

Worthless Life

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Submitted: December 8, 2005

Updated: December 8, 2005

this was supposed to be a lot shorter but it mutated. I don't really like it a lot, but here it is. It is supposed to be about dib in gaz's pov, but it doesn't mention any names or descriptions, could be anything.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Rhyainn/24436/Worthless-Life>

Chapter 1 - None

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1 - None

(A/N: this is just a little poem I wrote when I was babysitting after the kids had gone to bed. it was supposed to be a lot shorter but it mutated. I don't really like it a lot, but here it is.

It is supposed to be about dib in gaz's pov, but it doesn't mention any names or descriptions or anything to link it to IZ, but just in case: Invader Zim and all related titles belong to Viacom International. They were, however, created by Jhonen, as we all know.

This is in relation to Gaz and the rest of the world's views on Dib, but it is also loosely related to the fact that Dib isn't a real human, he is a creation of Professor Membrane)

Worthless Life

Haven't you realized, no one cares,

You're nothing in our eyes?

Your drive is endless, will is strong,

You're always reaching for the skies.

You think we'll come around someday,

That you will be set free.

Inspired by your blind ambition,

You refuse to see.

Your dreams and hopes are meaningless,

Your passions small and weak.

And on this lonely Christmas Eve,
Your strength has sprung a leak.
Defeated once again you fall,
Exhausted on your bed.
Your heart feels like it's broke in two,
Your body made of lead.
You never shed a single tear,
However tempted you may be.
You know defiance is the way,
Resistance is the key.
The world is after you, you think,
No one is ever on your side.
How easy it would be to quit,
To simply run away and hide.
You utter, now, a heavy sigh,
Just wishing it were true.
That you could simply melt away,
Begin somewhere anew.
You sit at your computer now,
Your work is calling you.
By morning you'll forget these thoughts,
You'll think your lies are true.
You'll think, again, that people care,

That this is just a phase.

You'll try, again, to make us see,

The truth behind your piercing gaze.

Each night you'll go through thoughts like this,

Acceptance of your fate.

Each day you'll fight with all you are,

Against this mighty hate.

You think that you can fight forever,

Tough resolve in hand.

Though pieces of you fall away,

Each time you take your guarded stand.

And we will never, ever care,

You're going to lose this game.

We'll crush you and then leave you there,

To wither in your shame.

Maybe you know, perhaps you see,

This ever-pointless pain.

But why then do you fight so hard,

Throughout the night and endless rain?

In the end, perhaps you're right,

Maybe you've always been...

And in the end why don't you change?

In your eyes, do you win?

Behind those fighting eyes of yours,

Within your childhood mind...

Will you just accept your fate?

Or leave the memories far behind?

We'll probably never know for sure,

Neither will you, you see.

But in the end we just don't care,

Cause you were never meant to be.