Dogwood, Liquid Lines

Anger is an unwanted gift.
Hatred sits on the throne of one's head,
You may not think it, but you living in a rift
Respect is earned without guns or dope.
Subscriptions run out when ya don't pay dues
Actions are consequential.
Without good ones, you have no hope.

Inspiration comes from those depths of your hardened heart.
At first you think it's you, but it's fully Him.
Now you've seen His light, so can you play the part?

You grow bored of the same old stuff,
Search for anything to bring a break from the norm,
I know the truth and I'll share it with you,
Then your times won't be so tough

Why be antagonistic, just to become irked?
Live to be radical