To whom it may concern

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I want you to learn how it feels to burn with despair –
I want you to care:
So quit your excuses: abuse isn't fair.
My boy paid for your euphoric state
With his head on a slate as you cut white lines
With your card on a plate
So pardon my words if they sound like hate –
'Cause at least for *you* it's not *too late.*

My boy's fate was decided the moment he crossed the road
In a place divided by postcodes: he was *fourteen* –
Playing a big man - just to be part of a scene
Too young for the thug life, the drug life,
The club nights with champagne and cocaine
and bright lights
My son set his sights on A Dreamworld that didn't exist
Did what they said 'cause he couldn't resist –
And today my poor baby is dead:
Nobody thinks it will happen to them.

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Next time you can't fight the vibe 'cause it pulls your insides
And the craving's so strong that you just want to use again,
Go home. Watch the news again.
Properly listen before you abuse again.
'Cause my boys life's just another rhyme about knife crime -
But YOU have a lifetime
And the chance to *choose* again.

Next time you tap up digits for your dealer
Know this:
You're the demand that creates the supply
A cog in a wheel of the real reason why
My boy of fourteen had to die
Shanked by a bank on The High Street:

I pray that after every snort,
You hear
Your mother wail
I pray my words sound louder
With every grain of powder you inhale
And when you try to justify
Getting high
With that *tired* cliché

"It makes me feel <u>good</u>!"

You fail to convince on denying addiction:
I hope you *feel* the hard hit of hypocrisy
And the kick of contradiction.

Unlikely we would meet
But if we do – and you *still* choose to use –
And I ask why…
I hope you go shy
And you struggle to reply,
And you find it *really* difficult
To look me in the eye.