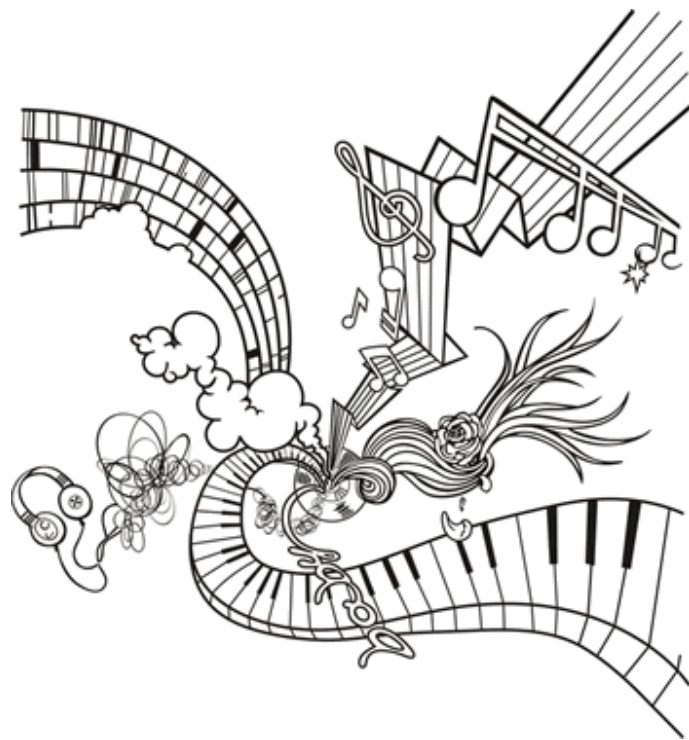


The INK of Wrevelationz

Bran-done Wyll-iamz



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

For Ric Williams, Dane, Blake, Heaven, and Channon and Christopher.

Acknowledgement

I\’d like to pay tribute to God for for the wisdom he blesses me with.

summary

Ethereal Material

Rhetorical Poetry

Synthesis

Recidivistic Tragedy

Ethereal Material

Apart of my darkened heart hurt, curses I blurt as my tears fall to the dirt, with a blood stained shirt from this enemy thats now burried beneath Earth, all my senses alert, gotta avert cops I need to assert a plan before all energy I exert, I walk along the outskirts til I hit paydirt, come along to a town where I insert a search for a holy church to be forgiven cuz my catechism was at birth, a cataclysm has risen in my rebirth into a man fully aware of his worth. Vyllain

Rhetorical Poetry

I resemble Giants but only shorter, dust snorter, others bullshit sorter, pro- aborter, women are truth distorters, ex- wife an extorter, for rights of my kids to court I will escort her, my ex makes me an exporter important to bring new women call me an importer, want an inner view, exclusively an interview? go grab a reporter with a recorder and see who really is my biggest supporter, not yet insane but I reached that line at the border, feeling right now like life has backed me into a corner, kept from moving forward trapped inside this horror, quarter til 3 am then comes a new world order, the nightmare hoarders, sorta to sort out who is first to be tortured, cold hearted but my bloods warmer I come as a life warner, my life a bitch but I adored her absolutely absorbed her, just could not afford her or do the things I wanted to do for her, Earth is nothing but disorder all rules meant to be broken fuck all the law enforcers, people and their loyalty to me change up like transformers, why are we surrounded by flunky bitch ass performers! Villain.

Synthesis

Despicable as I write syllables so unexplicable that when taken literal are far more biblical than being fictional. Clinical criminal in prison held never in minimal, I was born cynical, cuz judged am I, critical against authority, I stay quizzical, so rise in the physical, until all miserable imbeciles stand down so it is pitiful. The Life I lead is not fixable, I live every second of it as if its pivotal, until I reach my pennacle or a place described as peace that in my mind stays mystical. Vyllain.

Recidivistic Tragedy

Clever, watch as I severe ties ever so prized never was my suprised reaction to cries from whomever, forever damn whoever stands in paths I endeavor, moreover they can suffer and I feel nothing whatsoever, and you are none better than a street beggar, no! Lesser, compared to my intellectual measures, you like a bumb in homeless shelters hiding from weather passed out on a stretcher, you would fold under my pressure as I press words. Like treasure it brings me great pleasure to profess for a semester knowledge as if I am a professor, think more like a professional aggressor, that compacts raps like it's all trapped inside compressors that erupt like an oppressor on my opponents; not my successors. Vyllain.