



RAVEN

BY SHOKOYA DANIEL ORIOLA

RAVEN

by

Shokoya Daniel Oriola

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GOODBYE

INTRODUCTION

You may or may not understand the language of these writings
or the emotions in which they are founded
but what they say and what you read
are the subtler details of our feelings,
thinking, hurting, loving, and imagining .

And these are what we've hold close to us
and for years, these writings have lived
and will live, till forever
in our midst.....in your midst.

- Shokoya Daniel Oriola (_horiolla)

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Shokoya Daniel Oriola

I
Soil

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Ife_sokoya

Sitting by the riverside
almost slipping through the slide
remembering the ways
in the good old days

Our fathers, biting the corn from the farm
rubbing the balm
on the parts wounded
by the hoes and cutlass which the blacksmith are founded

Our mother, telling the tales
of how animals got their tails
our youth, dancing under the full moon's light
showcasing their might

but all these are now stories
as civilization has taken away the glories
having slapped us right in the face
can we ever be steady in pace?
in our forefathers' ways
like the good old days.

A STORY I'VE NEVER TOLD

_horiolla

Let me tell you a story I've never told
there was her who had the fear of growing old
she would sit in the rain and embrace the cold
hopelessly clutching up for a hand to hold

And there was him, fighting against his fears
been it on for long, struggling with it for years
he would cry everytime his anxiety appears
so he started drinking and going out more with his peers

But, one night they met
eyes focused on each other, worries absent
and time rewinding like an old cassette
holding each other, hoping not to forget
what every moment meant.

WHAT I'VE LEARNT FROM MY MOTHER

_horiolla

What I've learnt from my mother
listen, be obedient and you shall prosper
everytime you're down, always remember
not to give up, there are things to discover

What I've learnt from my mother
how to dance and rejoice in all situation
and everytime you experience commotion
always call on God for solution

What I've learnt from my mother
ever put your family in your elisions
and love doesn't only deal with your emotions
but your choices, be right with your decisions.

WHY WOULD TWO MEN FIGHT?

_horiolla

I lay awake late at night
buried in deep thought and fright
wondering why two men would fight
so I pick up a note and pen, and I start to write

Why would two men fight?
is it for a prize or just a test of might?
is it to win a woman's heart or just her thigh?
is it for a trophy or just to claim a right?

I know, when two men fight
they close both mouth and fist so tight
tirelessly showcasing their might
until one or the other surrenders in fright.

AN INTROVERT LIKE ME

- *Sunkanmi*

Pacing around and thinking,
Either with my phone or sleeping.
Moody today, lively tomorrow.
Always about happiness or sorrow.

I'm shy, I'm ugly;
But people keep saying otherwise.
You're cute and friendly;
And yet they all sound like lies.

I'll watch movies or play games.
I'll think of my past actions,
People from my past and their names.
They'll probably need sanctions.

Always indoors, daydreaming.
Not wanting to see anyone.
I'm not a special being,
I'm simply no-one.

© someone.....

TWELVE DAYS FEEDING ON XANNY

_horiolla

It's twelve days feeding on xanny
and I don't know myself anymore
the influence just can't let go of me
everything I hear is like an heavenly call

Anger and rage taking over me
i striked my head against the wall
the effect is in real control of me
and my past I can't recall

I had this dream, you were in love with me
we were locked in a hug, you didn't even withdraw
and it almost felt like it was real
I'd believe if there were rainfall

Please, just try and check up on me
send a letter, come over or call
'cause it's twelve days feeding on xanny
and I don't know myself anymore.

NO ONE KNOWS ME LIKE ME

- *Sunkanmi*

This is a story of me,
Not what others see.
A story of my only struggle,
And how I became a muggle.

Walking with a smile and my face down ,
Goofing around and acting like a clown.
I want people to see me as 'Unserious',
And someone who doesn't get furious.

What they think they know isn't true.
My personality is like a flu.
Switching between persons
At night and morning lessons.

You say I'm friendly,
You just don't see me clearly.
I'm not what I seem to be.
No one knows me like ME.

© someone.....

HE IS

_horiolla

He's the saviour, he's the healer, he's the cure, I know
he's the end, he's the beginning, his grace overflow
he's the light in the darkness, hear me say
he knows what's best for all, he makes no mistakes
he sees my future and his presence will I ever stay

He's the king of kings that wins all war
he's the all in all, the forevermore
he is the bread of life, he's the way
he's the creator, the redeemer, hear me say
he knows all, and his glory I portray

He brought life to the reality you see
And things ahead he already foresee
I won't let go, he's all I need to have
he's the one who laid his life to change my life
he's the only opportunity to be saved.

JUST ANOTHER NIGHT

_horiolla

it's just another night
just another time to think about your life
like something's not right
and you don't know why

what would you do?
when you're feeling like you're drowning
and there's no one to save you
what would you do?
when you're calling out for help
and nobody hears you

It's just another night
just another time to battle those frights
for your heart to hold on tight
before it dies

what would you do?
when you're feeling like you're tired
and no one motivates you
what would you do?
when you let the words out
and nobody understands you

it's just another night
Just another night that'll pass
like every other nights
'cause it's going to be alright

just look by your sides
and count every blessing
forget about the betrayals and the lies
let go of every of the records
your limit was never the sky.

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