

-One Boy's Life-

Everyone around me,
Very extravagant and wealthy,
But with zero amiability,
What's the possibility?

The gold of all the men,
They treat us like a rotten toy.
Didn't have one hen,
I'm just a fifteen-year old boy.

I really had no choice,
Everyone already knew.
I couldn't hear a voice,
My world was something new.

Oh, I left the boys behind,
Forced into a program,
And with a risk of getting blind,
I belonged in such reformatory.

We had no choice
but to pickpocket,
Watches, gold and cutlery,
Mind as complicated as a sprocket,
All upon our goods.

Now in 1844,
I had to be convicted.
I didn't have galore,
So, the choice was all constricted.

I was accused of murder,
As I was violently arrested
Feelings had a burden
Still, I yet protested.

I was placed in death row,
Weak as a gnome,
My advantages were as low.
England is my home.