They HATE me because of the colour of my skin.
They throw rocks at me and call me derogatory words that I dare not say.

"What a little head, God-damn it!"

"Maybe I should help him..."

"Don't do it! You're only a baby!"
They threatened my life today...
They said that tomorrow, I will not awaken.
"Dead as a doorknob," they said,

But that's if you're lucky."
They told me that they would hang me in the town square with all my black friends, just like back in the "good old days."

He deserved it.

"Wow, look at that!"
All I got from the other children were pitiful stares.

*Time's up! *

(A voice says, "Oh no.")

Note: (Text reads: "No! His time has come; let them do what they have to do")
They didn't help me because they thought that all blacks were violent, and that I would hurt them...
THEY COULDN'T BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH.
The one thing that they don't realize is that... 

They killed me... 

So this is heaven, huh.
We're all the same colour on the inside.