

# POETRY SLAM

Poems written and Presented

by

The Humanistic Studies Program Students

at

I. D. E. A. Public Charter High School

1027 45<sup>th</sup> Street, Northeast

Washington, D. C. 20019

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# CWLA

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Teachers

Ms. Colleen Francis

Mrs. Janice P. Jones

Caught Up  
by Dominique Howard  
(grade 12, age 17)

It's a shame how it all went down  
When I saw your face with that permanent frown.  
Why did they kill you for that dirty low-down chick?  
And she wasn't worth nothing but a quick hit.  
You lost your life at fifteen,  
And it's hard for me to comfort your mom, Marine.  
They found you in a car with your face down  
Just like a maturing little pup with a childish frown.  
There's nothing I can do because you're gone, now.  
All I can do is just grieve.  
R.I.P. to my best friend, Steve.

Young Child  
by Tieshia Saunders  
(grade 12, age 18)

Teens in the world are hurting each other

Killing each other, not helping one another

Shooting down your next door neighbor because of the way he or she looked at you

Keep your head up young child, don't let one person get you down

Being a follower and making these ideas and conflicting decisions you think are right.

Why?

All I can say is keep your head up young child.

Believe in one another; stop hurting each other.

Trying to make it to the top without worrying about if you're going to see the next day or  
or night.

Baby mama's crying and yet they are still dying. Trying to make their life good,  
but still doing bad.

Keep your head up young child, don't let that girl or guy get you down.

Keep on believing that you can make someone see the great light in life.

Believe in yourself and then believe in someone else.

Keep your head up young child.

His Regret  
by Crystal Nedd  
(grade12, age 16)

He was young, only seventeen at the time.  
His dad was never home and his mom not alive.  
One day he got mixed-up with a bunch of guys,  
Who convinced him that shooting someone  
Who had robbed him  
Was not a crime.  
So he shot the robber three times in the chest.  
The next day the police came to make an arrest.  
A couple months later, his court date arose,  
And before he knew it, he was sentenced to life, no parole.  
One year later and still in jail, he thought of his friends and how they had bailed,  
Realizing his mistake, he got so upset,  
But all he could do now  
Is sit and regret!

The Good Die Young  
By Dominique Howard  
(grade 12, age 17)

They say that the good die young  
That's why I think you should go out and have fun  
Because time waits for no one  
When God calls  
Don't cry  
Just go home with a poor sigh  
She was in the living room watching T.V.  
Next thing you know a bullet flies through  
And takes her young life  
When her mom looked, it was too late  
This young girl died at the age of eight.  
Next murder scene, Ballou Senior High  
He was walking in the hall  
Going to his next class  
Someone crept from the cut and rang out shots  
He didn't know what was going on  
All of a sudden, he felt cold  
He fell to the ground, realizing he was hit  
So he thinks to himself, God is this it?  
He took his last breath and closed his eyes  
He was a dear son, brother, and best friend  
R.I.P. James "J-Rock" Richardson  
Your soul will never die.

My Daddy  
by Jeanae Ward  
(grade 12, age 18)

My daddy –

I didn't know him very much

I could barely remember his face.

All I could remember is my daddy riding  
me on his back as we traveled from place to place.

You see, my daddy was into the streets,

But he made a living to support his family

Until one day, the streets took my daddy away from me

The street gunned down my daddy, and he never came back –

Only because they thought he was somebody else from the back.

But I was young, just at the age of two; didn't even think of my daddy dying,  
or even going to his funeral.

So now all I remember is –

What they tell me as they describe him as – light skin, hazel brown eyes, fresh  
hair cut, smooth goofy, and had a lot of friends.

Reds is what they called him, because he was so light –

And all the ladies wanted him, but that was my daddy and he belonged to my  
Mama, and he loved us all

My daddy, the violence in the streets took –

My Daddy!

## A THUG'S PRAYER

by Jazmyne Dyer  
(grade 12, age 18)

Wow! What a dream I had – a dream I was shot.  
My eyes are cloudy; I can't focus; I feel weak.  
Was my dream a reality or was it just the creeps?  
I walk down an unfamiliar hall.  
It seems like it never ends; all of a sudden, I start to remember that forsaken  
dream.  
My crew and me chillin', puffin' on green ; laughin' and jokin'.  
All of a sudden my body burns like I just drank acid.  
I try to turn, but there it is again – burning to no end in my head;  
My body drops limp, and my last breath has left. No, it has to be a dream;  
My life so young, you see  
So I drop to my knees beggin' the Lord, "Please, I know I never prayed before  
And when people spoke of you I said, "Please man, I don't believe in Him!"  
Now, I'm asking forgiveness for my sins, for I have sinned.  
Lord, hear this lost soul's prayer. I know Lord a life for a life,  
So Lord, if you take me, bless my unborn baby and tell her that –  
Daddy is sorry. The life I lived finally claimed me.  
But baby, I will be here.  
Every time your heart beats, I'll be there walkin' and standin' beside you.  
Your birth I will witness; your graduation and your life, I will witness.  
Lord, please hear my prayer and grant me peace.  
To my baby, I'm sorry, forgive me for these streets have now claimed me!  
Lord, hear this thug's prayer.

AMEN.

Buried in Her Womb  
by Indya Wright  
(grade 11, age16)

He killed something unborn  
Did he think twice of the life, now dead  
Caught in the fragments of her broken ribs  
Precious fetus, never given a chance to develop features  
Born without the choice to live or die  
Who gave him the right to decide the fate of a mother's child  
All that potential diminished by a baseball bat  
Unborn, yet, alive inside her net  
Now, its soul is to rest in peace—  
An eternal sleep to the melodic rustling of winged angels.

Shaped by Fate  
by Guy DeGreaffenreidte  
(grade 12, age 18)

Teenage violence that form gray skies

Teenage lives lost, mother's cry because their sons die

Suicide an option, it washes over them.

Expectations are watching, tempting and hovering over them.

Materialistic crafts, which can be replaced

Another burden of life for it could go to waste

It hits our generation raw with no crumbs to take

There's nothing anyone can do –

We're shaped by FATE

Let's Start Treatin' Each Other Right  
A Rap  
by Rochelle DeLaine  
(grade 12, age 17)

Chorus:

We need to make a change in this world today  
Violence and bad attitudes are not the way  
We livin' in a world of full tragedy  
This ain't the it's suppose to be  
Teens and violence don't make a good combination  
We need to watch out for our younger generation  
In this world there's way too much trouble  
We need to make a change on the double

All this violence among teens is a problem we need to have a way to solve 'em  
Tell me why can't a young girl go to school without being teased or ridiculed  
And because of the mean things they do and say, she's afraid to come to school every  
day

Violence causes pain not just physically, but it causes hurt emotionally  
A young man sits up every night and cries – Let me tell you why.

He was surrounded by drugs, violence and prostitution.

Through all this he tried to find a solution.

And through this, his parents didn't care. He was lost within a world of despair.

His teachers treated him like he was just another hood - just another kid who's misunder-  
stood”.

He grew up without a positive role model; his whole life was throttled

Every day his peers made fun of the clothes he wore

Just because his clothes had a lot of tears

He got tired of their insults; he was filled with strife

His emotions are worked up and he pulled out his knife.

Chorus (2xs)

What's the deal with teens killing each other?

What's the deal with a sister wantin' to kill her brother?

Teens start violence for stupid things you know

Hold up let me give you a scenario...

Two young teens try to walk through a door and some how the two bump heads,

They get angry and start to argue, and so one says-

“A Yo, you stepped on my nikes.”

The other says, “You ain't nothin' , ” and they get in a fight.

Then one got his gun and the other got his knife.

If they had only tried to talk it out-

If they only could express what the real issue was about  
Without using their hands and without using violent words –  
A yo, man, the whole issue was absurd.  
So as a result of their whole situation, they both got expelled and they missed their  
They both got expelled and they missed their graduation –  
If we learned to control our emotions, there wouldn't have to be such a big commotion  
You wouldn't have to get all upset; then, think and regret.  
Then, one day you decide to look back, and say to yourself,  
“My whole decision was whacked.”  
“My whole decision was whacked.”  
“My whole decision was whacked.”

Chorus (2xs)

How can we stop all this violence?  
One way is to not keep our silence, make a stand and do what's right.  
Talk out your problems, don't start a fight  
When faced with issues, try to keep your cool,  
Don't get locked up and feel like a fool.  
Try not to have violent words to say.  
Think of things in a positive way.  
What's the deal with teens hurting one another?  
We need to learn to care and love each other  
If we lessen the hate, we'll produce the love;  
It's the best way to get rid all of this violent stuff.  
Lack of concern produceth hate; care produceth love.  
We need to look for wisdom from the man above.  
Whatever the problem that maybe—  
There's no reason to use violence, you see.  
Let's show concern and start treatin' each other right  
Cause that's the only way we can win this fight.  
We can win this fight.  
We can win this fight.  
We can win this fight.

Chorus (2xs)

Teen Violence  
by Shamia Irving  
(grade 12, age 17)

Teen violence is a never-ending situation.  
Little problems escalate because of misinformation.  
This vicious cycle kills sisters, nieces, nephews, and brothers  
with the heartache and pain left to bare by the mothers.  
Our precious young are being neglected and are becoming extinct.  
We have to help those who are affected now  
There's no time to sit and think  
about who will be the first to put this cycle to an end,  
because while we're waiting it could be me, or it could be you, my friend.

Teens are fighting and killing one another when they should be loving and helping each other  
So now this issue is right in front of our face, we can't sit back and forget the race.  
Instead of sitting still in one place, let's stand up and put teen violence in its place.  
Death, yes, death to teen violence!

Unfortunate Revenge  
by Nicole Williams  
(grade 12, age 18)

Let me tell you a story about a boy who lost all his glory.  
It all started one night at the park.  
He saw his mother kissing a guy in the dark.  
He thought, "How could she do this to us?  
If dad found out, it would be too much."  
Angry thoughts flew through his head.  
He said to himself, "I want this guy dead.  
Maybe if I killed him; it'll erase it all.  
I'll get him in the park when he's playing ball."  
So he talked to one of his friends  
And got a gun to put this situation to an end.  
He stole his dad's car and set out on his mission.  
Killing this guy was his only intention.  
He stopped his car next to the court and said,  
"All right, I'm going to do it. I've got to make this short."  
So he took out the gun and started shooting.  
For a moment the sound was almost soothing.  
Then, he heard an all too familiar voice.  
Her screams created such a disturbing noise  
It was his mother standing over a lifeless body.  
Crying, "Oh my God! Someone shot my baby!"  
All the boy wanted was that guy dead,  
But a bullet had gone astray and he shot his sister in the head.

Untitled  
by Tiffany Tomlinson  
(grade 12, age 18)

I am in love with a man that most just don't understand.

They say he's too violent.

He's a disgrace.

They ask why do I keep letting him mess up my beautiful face.

They can't understand that he's the only love I know.

I've been with him since I was thirteen.

He was sixteen.

He always keeps clothes on my and food in my mouth.

I'm eighteen now and even though I've been to the ER endless times for broken bones

And cracked ribs, I still can't leave him even though I know I should

My heart just can't comprehend.

This man I love is just no good.

One day I'll get the power to leave him,

I hope I will.

Hope  
by Bethany Weister  
(grade 12, age 17)

The world we live in is a foreign place  
Filled with lost souls and cold hear  
With no sense of purpose or direction  
Or maybe they're just lacking motivation  
To do big things and achieve every dream  
We're not all the same  
There are those who I like to call the "exceptions"  
And these few who shine bright  
With warmth and ambition  
Are the victims of some selfish and jealous action  
It's ridiculous how much we try to bring  
    others down to put ourselves on top  
Violent acts and negative mindsets  
Are breaking us down  
What could be the cause of this extent  
    of evil one can possess?

I wish I could have been there  
To bring comfort that day  
To the fourteen year old daughter  
Whose mother's lover raped her  
Again for the fourth time  
With a broken soul  
She left her home in search of a sanctuary  
That fell short of her grasp  
She could never escape this fear towards man  
So she closed her eyes and took  
    her life instead

Or how about that young heart  
Who was searching for affection  
'Cuz when he was a kid  
He never got hugs or any type of attention  
He yearned for acceptance from his peers  
And he thought the basketball team  
Would be the perfect answer  
So he went to try outs  
Thinking the friends were sure to come  
If he made the starting line-up

Well he didn't make the team  
But he sure made the cut  
'Cuz when he came home  
He put a razor to his wrist  
To ease his pain  
Drop, by drop. by drop

What about the gentleman  
Who met an attractive lady  
That caught his eye  
As someone he could potentially grow to like  
So he approached the girl  
And she said they could get together  
Sometime for dinner and a movie  
No where did she mention she had another  
So for all he knew, sweetheart was a free agent  
He smiled as he bought her a slurpee  
Little did he know  
A bullet would end his story

We need to come together  
And find the cure for all humanity  
It may take time  
But we gotta start somewhere  
'Cuz I don't know about you,  
But I want more for my kids  
They say each generation  
Is suppose to improve from the last one  
But this bud of a nation can't bloom  
If there is none  
The only solution to hate  
Is love  
And you can't love somebody else  
Until you take a look in the mirror  
And find a way to love yourself

Teen Violence  
by Diana McVay  
(grade 11, age 16)

Teen violence is an issue  
That cannot be solved with only a look  
Filed with crying, suffering, and despair.  
Why won't those who care actually say what they fear?  
Do they think that their words may not stop every outburst?  
Because you never know if their advice will help,  
And even if your best side doesn't come out  
There will be a hidden satisfaction  
That you tried to do something  
To help that one person  
Who needed the reassuring  
To just walk away  
So they could experience a day  
Without any fighting or hating.  
We were not meant to live in a place  
Filled with so much pressure  
And in some places hate.  
When we should be able  
To live in a world without violence.

If I Could  
by Guy DeGreaffenreidte  
(grade 12, age 18)

If I were made of fire,  
you'd never be cold.  
If I were omnipotent,  
not at all would you be on your own.

If I were your greatest achievement,  
your name would be known.  
If I could be your fetus,  
you'd have divine chromosomes.

If I could be your eyes,  
you'd see without vision.  
If I could be your ears,  
you'd hear without listening.

If I could be your arms,  
you'd reach without grabbing.  
If I could be your support,  
you'd grip without grappling.

If I could be your sorrow,  
you'd cry without tears.  
If I could be your wings,  
you'd fly without fear.

If I could be your music,  
you'd be the sweetest tune.  
If I could be your leisure,  
you'd always be soothed.

If I could be God,  
I wouldn't know what to do.  
If I could be his angel,  
I'd always be there to protect you.

No Turning Back  
by Devin Richardson  
(grade 11, age 17)

Man, I can't believe this fool  
Humiliating me on the train today.  
That's all right, he's gonna have to see me on the train tomorrow.  
Matter of fact, let me grab my strap; I'm not playin'.  
He's going to get what's coming to him.  
Oh, hold up, it doesn't even have to wait till tomorrow.  
There he is across the street.  
I'm ready now, ain't no turning back.  
I'm about to smoke this cat.  
Let me throw 10 in his back  
Yeah, chump, that's what you get, slumped in the gutter.  
Then, I heard shots ringing out, but my clip is empty.  
Ah no, I think somebody hit me.  
Come to find out, the cops did me like I did that boy.  
Shoot first, ask later.  
Now, it's too late to turn the clock back.  
I should've just spoke to him man to man.  
Now, my mother has to make funeral arrangements  
to put me under the dark sand.

Breaking the Rules  
by Indya Wright  
(grade 11, age16)

With him now taking the position as coach  
He treated murder as if it were a sport  
Granted with the right to decide the fate of a mother's child  
Without thinking twice he killed something unborn

Strike one

Precious fetus never given a chance to develop features  
No lips to testify its desire to live or die  
No voice to reclaim his position  
Coach swung without thinking  
Leaving him without a team

Strike two

All that potential diminished by the swing of his baseball bat  
Caught in the fragments of the future mother's broken ribs  
She was suppose to be on the same team  
But birthing a child would add one too many names to his roster  
Too many for him to handle  
She was suppose to be cheering him on  
Coach expected her to resume her place, silent on the side lines  
He never knew that getting rid of the child  
Would cost him his number one fan

Strike three

Now the baby flies straight to home  
In an eternal sleep to melodic rustling of angels in flight  
Coach won by himself with no remorse  
Basking in his solitary victory  
But he failed to acknowledge  
God is the referee and justice will have the final outcome

Game Over

Why  
by Michael Moore  
(grade 11, age 17)

We are gathered here today to mourn the death of a child lost in the prime of life and no one can figure out why.

Why the son that when born weighed only a few pounds, condemned to death by doctors' words but kept alive by a blessing and prayer heard by angels on high.

Why a mother is crying, still denying the fact that she will no longer see the only son she had.

The only son that by doctors' words was a miracle, because she wasn't suppose to be able to conceive

Why the words, "How was your day?" are no longer in her vocabulary and the laughter of her son no longer fills the house, yard, or the empty room two doors down from hers, passed, the bathroom and right next to the towel closet.

No more, "Honey, you forgot to turn off the faucet, or I need you to reach something on the top closet shelf."

Now, wishing she had spent more time with her son, she sits and thinks back on times that she wanted to help him out, but then she realized he had to learn for self the rights and wrongs of this cruel, cruel world and what life was all about.

Now, to get to the nitty gritty of this mess and how it can be that a child only 17 years old is six feet under ground, a mother wanting to turn the whole world around, upside down, inside out, and any which way possible to find the person responsible for her pain

Would you believe me if I told you the pain of this mother for her child was caused by a child 15 years of age, all 15 years full of nothing but rage, rage for a mother who gave him up at birth, rage for a father who didn't learn soon enough his own sons worth.

A brother, who showed him nothing but sorrow and pain, fist in his side, then, blood on his face.

Ending this nightmare took nothing less than God's grace.

Standing here now with no compassion for a young man days away from graduating, because all his life good wasn't good enough so he strove for the best, cram da la cram, the cream of the crop, never settling for the bottom of the barrel

Now, today he is staring into the barrel of a small handgun, just enough to do the type of damage that would cost him his future and it did. Click, click, BOOM was all you heard and all you saw was a body hit the concrete sidewalk

His body shook and dropped – that was all there was to it. Yeah, he jerked around for a few minutes while this 15 year old stood there stuck on stupid, because he wasn't sure what reality was anymore.

Downtown in a space surrounded by four metal walls at a prison, this 15 year old stood waiting.

Then, enters a mother, pale and wet with tears with one question spoken in a tone that could wake up only the dead. Why?

Wondering Why  
by Austin Gerald  
(grade 12, age 17)

Why are the youth dying all around  
It seems like the peace cannot be found  
Are you wondering why  
It's not even safe going to school  
Fighting because someone took your seat  
or if they even looked at you wrong  
Watch your back on your way home, 'cause  
They might try to get you for your coat and take your money  
Beat you down and leaving you all bloody  
Are you wondering why

You see a girl and think she's nice  
You look at her and try to approach her right  
Sitting in the 'cut', her boyfriend comes out and says  
What you looking at 'dog'

You apologize and say you didn't know  
She was with you, but he ain't trying to hear all that  
So he pulls out his 'gat' and ring out shots  
Left you shaking, slumped in the grass  
Hits you twice, your chest splits from the blast  
This is your child

Are you wondering why  
The parents  
Don't let you children do what they wish  
Teach them right if you don't it could be  
Your child's life tonight  
It's nothing good coming out no matter  
How it ends up  
Our teens, your teens' minds are just so corrupt  
So teach your kids morals, values and manners, too  
And stop wondering why, because the peace  
Starts with why you.

A Thin Line Between Love and Hate  
By Natascha Gerald  
(grade 11, age 16)

There's a thin line between love and hate  
A young woman crying and scared for her fate  
She's loved him ever since they met, but after a while there are many secrets she has kept  
Every night she writes:

“Dear Diary,  
I love him but I don't. There're many things I want to tell but I won't.  
He hurts me but I'll be okay, I can't go back home anyway. Why does he treat me this  
way?

I talk to God and pray everyday. I asked him would he make us work, but all I feel is  
pain and hurt.

She goes to school and come home, that's all she does.  
He's at the door and slaps her down just because  
Her friends tell her to leave, and that it's her mind that he's deceived  
“I'll love you”, he says and she says the same thing not considering her fate  
She must not understand that there's a fine between love and hate

One cold night she came in late  
She was out with her new friend on a date  
He was loving and sweet and treated her nice  
She talked to him about everything and how she would fight  
She walked in with a smile on her face  
For now she knew she would win this race  
Then he walked in with this devilish look  
And just like that without a word her life he took  
Without exchanging word or saying goodbye  
She fell to the ground  
And then she died

She wanted to leave, but she waited too late  
To find out that there was a thin line between love and hate.

I Fear You  
by Michael Moore  
(grade 11, age 17)

I fear you.

I fear the mere sight of you; the mere utterance of your name takes my breath away.  
When you look at me the darkness in your eyes pierces to my soul straight through my  
flesh and my bones.

When you speak, thunder and lightening listen. When you stare, the very blood in my  
body stands still as if it ran as cold as the ice in your eyes. When you're listening the  
very beating of my heart and breathing of my lungs are silenced.

I fear you.

When you're angry, my life is at stake, and when you yell, my whole world quivers and  
quakes. I fear you.

Though what I may fear most of all is when you raise your hand to me because every  
single time my whole life flashes before me and when it comes down, well, all I can  
do is curl up in a ball and wish there was some solid object between us like a wall.

I pray for the moment when I black out because at least then there's no pain.

I awake in a hospital bed not sure how God had placed me there or if it were the devil  
who had placed me there to get better just to make way for new markings. Look at  
me. Can't you see? I don't think there's any more room for scaring whether it be  
physically or mentally; this body has been pushed to its limits and beyond.

I fear you.

I fear the way you look at me, the way you speak to me, I even fear when you turn your  
back to me because there's no way of knowing when the next blow may come or  
where it's coming from.

In a crowded room I feel most alone. Afraid to reach out even though I want to scream  
out for help; I'm afraid.

I'm afraid to let one of my scars be seen so that someone may ask how or why and then I  
can pour from my mind the stories of abuse and tear from my flesh the clothing to  
reveal the scars of truth behind the face that seems so angelic and sweet.

I fear that no one would believe, let alone help me.

I stand here in fear of you and I write in fear of you and still have no clue how to escape  
you.

I have thought so many times of killing you; you sleep so hard that an earthquake  
wouldn't wake you so how easy it would be to get rid of you.

But would I, would I really be getting rid of you or would I just be replacing you and  
everything I hate. That was the plan all along wasn't it? You hurt me to the point  
that I give up my soul and my humanity to be rid of you when all it does is make  
another you to pick up where you left off on me, only it would be starting a new one  
on someone else. Well, I refuse to become you so do as you will.

I will never hate the way you do no matter what you put me through I fear you.

I'd sooner take my life than that of another, but what good does that do? I still loose

to you, because the mere thought of you was enough to destroy me. Oh, I don't think so.

There's no way you're getting off that easy. I'm here in this world to stay for as long as I'm needed.

Tormented and tortured, I fear you. Hated and abused, I fear you. Ready to give but still hanging on by some strand of faith, I fear you. An answer to my problems has finally taken this fear of you and has thrown it out the window never to return. I have succeeded. I walk through that door and I never have to look back for you see my knowledge has given me the power to leave you after all I've been through. I'm free of you. I no longer fear you.

You no longer have power over me. Yes, you could still take my life, but then, you'd have no one. And all this time I thought I needed you, family. Boy, was I wrong. It was you all this time that needed me. Who would have thought that without me you'd self destruct?

All this time I was in fear of you. It was you who didn't understand me and in not understanding me you feared me and because of your fear of me, hate became your fuel and as it, so has it. We try everyday to destroy what we hate whether it be with our words or our fist, or some other form of hatred. Well, I was told that everything would work out for me some day. As for you, I feel sorry for you – sorry that you never tried to understand me, but now it's too late and all I have to say is so long to the pain and goodnight to my heartache. No longer will I cry for you, sit up late at night and wonder why I thought I should die for you. Finally, I'm free of you.

No longer will I hurt for you. No longer will you have the pleasure of seeing tears streaming from my face for unlike you I have been saved by grace. I pray that one day you find peace because unlike you, I'm not bitter about what you put me through.

You just showed me how much I really mean to you - so to be honest, I stand here and I thank you for showing me the truth. I leave you with these last words – “Yes, there are more of you in this world. I just pray that those like me find out soon what I found out and leave.”

I fear you no more.

Music  
by Guy DeGreaffenreidte  
(grade12, age 18)

I can shape you in anyway  
Depending on the words that I say

I can turn your greatest joys  
Into deepest sorrows of hate

I can manipulate,  
Then again I can also enlighten

I come in all flavors and different style,  
I'm Omni cited

I can be relaxing  
And with me your mind will be soothe

I also give teens today the idea  
That skipping school is cool

I promote violence,  
And at the same time I give escape

I'm also played at parties,  
The best place I'm known to endorse rape

I can send mix-messages  
Through heavy metal I'm lit like a light

I'm even played for entertainment  
The slow version to lighten the mood of what you do at night

I can be positive,  
Through vocals, and release the grace in you

I can deceive people,  
And make what's bad seem good to you

So you people are like minnows  
And in this world, I am the sea

I'm not bad,  
It just depends on the person whose expressing me.