

# Lost Boys

By Ronaldo Gilley

Solitude of the suffering soul is suffocating  
It yearns for the company of others  
Even if only misery is awaiting  
The agony caused by this loneliness  
Drives a desperation for acceptance  
Even if that acceptance is by a band of devils  
Driven by evil, digging their own graves  
And each demon with their own shovel  
They are products of their environment  
Setting everything in their path ablaze  
In a city with no firemen  
But how *can* a boy become a *man* without parameters?  
They are lost boys without fathers  
Left to their own devices  
In line for a slice of the Devil's Pie  
Eager to auction their souls for lower prices  
The lonely soul is blinded  
As they trade in their morals by being loyal to an imaginary code  
A one-way ticket on the path to destruction  
Each walk this road  
Seeking shelter and solace among the hoard  
Loving the streets  
Finding shallow comfort in a dap and a hug  
All the while blinded to this fact:  
The streets got no love