



**Lewis Singleton 1988 - 2007**



## **Jen and Jess's Story**

Asleep in our beds when we got the call,  
Tear in our eyes with the pain of it all,

Shock and confusion it couldn't be true,  
Who in the world had a problem with you ?

The world was your oyster a talent so rare,  
Performing on stage with charisma and flair,

So happy that night your future was made,  
But evil came calling in the road you were laid,

Five with intent one armed with a knife,  
Six strikes and a beating to take your young life,

We rushed in the car to get to the scene,  
But we don't get to see you we wanted to scream,

Police tape and sirens it can't be that bad,  
Looking back now I see that the policemen look sad,

The streets bare deserted and no ones around,  
As we rush to the General we don't say a sound,

Left alone in a room while to hours do pass,  
We just want to see you and we've so much to ask,

They enter the room at the break of the day,  
A parent's worst nightmares are the words that they say,

You're fighting for life in the words that we hear,  
Get the family together so that they are near,

It doesn't look good you have to prepare,  
We look at each other with desperate despair,

It's your brother, your sisters and Nan that we call,  
We can't think or function the pain of it all,

We wait and we wonder, together we pray,  
Alone in the room as night turns to day,

I feel you around us and know something's wrong,  
As they enter the room I know you are gone,  
Our lives they are shattered by one bloody knife,  
No sense or no reason for taking a life,  
They won't let us see you a crime scene they say,  
It's not it's our baby they've taken away,  
The next day we see you laid out on the slab,  
A waste of a life with a knife they did stab,  
I kiss you and hug you and you feel oh so cold,  
Why didn't you live until you got old ?  
We live with the image of you're battered face,  
So pure and so gentle and so full of grace,  
We live in a nightmare from which we don't wake,  
No sense and no meaning from this we can make,  
Our tears don't stop falling our feelings are numb,  
As we live with the reality of our murdered son,  
The police do their duty and investigate the case,  
And prepare us so we are ready for what we will face,  
Your friends they are hurting and show that they care,  
Your picture on t-shirts is all that they wear,  
Tributes arrive, campaigns in your name,  
We love you, we'll show that your didn't die in vain,  
The flowers are ordered we'll make you so proud,  
At your funeral it's clear you can still pull a crowd,  
The songs they are written, the music is played,  
Your coffin is followed in one last parade,  
It's a year that we wait for the trial to start,  
I live with the anger and pain in my heart,  
Our family is broken, distant with pain,  
The lives that we live, are never the same,  
For four weeks we listen to excuses they make,  
Changes stories and lies it all seems so fake,  
The judge tells the jury it's all up to you,  
You have to consider the evidence you view,  
But they never see a picture of your loving face,  
As you struggle to win your last final race,

Computer generated pictures ! It's all so unfair !  
As their families deliver their mean hurtful glare,  
We're sorry we killed him, he did nothing wrong,  
He just stood his ground because he was so strong,  
The verdict is called and is mixed with emotion,  
Their families create and cause a commotion,  
All their previous convictions are revealed in court,  
All guilty of murder is what we all thought,  
No matter the verdict, nothing will change,  
We adjust to our lives that still feel so strange,  
Your room is so empty now you are not there,  
But we fill it with memories to show we still care,  
An inquest is called to show how you died,  
An unlawful killing the Coroner cried !  
But the system is flawed and needs a review,  
Electronic tagging, probation it's true !  
Other young lives have been lost since you died,  
We've sat with their families and helped when they've cried,  
Still flowers are placed at the spot where you died,  
And people that come say "they just stood and cried",  
A memorial is created a mosaic it's true,  
To help give a focus to those that knew you,  
An innocent life taken so gentle and pure,  
We hope that one day there will be a cure,  
For violence that's blighted the streets where we live,  
A reminder to others is what we now give,  
These words on the paper they come from my heart,  
It tears us to pieces now we are apart,  
You were my baby, my boy and my son,  
Together one day when my life is done,

"A tune is not an occasion, but a lyrical inspiration of voices"  
Lewis Singleton AKA MC Ruffian 1988 - 2007