

A choice of cartridge

My trigger finger
Stops.....and lingers.

Which lid to flip...

The pen is mightier than the gun,
Try listening to what I'm saying son.
Understand and think,
I'm only spilling ink.
No need for blood leaking,
Letting my flow do the speaking.
You feel the slug penetrate you before you hear the sound,
Or choose life and let words be your surround.

An overture to peace,
So don't safety catch release.
Hold on to the one thing,
The power verbal delivery can bring.
Faster than a speeding bullet,
Don't touch the trigger bro, no don't pull it.
The fool coulda changed his ways,
Instead you took him down that day.
Consigned him to an end,
But if you'd stopped...and picked up a pen...

Who knows how things would be different?
He may have read...understood what you meant,
Grown to see your side of the story,
Can you see now, how I'm re-writing history.
Given him a new perspective
On how you and him should both live
Together. Damn you may even love him.
Your new friend, joy causing your stim,
"Can't believe I nearly killed you my brother"
"You got my back, don't want no other."
But this is all ifs and buts that stay,
Cos you still shot the f**ker anyway.

Written by Slo, 2006