

My Final Breath

They say I killed George Pollard
they say it and they're right
they do not know my motive
It gives them quite a fright

Guilty said the judge
they sentenced me to death
going to the round house
the place of my last breath

Soon it will be over
to make the wrong things right
I'll slowly fall asleep
and fly up to the night

No one knew my story
no one knew my pain
no one will remember me
or how I died in chains.

By Summer Johnston