares.
Tonight I lay my head down but the pressure never stops,
knowing that my sanity content when I'm droped.
But tomorrow I see change, a chance to build a new,
build on spirit intent of heart and ideas based on truth.
Tomorrow I wake with second wind and strong because of pride.
I know I fought with all my heart to keep the dream alive.

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Fallen Star By Tupac

They could never understand
what u set out 2 do
instead they chose 2
ridicule u
when u got weak
they loved the sight
of your dimming
and flickering starlight
How could they understand what was so intricate
2 be loved by so many, so intimate
they wanted 2 c your lifeless corpse
this way u could not alter the course
of ignorance that they have set
2 make my people forget
what they have done for much 2 long
2 just forget and carry on
I had loved u forever because of who u r
and now I mourn our fallen star

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I Cry By Tupac

Sometimes when I'm alone
I Cry,
Cause I am on my own.
The tears I cry are bitter and warm.
They flow with life but take no form
I Cry because my heart is torn.
I find it difficult to carry on.
If I had an ear to confiding,
I would cry among my treasured friend,
but who do you know that stops that long,
to help another carry on.
The world moves fast and it would rather pass by.
Then to stop and see what makes one cry,
so painful and sad.
And sometimes...
I Cry
and no one cares about why.

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Should'Ve Shot Myself

i should've shot mii self.
got it all over with.
cuz onlii lord knows all the pain i went thru.
so i stop and think about all that i have.
may not be much but it's lord you I live for.
so i dropp mii gak. and i dropp to mii knees.
i've cried all night about what God has for me.
So i pray to da lord 'please help me'.
and i pray for my homies out in da streets
gettin banged up and gettin blown away.
I kno ya skeptical about wats going on with me.
but dont trii and figure it out.
cuz onlii lord knows i would've shot mii self to get it all over with

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The Rose That Grew From Concrete By Tupac

Did you hear about the rose that grew from a crack in the concrete?
Proving nature's law is wrong it learned to walk with out having feet.
Funny it seems, but by keeping it's dreams, it learned to breathe fresh air.
Long live the rose that grew from concrete when no one else ever cared.

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