

BOMB OF ANTHRAX

FOR THE

PRISON INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

BY J. K. WOODARD-EL

You came to our gate . . . Full of disguised hate . . . Lied and convinced us that you was something great. We foolishly thought that you were our friend . . . And stupidly let you in . . . You methodically murdered a lot of our strong men . . . Quick and cleverly enslaved our kin . . . Turned our meager home into a dope den. Made our lives a living hell . . . Took our names when you gave us bail . . . Now our freedom is up for sale . . . To the multi-billion dollar conglomerate that is predicated on our fail. And now I know why . . . You want us all locked up or to miserably die . . . It is not based on paranoia, deception or a lie. Because if we are all dead . . . Laying lifeless in our precious red . . . Then you and yours can lavishly be dined, pampered and fed . . . On the world's bounty of wine, meat and bread. In your diabolical plan for our death, destruction and perpetual-confinement-folly . . . You forgot one important thing Mr. Charlie . . . What you do not know and simply could not see . . . Is that I am taking you and yours with me. To hell's doom . . . Tick, tick, tick, BOOM.