

FTA was written by Shane Diamond, it was written out of stress and anger from Shane's life as he's always found the best way to release stress and anger was through his writing, so with it being a fair amount of time since a major release from 4E Inc Shane decided to write what is known as FTA, in hopes of releasing anger and stress before the Christmas holidays.

With that Shane would like to give his two cents about the release:

"Well first off Thanks for downloading the ebook from whoever picked it up since I know at times it's tough to shop poetry to sites but the sites that continue to help support and get our names out there are always appreciated in what they do not to mention the hundreds of people who continue to download our major releases we appreciate each and every download hit that you guys bring in, aside from that I know that Christmas time can be a stressful time of the year one of the more stressful times of years considering Christmas always brings alot to people and it also brings in a wide range of emotions to each individual person those emotions can mean something different, however with my emotions I bring to you FTA. I hope that you understand where I'm coming from and that even though I know at this time of year it is very very easy to offend people specially with the high levels of stress that are in the air, so once again I hope that you enjoy what you read and continue to support 4E Inc and everything that we do in the new year..."

- Shane Diamond -
<http://4einc.cjb.net>

Just Drop The Pen

Many poets claimin they be tryin but not livin up to expectations.
They all fail to push there own limitations.

Well to that I say, Just drop the pen.
Walk away from it so it can soak in.
Just drop the pen an forget writin.
Cause the talent bug don't be bitin.

When you want your stuff to flow.
But you don't want to pick up the pen & go.
Then just drop the pen.
Put it down, walk away an call it in.
If your not writin to your expectations.
Then you must have talent in other places.

So do the world the fuckin favor.
Drop the fuckin pen an grab the razor.

What you think is talent tryin to get out.
Is just agravation leadin to an assault.

So just drop the fuckin pen once an for all.
I don't need to be holdin ya when ya think your gonna constantly fall.

- Shane Diamond -

Cripple Minds

Check me out, the one with the cripple mind.
At sometime I could have a nervous breakdown then be fine.
Could these cripple words allow me to string two words.
To beable to use my fuckd up voice to let myself be heard.
With all the problems in my mind.
It seems like I write all the time.

Who said that everything I do would work out.
Sometimes I need to fail just so I can get out.
To let out these voices in my head.
Some people think I would be better off dead.

What thoughts could come out.
Cause it won't help as much as I want to shout.
I want to shout.

Perhaps my cripple mind will pay off in time.

- Shane Diamond -

Pop Culture Me

Dress me up make me look nice.
Allow me to stop bein food for mice.
Do with me what you shall.
Fuck a job, ya wouldn't even call.

Let me be all fake, give me the money.
Hopefully the poperazzi will find me funny.
Let them snap photos of me at my worse.
Ask me the questions, speculate while I converse.

Take me off the streets, an put me in the spotlight.
Allow me to be fake when I say "everythins tight"
Never allow me to have my privacy anymore.
If I say the wrong thing give me media galore.

No matter what is said I won't sell.
So it don't matter if my world is hell.

- Shane Diamond -

Your Destiny

You claimed you were hirin like crazy.
But no fuckin calls to me cause ya be lazy.
SO why the fuck did you even say.
That you be makin calls, you assumed it was OK.
I know your kind.
Now I've mentioned you in a rhyme.
To destroy you at my will.
Without havin to pop a pill.
Never knew what ya fate would be.
Always clamin good shit when ya talk to me.
I know what you be sayin.
So now I gotta be slayin.
Become a victim you shall stay.
Since you've already got on my nerves.
You dumb fuckin bitch keep throwin me curves.
Just for me to jump through your hoops.
Now you ask for a loop 2 loop.
Expect me to perform.
Through any kind of storm.
You now will be a mental note.
Cause after ya throat gets slit.

That'd be all she fuckin wrote...

- Shane Diamond -

Open Field

Layin down lookin at the sky so blue.
Shit like that just makes my mind wonder doesn't yours.
The clouds in various patterns.
Coverin the sky like homeless rags all tattern.
To cover it with various forms.
Just like havin various storms.

Emotional & physical the storms inside.
What will it take for each to explode in my mind.
Perhaps the wrong thing said.
Will land a boot to your head.

Who really knows in this world, anythin can happen.
As long as it'd bring them satisfaction.
To be watched is the soccerfield thinkin somethin thats wrong.
But you wouldn't admit it, never in your life you would.
Even though deep inside you should.

But you had to confront the ones who write.
Just like a rabid dog I'd be the first to bite.
Here I sit in an open field outta the way.
Are you happy now, or are ya gonna try to turn my day grey ?

- Shane Diamond -

Yesterday

It all started yesterday with your daughter bitchin.
While I look over you can bet that I'm itchin.
To come over an shoot my mouth off real quick.
An to tell you to shut your mouth an suck my dick.

Leave you in a blaze of disgust.
Just think you haven't even annoyed either of us.
If you did you wouldn't forget.
That day you'd actually regret.
Cause only for one second I'd be a nice guy.
The second I'd let my emotions shoot for the shy.

You would fear me everytime you returned.
Cause you wouldn't want to get re-burned.
Even if I wasn't around you will remember.
Just like I remember that day back in december.
Nothin can be done.
Since the ball is in my court an i'll have fun.
You can try to call the cops.
But they couldn't stop.
Me coming to this park.
Anytime includin after dark.
Just hope you don't cross me on a day I'm down.
Otherwise I'll drive ya bitch ass into the ground.

- Shane Diamond -

Thoughts

Sittin here continuin to be sad.
Wishin that I still had my Dad.
Alive an well.
Before everythin was swell.
Hada girl on my arm, money in my pocket.
Never thought that one day woulda fuckd it.
Totally put me in a loss.
At one day bein a boss.
To the next not havin a thing.
All my dreams out the window whats next I ask.
Drinkin my problems away till I see the end of the flask.

Never wantin to get outta bed.
As I got depression runnin rampid in my head.
Sometimes I wonder if I'd be better off dead.

No worries, no problems, no money.
That's almost me now aint that funny.
BUt I got plenty of worries, even more problems.
As for money don't ask cause I can't even remember my last pay.
But I'm sure it went quicker than anythin.
Specially with the bills I got piled up.
For once maybe I need to keep my mouth shut.
Nothin seems to be workin so perhaps I should be corkin.
An keepin it shut.
To disappear an live ina homeless hut.
Perhaps my future, where I'm destined to be.
Even though I don't know what the fuck to do with me.

- Shane Diamond -

Day Of Rejection

Back at it, look at me.
Droppin off resumes, so reject me.
I know you can find somethin you don't like.
So if you want I'll tell ya "fuck off dyke"
Just a day of drownin, a day so fit.
A day that I just want to give up on all this shit.
Bein forced down this road.
Watchin my soul erode.
Turnin darker an crustier as days go by.
Goin through all this, Just wonderin why.
Why, I must go through all this.
It's just like my last jobs were mist.
They didn't exist so no one wants to call.
Watch me as I continue to fall.
Gone broke on doin this constantly.
But yet, still no one will hire me.

- Shane Diamond -

Show Me... The Good Life

Sitting at home all alone.
Hearin yellin an bitchin comin from the floor above.
Knowin that I'm the cause since all they want to do is shove.
Me out the door an forget I ever exsisted.
It's not my fault that I can't find a job that'll take me in.

I hear the radio where Kanye speaks of "Good Life"
I fail to see what he means as it's not the life I live.
If he has all that money perhaps he should give.
It this way to someone who needs it.
Just cause I'm not a tax write off, doesn't mean I don't accept.
The good life only exists if you have more money than imaginable.

I know I have a shitty life.
I don't even have a shitty job I have to envy my wifes.
Don't want this life anymore, I want somethin better.
I want to live what Kanye speaks of the "Good Life"
I need to feel that goodness, give me the riches.
Let me feel important.
Make me feel useful an wanted by society.
Rather than havin me bein brushed to the side.

The "Good Life" doesn't exsist in my eyes.
I'll never see it, my pockets are always empty.
My stomach always hungry.

- Shane Diamond -

Unemployed... Yet Again

Standing in front of them they fear for the lives they live.
All I want was the job that they would not give.
But it seems to have caused me a great deal of stress.
Maybe I should run up an start to confess.
First thing to hit them with is my look that needed to be addressed.
It's not my fault I look like this, I was born with what you see.
Green eyes, big head and perhaps a little too greedy.
Before I could spit that out they reject me and pass me to the next.
I've already been down that line so who the fuck is left.
I haven't had the chance to show them what I can do.
After my first day at KFC I was all pissed and blue.
They had to bring me in on a day I couldn't be trained.
I stood around for the most part bored out of my fucking brain.
It drove me fucking nuts, it made me sad.
I wanted to throw up my emotions were that bad.
Sucked it back was what I did in hopes of it being the job.
Later I realized they threw me aside, they thought I was a slob.
Shy I was, never said much to anyone... But that's just me.
Never smiled, I never do smile a whole lot so why start.
Now that shit is over I'm back to being unemployed.
They refuse to fucking pay me, they shouldn't have toyed.
With that since it just made me more angry.
But now what can I do.

- Shane Diamond -

Red & Green... Yup It's World Wide.

RED:

Blood, Blood, Blood all around.
Blood falling from the sky, Blood on the ground.
Innocent victims falling to the ground, life lines severed.
Flatlines occur just weeks before the holidays.
Maniacs fire.
Desires & Liars, pushed too far.
Celebrities runnin down victims with cars.
Livin a life of lies.
Portraits of murderous villains in there eyes.
Rolls on screen, turns to RollsRoyce.
Everything gets snagged from the ones with no voice.
Crazy teenagers continue to fire.
The red blood continue to haunt holiday desires.

GREEN:

Green, Green, Cash.
Always criminals lookin to get there own stash.
Watchin an waitin tryin to get ahead in life.
Extra cash could mean you keep your wife.
Money,Greed... Greed,Money.
Never enough for anyone, yet always wishin for more.
Wantin to live like the rich.
Even though you be a smelly poor bitch.
Green makes people go crazy.
Drivin people to quit actin lazy.

Innocent victims, wished they never have to happen.
Green & Red.
Mean & Dead

- Shane Diamond -

MySpace

Once a good thing, now gone bad.
The place that I met my wife, is now a place making people mad.
Now it's no longer a spot to chat it's a spot of sorrow.
So many stupid people causing death and destruction.
Myspace once the top contender of the Social Network.
Now is just a meer thread in the quilt of the Networking Social.
We may have myspace sites, but we don't go on it as much as we use to.
Forseen the future for myspace and just like it's colors myspace's future is blue.
Blue and bleek, the curtain shall be lowered.

The networking site that has brought many hope and joy, can now be found on the list of what once was.

It was once a great place, it now is a tragic place to be apart of.
Our profiles continue to stand, it takes up none of our time anymore.
Myspace shall forever hold such great memories to us.
Yet it shall forever bring horror to so many more.

R.I.P Myspace forever you shall continue to fall.

- Shane Diamond -

Twice They Toll

The bells toll twice for the recently departed.
Moved on to level two of life as they're new lives are now started.
As we say good bye others say hello to the new children.
At the gate as St. Peter welcomes all of the new arrivals, none of which are a burden.
Stressing and becoming more angry, they're forced to watch loved ones.
Ones they can't join but only watch in silence.
They all wished they could kiss them just once.
To live the lives they wish that they could.
Livin with the ones they know they should.
Instead of being away from them in a kingdom.
Wishing for another chance.
But even if they could, they wouldn't be recognized.
They would hold different looks as well as different eyes.

As they toll twice, the thoughts of sadness rains down upon all below.
Leavin troubled earth to move on to a much bigger show.

Or is heaven a stressful environment, since you can't be with who you want.
Since the person may still be down here on earth.
Livin a life for what it's worth.
Only to be making minimum wage.
Secretly cryin wishin they two were on the grandest stage.

- Shane Diamond -

Hide My Face

Hide my face from the world.
Don't let'em see a constant face of sorrow.
Let me hide it anyway possible, mask or paint.
If you seen my real face you'd want to faint.
I'm so hideous that you'd want to scream and run.
Or make fun of me at my own expense for your own fun.

Don't let me see the light of day.
Allow me to stay beneath ground level.
So that they won't have to worry about a shovel.
Just a set of stairs to lead you down toward my metaphorical grave.
A basement in which my room lies, cold and dark just like a cave.

Hidden from the world as I shall remain.
Your thoughts of me shall be forever vain.
I will never come to the light.
I'll never show anyone any sense of me being bright.
To live in the shadows, to die amongst my family.
The family who doesn't judge nor bitch.
The family that doesn't need money to feel ritch.

I shall forever hide my face.
As someone else can always take my place.

- Shane Diamond -

Hidden...

Hidden from the world.
Hidden from society.
Hidden for nobody to see.
Why is it that people keep tryin to find what isn't there.
A normal guy who draws a stare.
A stare of disgust as the mutant walks the street.
Always in disgust whenever people see me.
Anytime I continue to move about with the rest of'em.
I continue to hide in the dark.
Prefer to follow the moon.
Safer when nobody is around.
Always walkin with my eyes starrin at the ground.
Never shall I raise my head to look.
Never havin any self confidence.
Always the last one to finish.
First one to get bitched at.
Eattin grease an always gettin fat.
More and more grotesque as the days live on.

- Shane Diamond -

Enemy

You'll always be my enemy.
No matter what the future holds.
As it continues to get so brash and bold.
That the changes of myself are doubtful.
Always having the devil lurking over my shoulder.
Pointing out the mistakes I've made in the past.
Wanting to show me that I'll always be a failure.

Just when I think I see clearly I see you over my shoulder looking to pummel me.
Having to deal with you anytime that I have come across my past.
Feeling like life always wanting to give me the shaft.
Am I the only one who lives in constant fear.
Or do others have their own demons in the closet.
Things they've done that they'll forever be haunted by.

Never the clean slate, can never hide from the past.
Looking into people's eyes make me see my own faults.
Living as one seems to be like living inside of a cult.
Always there to remind myself of my mistakes.
How can I erase the past when it continues to chase.

My dear friends forever hoping that I'll continue to run.
In hopes of one day finally having any bit of fun.

I see clearly that you'll continue to be **MY ENEMY !!!!**

- Shane Diamond -

Parental Figure

All you do is bitch no matter what I do you never seem to be happy.
Always having somethin to say and always findin somethin you dislike.
Perhaps it's just me that deep down you hate because of no real reason.
The one that you chose to give birth to but no doubt you'd like to have your time back.
So that you can stop the seed from being planted.
Then you wouldn't have someone as pathetic as myself as your son.
Neven can do any good in your eyes.
The child you'd rather forget and regret.
Strayed from the flock at such a young age.
Now much older an don't want to go back.
I can't even talk to you anymore.
As if I could talk to you before hand.
Ever since the day in December I was pushed back.
In hopes of you forgetting me as I always remain in the shadows.
Hopin each day that when you come into the house that I'm not.
Rather if you would prefer me not livin or not here.
Not sure what you'd like since at times it's not clear.
99.9% of the time it's clear you don't want me.
If I'm that bad then just sign the papers and let me be free.

- Shane Diamond -

Black Soul Full Of Pain

Black soul full of pain, as it continues to grow up in vain.
Knowin that I can't do any good in your eyes.
Havin to be either perfect or rejected.
Being loved or being neglected.
All I can do is try but apparently me trying is no fuckin good.
What would you rather me do.
Where would you rahter me go.
My dreams an hopes are stupid in your eyes.
You wish everyday that you walk inside the house that you'd get a surprise.
Me not here, one way or another you wish I'd leave.
But I'm incapable of doing so at this time.
Perhaps you'd rather me leave the earth.
Have me burning in the eternal place that is hell.
Each day you seem to grow madder and madder at me.

I continue to grow in anger and resentment.
Knowing that I'm nothing good, seeing that I can't do anything you wish.

- Shane Diamond -

Am I Trapped ?

I know that when things go up they gotta come down.
Everybody has some luck, but mine ran out.
I can't even imagine my life without the pen.
Perhaps forever bottling it up deep inside.
Letting my emotions get the best of me each time.
Never thinking, always saying.
Never acting, always reacting.
Poetry has always been a hard thing to sell.
From way back in the olden days when it was here before music.
Now the world of poetry has changed.
The sights and sounds are now on a grander stage.
With spotlights, fast cars and whores galore.
Videos on MuchMusic, touring the country.
Trying to live the life thats fast and free.
For that I'm stuck in one place and going no where.
Always pushing for those days that I wake up different.
But every morning it's always the same thing.
Waking up in the same bed, to the same shitty life.
Having to work at a shitty job alongside of my wife.
Is this my destiny or am I out for greater things.
Should I be worried about what the future holds.
Am I at the peak of my life, looking for my chance to fold.
If that's the case then give me a sign.
Let me know that I'm not going to have anything more.
Tell me that my life will forever be a bore.
I'll always be living in the basement never getting out.
Always in a grave, always trying to figure shit out.

- Shane Diamond -

Keepin Me Hidden

Success in this small town is labeled with bustin your ass.
I want to be the one who makes it and beable to hold plenty of class.
The kid who blew up without anyone knowing what he was about.
Till they read it in the news, see me on TV then see me on the street.
Then let them show me love and be proud of me, let them walk to my beat.
Without the music behind me all I got are the words.
When it comes to my motto the pen is mightier than the sword.
Say what you have to say via pen, let it all out don't be scared.
You know your just like me, since nobody really cared.
For what you have done, or what you have to say.
You can't sway peoples thoughts or make them want to read.
As it all comes down to doing what you have to, always wanting to succeed.
Get use to people always letting you down, having backs turned on you.
Keep the hoodie handy keep it close you'll never know when ya need it.
Get sick of people an toss it on.
Put the hood up an let the frown down.
Don't let them see how your really feeling.

You an I both know that they can say what they want it won't make you feel better.
That's why you always keep close to that sweater.
When shit gets tough an you've got no where to turn.
Toss ya hoodie on and let the tears burn.

- Shane Diamond -

I Hate It

I hate always sitting around with no money and never anything to do.
Always looking for happiness where it can't be found.
Roaming around always staring at the ground.
Never able to do anything that I really want to do.
Gotta compromise with everything to make it work.
But see other people do what I want to do.
Never having a chance to do anything that I deep down want.
Money over-running this world and making me worry.
With how quick it comes and goes, always needing more.

Why is it that I can't do anything but always scrap the bottom of the barrel.
Needing more money always needing more coin and bills.
Always having to struggle with what I have to make the best of it.
While others run wild over everything like money is no object.
I'm always miles behind of the lowest of the low.
My mind always running behind the slowest of the slow.

- Shane Diamond -