

Song fics

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So, I've been doing a few song fics lately. You all know what those are, don't you? Taking the lyrics of a song and creating a story? Okay, good. So these are the ones I've written. Have fun.

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Chapter 1 - Candy	2
Chapter 2 - Nostalgia	4
Chapter 3 - Silhouette	6
Chapter 4 - Leader of Men	9
Chapter 5 - A Joke	11
Chapter 6 - Finally	14
Chapter 7 - Take My Hand	17

1 - Candy

Candy

Song Fic of Buck-Tick's *Candy*

In my miniature garden, candy is spread all over. In the evening, the sun's last rays play in my garden, bringing the night bloomers to life and sending the day bloomers to sleep. Look at the moonflowers and the lilies as they trade roles; roses and absinthes, alstroemerias and anemones, apple blossoms and arbutuses, begonias and camellias, daffodils and daisies; all the flowers of the world and more. So many flowers and all of them...well, I smile and whisper to the sunset, "That's you."

I sit in this garden of flowers, letting the rays of the morning sun glide over me, washing the garden of the night bloomers. The day bloomers give out their scents as they open their blossoms, sending rich fragrances into the air.

Oh, my sweet Dimentichilo...where are you? My Italian blue flower, my forget-me-not. I await you here, in my candy garden, waiting only for you.

But, ah, there's nothing, I'm by myself on this earth. Once you were forever in my sight, always beside me. Now, all I have is my miniature garden of candy.

"Lovers once insight on this earth, now gone forever..." I speak to the noon sun high in the sky.

I love you're name; I've told you that. Dimentichilo Non, my forget-me-not. With you by my side, I don't want anything, for everything is before my eyes.

But you are not here. I'm alone. I long for you, my love, I long to breathe in your special fragrance again.

I have no forget-me-nots in my garden anymore. They withered and died when you left. Loosing you was akin to loosing my limbs, my heart. Once, I touched you in your heart. Once, I held you in my arms. But no more. Now, what was once in your heart lives on in mine.

I want to go, to be guided toward god; maybe then we'll be together again. Maybe then we can share a miniature garden of candy where you are. Maybe then we won't be alone, never apart again.

I reach out to the sun, falling behind the mountains. "Well, we'll break through, just the two of us."

But I know better. I stand, brushing off those sweet fragrances, brushing off the earth of my garden. "I'll come back tomorrow."

As I lie awake in my bed, I know it would be wrong. I know a black demon understands love. I know that I can relieve all my frustrations. I know Dimentichilo would understand. But I cannot. I cannot betray my beautiful flower. And though my eyes can't see everything that's real, I will never betray my love, even

though he is dead.

“Ah, there’s nothing, I’m by myself on this earth,” I whisper to the darkness, turning onto my side, bundling my arms beneath my head.

A hand runs through my hair, a hand that is not mine. “Yes, a deep red flower has bloomed on this earth.”

I’m sitting up immediately, panting in the darkness. There is no one there. No one but me.

My garden again. I’m standing in the middle, wanting to sit, but not wanting to disturb my jonquils or larkspurs, mimosas or mistletoe, myrtle or narcissus. An orange mock grows in the middle of the narcissus, deceiving the flowers of egotism. I smile. How ironic; the flower of egotism conned by the flower of deceit.

But then I see it. A flower I had not seen before, growing in the very center of my precious candy garden.

“Yes, a deep red flower has bloomed on this earth,” I murmur, slowly sitting before the flower. I touch it’s delicate leaves, breathe its new fragrance.

Then I lift my eyes to the rising sun. I want to see it, the place that god is smiling on; it can’t be this place. I want to see that place that is full of life, full of people. I want to see you and everyone I’m missing.

I stand. “Well, off to the other side.” I glance at my garden. “You don’t bloom forget-me-nots anymore...I don’t have a reason to stay.”

I gaze at the horizon, taking my first step. My eyes wander to my side, and I see you in the rays of the rising sun.

“Dimentichilio...” I smile. You smile. “I want to go with you, to be guided toward god.”

“Well, we’ll break through, just the two of us,” you say, reaching out you’re hand to me.

I take it, your voice echoing through my mind. “We’ll break through...we’ll break through...”

We’ll break through.

Author's Note: Get the symbolisim? No? Ask a question:D Please leave a comment^_^

2 - Nostalgia

Nostalgia

Song Fic of Buck-Tick's *Dress*

With the lights were low and the rain prattling upon the window, I sat on your bed, tired but still awake. "You look lovely," I remember wanting to say, but you twirled in front of the mirror, laughing. I didn't have the heart to interrupt that childish laughter. I smiled slightly and fell back upon your bed. I dozed off watching you in front of the mirror, your crimson fingertips glowing in the light.

Slowly, you turned and leaned over me, your dress braced against my knee. Your hand suddenly showed me my weaknesses, and your lips closed upon mine.

I smile as I remember, for on that day, we made a promise to each other. Now neither of us can remember it.

It's a night like that one, the rain coming down, the lights low in the room. I listen to a boring song and stare out the window. You show me yourself dancing in the center of the ballroom, always the center of attention. I can't help but follow your dress with my eyes. It's the same dress as that night.

What are you aiming for? Don't you already have what you want? Tell me.

I sigh. I can't ask you; I never can.

As unpredictable as I am, just like my thoughts, one day I'll probably be carried off by the wind.

I wonder what that promise was. "Now, neither of us can remember it," my lips move to the words, but nothing comes from my throat.

Standing beside the ocean, I let the breeze drive through my hair. "Why am I not like the wind, like the clouds?" I ask, turning to you; you're wearing the same dress, always the same dress. Why, my thoughts wonder, only heard by me.

You smile. "Because then you would leave me."

You're like a feather, too light to be held by gravity, so why are there no feathers that float up into the sky? But I guess then you would leave me as well, the feather that you are.

Laying beneath the stars, I feel myself drawn. You by my side, your head upon my chest, my arm around your waist. Peaceful; yes, that's the word for this moment in time, a moment I never want to forget.

"Why am I not like the stars, like the moon, enveloped by everything?"

You smile. "Because then you wouldn't be mine."

Selfish as you are, still a feather. Why are there no feathers that sink down into the night if there are night birds up above? But I guess you came from above; you are the only feather I want to come from the night sky.

I don't want to forget those days that overflowed with love, those day we always had together. But as I sit alone, I can't seem to remember your face. One day, the wind will erase it, I know, just like it erased that promise we made. The one neither of us can remember now.

I remember asking you, on that night beneath the stars, "Why I am not like the wind, like the clouds?"

You seemed to mirror my thoughts that night. "Why are there no feathers that float up to the sky?"

I shrugged.

"Then that's your answer." You kissed me.

And I realize something, as I think about that day. This love we had and these wounds I bear are nostalgic; now they start to hurt with love.

Ah. Now I understand. ?

Author's Note: Again, get the symbolism? No? Ask a question:D Please leave a comment^_^

3 - Silhouette

Silhouette (Song fic of Not Good Enough For Truth in Cliché by Escape the Fate)

“Freak!” she screams at me, driving by in your boyfriends convertible. “Go dig your own grave, pervert!”

I sigh, watching the backlights as the two drive away. I clutch my chest, letting the hurtful words sink in and sting my heart.

“Those words came from my enemy of the last five years, they didn’t come from you,” I tell myself quietly. “They didn’t come from you.”

My footsteps quite on the pavement, I open the screen door and enter my dark home, feeling my way along the wall until my hand finds the switch. Click. The lights flicker on, blinding me for only a moment, until my eyes adjust. I feel a pulling, clenching in my stomach, and, sighing, I enter the kitchen. My eyes fall upon the fridge and my stomach clenches again. My fingers clutch my shirt as I open the fridge door, eyes searching the shelves. Nothing.

“Sorry,” the murmured apology enters the air, myself not registering the meaning. I close the door and head to the pantry. “Maybe here.” Opening the pantry door, letting my eyes scan the shelves a second time. Nothing.

My shoulders slump, a sigh coming from deep within me. “This isn’t good.” My body starts to feel the effects of not having eaten for three days. “I can’t go on for much longer like this.”

Feeling depression setting in, I turn my head away from the empty pantry. Without really meaning to, my eyes settle on the knife I left out.

“Down the road, not across,” I murmur. But then I shake my head. “No. I don’t want to know what its like to die alone.”

Dragging my feet, I got to my bedroom, tears slipping down my cheeks. “How does it feel when tears freeze when you cry?” I murmur, remembering you. “The blood in your veins must be twenty below. You’re too cruel to be human.”

I droop my shoulders, sitting on the bed, a bullet in one hand and a revolver in the other. “Juliet...”

I open the cylinder and load the one round into a random slot, then spin the cylinder. Maybe tonight...

I cock the pistol and set it against my head. Sitting in this room playing Russian roulette, finger on the trigger to my dear Juliet, hoping to see you tonight. My eyes fall upon the window, and I smile. Out from the window I see her backdrop silhouette. But then I remember.

This blood on my hands is something I cannot forget.

I shake my head. Tonight, it has to be tonight.

Sitting in this room playing Russian roulette, finger on the trigger to my dear Juliet, I have to see you tonight, I will see you tonight. My finger shakes on the trigger, but I steel myself for the impact and pull. Nothing.

Out from the window I see her backdrop silhouette, but this blood on my hands is something I just cannot forget. It will not be tonight, but I need it tonight.

It's just something I cannot forget or forgive.

So for now, I'll just take it down a notch. I stand and stride from the room, the revolver laying on the bed, surrounded by the light from the street. I won't forgive you. She stopped me.

Purpose in my steps, I get into my car and start the engine, pulling from the driveway into the street, the wheels rolling over loose pebbles. I scan the street; nothing. I smile. Now is the time. Stomping on the gas, the car lurches and screeches down the street, following my directions. I smile as I crash my car through your window; now is the time. I climb from my car and make sure you're still alive, then retrieve my knife, just in time to kill you.

I blink. Sitting my room playing Russian roulette, my finger on the trigger to my dear Juliet, my breathing shallow, hoping I will see you tonight. Out from the window I see her backdrop silhouette. My eyes fall to the hand resting in my lap. This blood on my hands is something I cannot forget. I won't allow myself to forget this. So I will sit in my room and play Russian roulette, until my finger pulls the trigger to my dear Juliet.

But I always look out the window and see her backdrop silhouette. These hands are dirtied with the blood; it is something I cannot forget, something I just cannot forget.

I can't take this anymore, my mind whimpers, I can't take this anymore.

"I can't take this anymore," I moan, "I can't feel what you've done to me." I fling my head back, tears running down my cheeks. "I can't take this anymore!"

My eyes close, trying to take this down a notch, trying to forget. I see myself crash my car through your window. I pull the trigger on the revolver. Nothing.

Sitting in this room playing Russian roulette, my finger on the trigger to my dear Juliet, I feel the salty tears spilling from eyes. I imagine seeing her backdrop silhouette out from the window, her blood on my hands something I cannot forget.

Again, I pull the trigger, sitting in this room playing Russian roulette, finger on the trigger to my dear Juliet. My throat hoarse and raw, I pray this time my luck will run out. But my eyes open again, and out from the window I see her backdrop silhouette. Blood pours down the window frame, this blood on my hands is something I cannot forget.

Something I cannot forget.

Boom.

4 - Leader of Men

Leader of Men Songfic of "Citizen Soldiers" by 3 Doors Down

Beyond the reach of the city's lights, the boundaries of civilization, stands a lone man. He is a hero waiting for a cry. He knows that you didn't bring this on yourself. Too many times has he been there to help. Tonight, is that why he stands atop this hill, shrouded in darkness and shadow? Beyond the boundaries of his sight, comes a distant, weak cry smothered by the city. Is that why he is here now?

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Her cheek tingled as he lifted his hand from her face, brushing away her tear.

"Don't worry," he whispers to her, "I'll come back."

*No, you won't*, she wants to respond, but his smile doesn't let her.

"On that day, when you need your brothers and sisters to care, I'll be right here. I promise."

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"Citizens, there are you soldiers, who held the front line, who held the light for the ones they guided from the dark of despair! Those are you soldiers; they stand guard for you! They have a pledge, citizens! A pledge to you! Tell me, soldiers: what is that pledge?!"

"We will always be ready," the soldiers cried in unison, "because we will always be there!"

He watched silently as the leader of the throng beamed at his obedient and loyal soldiers; at the crowd as they droned on in their cheers; and at the soldiers who stood as statues, doing anything and everything they were told.

Dolls, the lot of them, he thought, shaking his head, weary of this place.

"For when there are people crying in the streets, who will be there? When they are starving for a meal to eat, who will be there? We will always be ready; we are soldiers!"

What about when they simply need a place to make their beds? What then, my perfect little toy soldiers? his mind yelled their way, *They don't come to you. They come to me. They rest their heads beneath my wing; you don't care.*

He smiled a thin, mocking smile. *I can't believe I told you that. I couldn't be there, to make your family care. I couldn't keep my promise. I'm sorry, but now I don't know what to do.*

"My citizens! Your soldiers are here to guide you from despair! They are here to guard you and give you

shelter! They are here so they may be ready to protect you, if ever that time comes!”

Is he still talking? he massaged his creased forehead. *I can't believe I have to listen to this. And these fools can't see through his lies. Drones...mindless drones.*

He turned and strode through the crowd, not noticed by anyone. He strode to the edge of the swarm, turned on his heel to face the masses, and sucked in all the air his lungs could hold.

“Hope and pray that you never need me!” he screamed at the crowd, “But rest assured, I will not let you down!”

No one turned. No one even glanced his way. Everyone was enraptured by this leader, this usurper. This manipulator.

He sighed.

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He placed his hands upon her shoulders, careful not to push down. She leaned back into the chair, seeming not to notice his gesture.

“I will walk besides you, though you may not see me,” he whispered into her ear.

He glanced at the television which held her attention. The usurper was there, continuing his speech.

“-The strongest among you doesn't need a crown-”

He shook his head and leaned his head against her shoulder.

“On the day you need your family to care, I will be there,” he told her, “When you no longer have the strength for this burden I've put on you, I'll be there.”

Again, the TV screamed out the usurper's speech.

But this time, he said the speech, one he knew very well.

“I am a Citizen, I am a Soldier. I hold the light to guide you from the dark of despair. I will stand guard for the ones that we shelter. I will always be ready, because I will always be there.”

After gracing her cheek with a light kiss, he disappeared.

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Author's note: can you guess what happened? Can you guess what the main character is, besides male? :D please leave a comment ^_^

5 - A Joke

song fic of "Sick Sad Little World" by *Incubus*

A Joke

Watching you there, surrounded by pity, I dread to admit that I hate it. You think you're so special, having lost your dog? You think you're the only one to lose someone special to you? You think you're the first person to fall to your grief?

No, you're not the first to fall apart. You're not the first person to tumble into that pit of despair. But I'll admit something; you are always the first one to complain.

Selfish, self-centered, maiden-in-distress, that's all you'll ever be. You can't even imagine what anyone else would feel. You can't comprehend the pain of another. You can't even realize that just by living you are giving everyone around you pain.

The bell rings, shrill and echoing. I scoff, standing from my desk, walking briskly toward the door. Passing you on the way, I mutter under my breath, "You better be careful, or you'll compromise everything you are."

I don't let you respond as I leave the room, heading to the front doors and the parking lot outside.

"Why are you always so selfish?" talking to myself, I yank open the driver's side door and fling my messenger bag into the passenger's side. I'm not in the mood to drive anyone home, so I text my usual moochers and turn on the car. I don't bother to click the seatbelt home, ignoring it completely. Snatching the parking permit from my rearview mirror, I push the car into drive and creep from my parking spot. No one coming; they're all too busy talking or getting their passengers in the car. Finally.

For once, I'm able to leave the parking lot well before the buses move and before most of the student body has left. The road is mine to conquer.

"The world is a drought when out of love," screams the radio, *"Please come back to us."*

I sneer, switching the station. "Sure it is. What a joke."

At home, I sit alone, just as I always do. But this isn't because of some horrible tragedy or anything. No, I just always get home before my parents. And that's all who lives here, isn't it? Just me and those pathetic excuses for parents. Why was I born to a family that doesn't even care?

I sigh, standing from the couch and rounding the stairs, my hand placed lightly on the rail. The light from the high window shines brightly on the pale carpet lining the steps.

"If I go up these stairs, will I ever come back down again?" I murmur to the air, glancing about at the den and the unused dining room. "No real answer, but I doubt I'll come down again. At least not tonight."

Sighing once more, I mount the steps, taking two at a time as I trail my hand on the rail. On the landing wall, a portrait hangs, signed by one of the house heroes. It reads, "NEVER SURRENDER DREAMS."

I smirk. "Well, you're all of the above, aren't you, guys?" whispers my voice in the quiet house. I turn away from the portrait, taking the next set of steps and entering my own room, shutting the door. I'm making my choice to be out of touch. There isn't much to hold my attention outside of this room.

"*Leave me be he said,*" begs my radio as I switch it on. I smile.

"That's what I've been trying to say."

"*Leave me here in my stark raving sick sad little world,*" the radio responds.

My smile widens. "Sure. Why not? I've never really had any unpaid confidantes, so it's not a big deal to leave you all alone." I sigh, tilting my head, as if the air around me is expecting more. "It's more than I would care to explain." Glancing out the window, I lay back on my bed. "But...I do have an open door policy when it comes to blame. And you could say she's to blame. After all, this all started when she left us. This all started to fall apart when she died."

"*The world is a joke when out of love,*" consoles the radio, "*Please come back to us.*"

I shake my head. Whatever. She's never coming back, ever.

The alarm sounds, signaling the arrival of a car, and jolting me out of my sleep. I glance at the clock. 7:38, pm. Great. I slept the afternoon away. I sit up, glancing at my still singing radio. I shake my head, smiling sadly. Standing, I lift my hand and turn off the radio, going slowly to my door. Downstairs, I can hear the door open, the heavy steps of my father making me cringe. Great. Douche number one, accounted for.

I open my door and glance over the balcony at him as he sets his bag on the table. Gritting my teeth, I stride down the stairs, ignoring the lying portrait.

"No, no, the voucher, Mike, the voucher," comes the voice of my father, "if you don't put the voucher in the envelope, nothing will work." A pause. "Yes, that's right. Yes." Another pause. "No, the first one. You're-." Again, a pause. "All of the above, Mike. No, check the box. Right. Okay, I'll leave the rest to you. Call me if there's any problems. Alright. Bye."

I meet my father's eyes as I round the corner into the kitchen.

"Hey, how was school?" he asks.

As if you care. I shrug. "Fine, I guess."

"You want to see a baseball game tomorrow afternoon?"

"I've got plans," I say, opening the fridge.

"You're rather...distant, these days."

Glancing over my shoulder, I shrug again. "That's my choice, isn't it?"

"Yeah, you're right, I just wish you wouldn't be."

Fine. I'll say it.

"Leave me be," I bite off, taking a soda and going back up the stairs.

I said it, didn't I? So I guess this is it. Finally some peace and quiet.

Maybe.

"Leave me here in my stark raving sick sad little world," hums the voice of the radio.

"I thought I turned that off..."

Boom.

6 - Finally

Finally

They always say the same thing first. Have you noticed that? They always do, like they know each other and have a silent agreement.

“Trust me,” he whispers to me, smiling slightly, “there’s no need to fear.”

Yes, there is, my mind responds, in that same whispering voice.

“Everyone’s here, waiting for you to be one of us,” he says, as if to comfort me, maybe reading my thoughts. He holds out his hand, his eyes begging me to trust him, to go with him.

To believe in him.

“Come down...” he coaxes me, as I place my hand in his.

You’ll regret this, the little voice in my head tells me.

As we go down into the dimly lit basement, I can feel the sharp hands of fear run down my back. As if sensing my fear, he squeezes my hand.

“You may be full of fear, but you’ll be safe here,” he encourages me, smiling freely now, as he leads me further down the stairs, then into the basement itself.

“When will the fear go away?” I whisper, barely audible.

But he hears. “When you finally trust me, completely; when you believe in me. You’ll see.”

I seem to remember someone say this to me before, but when it came down to it, really came down to it, he said, “I will let you down.” *So why does this seem to similar? Will he let me down too?*

“Just trust me,” his eyes seem to say as he looks back at me. “Believe in me and everything will be fine.”

We enter the room, where everyone is seated on the couches or leaning against the wall, talking in hushed tones. Most of the conversations stop, however, when I enter the room, pulled along by him.

He pulls me in front of him, holding my shoulders from behind. “Trust me,” he whispers into my ear, “I’ll be there when you need me.”

One of the girls stands and comes to me, taking my hands in hers. “You’ll be safe here. No one can touch you here. When you finally trust us all, you’ll understand. You’ll believe our words.”

“And we won’t let you down,” says one of the young men on the arm of a sofa. He smiles the same way as the man behind me. “So don’t worry; we’re all family here, we look out for each other.”

“I...I won’t let you down...” I murmur glancing at my feet.

Another girl giggles. “Don’t look so afraid. Like Nick said, we’re all family here. When you finally trust us, you’ll believe us; we won’t let you down.”

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I never want to come down there again. Never. But I know I’ll have to go down there again, only because that’s where I belong. Or so I’ve been told.

But no, I never want to come down there. It frightens me, that room full of them, as if it’s the most natural thing in the world.

*“We’re all family here,”* Yeah, sure. I highly doubt that.

*Told you,* sneers the little voice. *They will let you down.*

Yeah, they remind me too much of the last group. They all said they wouldn’t let me down, but what did they do when it came to the important part?

“Sorry, but I know I’ll let you down. Don’t rely on me,” said the leader.

So I went to another of the group.

“I’ll let you down, seriously; I’m no good in a battle.”

And I finally trusted them, too. I believed in them.

“I don’t protect, I attack; I’ll screw you over, sorry.”

Yeah, he’ll let me down, big time.

And the last one? Same thing.

“I’ll let you down, sorry.”

I knew I shouldn’t have trusted them. I shouldn’t have believed they would protect me.

That’s why I’m here, laying on my back, a stake in my heart, my body turning to dust as I fade away.

Finally, it comes down to this. But I don’t care anymore. Strangely, I’m okay with it. I won’t be let down anymore. It’s all over.

Finally.

Author's note: Yeah, about this. Sorry if it seems emo-ish. I'm not too happy at the moment. I really need to give up on people. -\_- ' But kudos to anyone who can discover 1) which song this is from, 2) the band (its a give-aways if you get the song), and 3) what all the characters where, especially the main char.  
YAY. :P .....TT\_TT



## 7 - Take My Hand

### Take My Hand Song Fic of "Don't Jump" by Tokio Hotel

There was once a time when I would do anything for you and you for me. I never even considered that time could end. I never considered you would leave my side, even for a second. You were always there, a solid foundation for my chaotic insanity. That's how I viewed it, you know; I loved you like no other.

But, now, as I stand here on top of the roof, the air so cold and so calm, I can't help but think that, somewhere along the way, I became too dependent on you. I say your name in silence, remembering when I tried to keep you by my side. How selfish that was; you said you didn't want to hear it right now. I realize it was selfish, but you were the only thing keeping me sane, the only thing keeping me in this world.

Looking out over the roof, I imagine the eyes of the city counting every one of my tears as they fall down. Each one was a promise of everything you never found, and yet you had to leave to find something that will never come to you. Why couldn't you stay here, with me? We were happy.

I scream into the night for you, my tears falling into my hands. Don't make this true, let it be a dream, come back to me!

"Don't jump," I imagine your voice telling me. I turn, seeing your face, "The lights will not guide you through. They're deceiving you. Don't jump."

"Just promise me you won't let memories of me and you go," I whisper, my eyes blurring with the tears.

"I won't; the world is down there out of view, only me and you are here. Please don't jump."

I shake my head, holding myself because you can't, closing my eyes against the pain in my heart. I open them again, hoping you are there, but even the illusion of you is gone. I can't remember why I was waiting for you. As the snow falls quietly down, I just can't feel it anymore. I know, somewhere out there, I lost myself in the pain. I glance at the edge of the roof, my dream of the end so I can start all over again.

With determined steps, I make my way through the slowly piling snow to the edge of the roof, climbing on top of the lip meant to keep you from falling. I smile at the irony.

I scream your name into the night, my tears falling down over the edge.

"Don't make this true, don't jump!" I hear your scream echo mine.

I search for you, but all I see is a pathway of lights, down to the ground. In the middle of those lights, I finally see you. You came back for me.

I see you start to run, running to the building I'm on top of; are you going to try to stop me, and then leave me again? No, I can't allow that. You won't stop me just to leave me again.

The lights may not guide me to you, but they will guide me to the ground. They aren't deceiving me.

"Don't jump!" I hear you scream, your breath coming in gasps as you climb the stairs.

I smile sadly into the night, looking over my shoulder at the roof exit.

"Don't let memories of me and you go."

I turn back to the world down there, out of view, looking straight ahead.

"Please don't jump, don't jump," I hear you whisper.

I must be really insane, hearing you so close. But I glance behind me, all the same, and there you are.

"I don't know how long I can hold you strong, I don't know how long, but just take my hand, give it a chance! Don't jump! Please!"

Your tears match mine, and I smile.

"I screamed for you...you left me and you didn't come back. You only came back now because I'm going to jump."

"Please, don't make that true! Don't jump!"

"You just don't want blood on your conscious. You'll blame yourself, as you should." I turn back to the path of light. "Look, the city's lights will guide me down.

"No, they're deceiving you! Don't jump!"

"Just don't let go of memories of you and me...those are all we have left, after all."

I smile at the world down there, so far out of view and yet so close you could touch it.

"Please don't jump..." you choke out in a whisper. "Don't jump..."

"And if all that can't hold me back?"

I feel your touch on my shoulder. "Then I'll jump for you."

*Twin Suicide Jump*

*Attempted Calming of Suicide Ends in Two Deaths*

*The New Suicide Trend: Jumping*

Author's Note: Hope you enjoyed. And just so you know, I'm not suicidal, I'm just an empath; I can feel other's feelings, and I get the sense of suicide from one of my friends I just can't tell which one. So i'm trying to spend as much time with all of them as I can. (not going well, btw) -\_-'