

Blaque Sheet Ja *Rebel in the Pleasure*

Bitterness is my rival!
It's so hard to revel in happiness where every day is survival.
Where the wealthy are strong and the poor forgotten.
Where hearts tremble, and hope seems forever spoiled rotten...
And to the struggles of our compass, when will you lead us to our
So-called happy place?
If there so be one, can we be reserved a space?
What is the true difference between moral judgment and desperate
decisions?
Do we not know right when choosing wrong, but when nothing's right
We sin greater might I mention
Just to make peace the days of our lives.
Refusing to let our darkest nights conquer us, so there we strive!!!
What we fear should give ambition.
Through this jungle we step on vines of agony, and climb
Trees of trials, looking not for the grass that's greener; but the water that's
lighter.
Because we're born rebellions, and what they want us to dream.
We compel to differ and imagine higher!
We grow stronger the more they try to weaken us, grow
Ambitious the more they take from us.
Poverty and distress does not reside with trust!!!
So I say, bitterness is my rival...
But happiness is an enemy of mines, so call us friends.
(Dare To Rebel) The Roaming God
Protest Enemies Against Conquering Environments