

Song 1 Song Lyrics by Adrian "Ace" Poore Bluefield High School
"Different Cell"

Verse 1:

Bars on the window, lock on the door,
Did my time, walked out, but I'm still at war.
Thought freedom meant leaving that place behind,
But the real prison lives inside their eyes.

Pre-Chorus:

Chains ain't metal, they're made of doubt,
Every whisper just ties me down.
They don't see the man I've tried to be,
Only the past they wanna believe.

Chorus:

I left one cell, stepped into another,
Traded cold walls for the weight of others.
No orange suit, no iron gate,
But I still carry all the same shame.
I did my time, but they won't forget,
Guess I'm still a prisoner of their regret.

Verse 2:

Every step's like walking on glass,
One wrong move, and I'm stuck in the past.
They don't ask if I've changed my ways,
Just point their fingers and look away.

Pre-Chorus:

Chains ain't metal, they're made of doubt,
Every whisper just ties me down.
They don't see the man I've tried to be,
Only the past they wanna believe.

Chorus:

I left one cell, stepped into another,
Traded cold walls for the weight of others.
No orange suit, no iron gate,
But I still carry all the same shame.
I did my time, but they won't forget,
Guess I'm still a prisoner of their regret.

Bridge:

Tell me, when do I get to be free?

How long 'til they finally see—
That a mistake don't mean I'm lost forever,
I've been trying to do better.

Final Chorus:

I left one cell, but I'm still confined,
Locked in the walls they built in their minds.
No chains to break, no bars to bend,
Just a past they won't let end.
I did my time, I paid my price,
But they still hold the key to my life.

Outro:

I walked out, but I'm still not free,
Different cell, same old key.

Song 2.

Title: "painted faces, pretty lies"

Verse 1:

Men believe what meets the eye,
A painted face, a perfect lie.
Flashing smiles, a touch of red,

Hiding truths they'll never guess.

Women trust the words they hear,
Soft-spun lines that draw them near.
Promises wrapped in silver sound,
But meaning fades when no one's around.

Pre-Chorus:

Oh, we dress it up, we play the part,
Hiding scars inside our hearts.
Oh, we build the world they want to see,
But is it real, or make-believe?

Chorus:

Men believe in what they see,
Women trust in poetry.
So she paints her face, he spins his lines,
And both get lost in their disguise.
Perfect lips and practiced eyes,
Hiding hearts and pretty lies.

Verse 2:

A suit, a smile, a knowing glance,
Confidence worn like circumstance.
A little charm, a little grace,
To make the world believe its face.

A whispered word, a sweet refrain,
A fairytale to numb the pain.
The truth is there, but hard to find,
Buried deep beneath the mind.

Pre-Chorus:

Oh, we dress it up, we play the part,
Hiding scars inside our hearts.
Oh, we build the world they want to see,
But is it real, or make-believe?

Chorus:

Men believe in what they see,
Women trust in poetry.
So she paints her face, he spins his lines,
And both get lost in their disguise.
Perfect lips and practiced eyes,
Hiding hearts and pretty lies.

Bridge:

We chase reflections, follow sound,
But never see what's underground.
Truth and fiction start to blend,
Where does the mask begin or end?

Final Chorus:

Men believe in what they see,
Women trust in poetry.
But when the colors start to fade,
And all the words are washed away,
Do we see the truth at last,
Or just reflections of the past?

Outro:

A painted face, a whispered lie,
Another day, another try.
Men see beauty, women hear dreams,
But nothing's ever what it seems.

Song 3.

Title: "A Pencil Before a Blade" *Song Lyrics by Adrian "Ace" Poore Bluefield High

Verse 1:

The room was quiet, my thoughts were loud,

A war in my head I couldn't drown out.

The shadows whispered, "Just let it end,"

But my hand reached out for ink to defend.

A blade was near, calling my name,

Promising peace but leaving shame.

The pencil shook as I held it tight,

And I chose to create instead of ignite.

Chorus:

I found a pencil before a blade,

A voice in the silence, a light in the shade.

I poured out my pain, let the words take their place,

And I found myself in the lines that I traced.

The world won't see the battles I've faced,

But that pencil saved me in its place.

Verse 2:

Each line I wrote was a step through the fire,

A release from the weight of the darkness' choir.

I traded the scars for ink on a page,

A quiet escape from a restless cage.

A blade still lingers, it's always near,

But the pencil reminds me I'm still here.

I'll write my way out, one word at a time,

Turning the hurt into something that's mine.

Chorus:

I found a pencil before a blade,

A voice in the silence, a light in the shade.

I poured out my pain, let the words take their place,

And I found myself in the lines that I traced.

The world won't see the battles I've faced,

But that pencil saved me in its place.

Bridge:

Some nights are harder, the shadows still creep,

But I hold onto the pencil, and I don't let it seep.

The power of words, the strength of my hand,

Keeps me alive when I can't understand.

Final Chorus:

I found a pencil before a blade,

A quiet salvation, the choice that I made.

I poured out my pain, let the words take their place,

And I found myself in the lines that I traced.

The world won't see the battles I've faced,

But that pencil saved me in its place.

Outro:

If you're lost in the dark, consumed by the ache,

Reach for the pencil before it's too late.