

**No Menthol**  
SUNDAY



# Awaken by La'Ketta Caldwell

Listen we watch as well as pray  
This is a new day; we have the power to  
change the narrative in our community.

Take it back  
Ask questions  
And stand for justice

Put out what is not giving life, but taking it.

No more using our neighborhoods to fatten  
your pockets, leaving loved ones behind to  
suffer.

No more waiting in the hospitals watching  
loved ones need machines to breathe.

We will breathe on our own

The weapon formed will not prosper; we are  
taking back our blocks one family at a time.

Yes, we have prayed now we are watching,  
speaking and standing up for those taken by  
the product planted in our hood.

Spent hours on our knees, but today it is time  
to stand teaching hippping our people to the  
truth.

We educate  
We fight  
We stand for justice

Truth is menthol has been tearing up families,  
sneaking behind closed doors of homes,

getting into the hands of our future, and the  
passage where the air is drawn.

Intentional set up while we were asleep.

Some lost their breath needing chemicals to  
fight the disease taking over.

Some have left us and we take a moment of  
silence to remember their names.

As the numbers of brown lives go up those  
who have been left behind are awakened to  
the truth of the system's game

Freeing them from the life stealers wrapped  
up in green and white boxes

No more dying or families crying

On every block, brown bodies inhaling a cloud  
disguised as a soothing a slow dance, but  
killing them oh so softly.

Lethal small boxes seducing innocent tastes  
great numbs and cools inhale going deeper so  
hard to let go and stop the dance.

Masked as a savior but there is only one who  
hung on a cross so we can have life more  
abundantly

Every hour every second someone becomes  
richer marketing darkness masked as light the  
number of brown bodies continue to rise in  
cemeteries rise with the smoke screens and  
band packages on blocks, in our homes,  
brown skin inhales to escape trauma.

New commercials increase billboards set for  
small eyes to see planting the seed that the  
product is the answer

Pimping the stress as its savior to peace

We have prayed, and now we stand sounding  
the alarm to the truth.

We are awake no more planting seeds of  
hope through death sticks.

The revolution has begun

The truth is spreading

We will not grow weary in exposing the lies  
that continue to kill and steal the dreams of  
our future.

We are God's Warriors

While some pray others are watching  
While some watch others are standing  
While some stand others are speaking the  
truth

When one awakens we equip another one to  
become awake.

Taking back.

Taking back our community building God's  
Army