

My love, my hate

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A summary of me. Read and decide. To avoid me, to befriend me, or to oppose me?

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1 - For you to decide

A head full of fury, a heart full of love, a soul of gold on the edge of oblivion

I may be one of those enigmas of life that nobody but God himself knows the true nature of, or I could just be another guy. Either way, I have taken a lot of abuse. It is difficult for me to let anyone into my heart, but once they are a part of my life, I trust and protect them as though they were my guardian angels. I possess a body of weakness, but a head full of fury. All the things I've done, and things that have been done to me have shaped me into what I am. For my enemies, there lies only ruin. For my friends, there lies a bright future. For my enemies, a world of hatred and heartache. For my friends, a utopia of affection and promise. I'm not perfect, but God will help me. My soul was created that it may ascend into heaven, but I have put it on the edge of oblivion. I will not fall to the void, but I walk dangerously close to the edge. My heart is tainted, golden with a dark shell. For those who do not know me, I may seem cold and aloof, but to those who have given me a chance to be their friend, I am one of the nicest people they could ever know. I walk by God's side, ever desiring to be his vessel, his helper or confidant in any way I can, but my soul hangs in the balance. I am transcendent of organization and class, not belonging where people think I should. Perhaps I should conform to their beliefs. Perhaps I should give up what makes me myself, but I shall never do such a thing. I defend those dear to me with my life, and devote my life to the suffering of those who oppose me. What I say is wrong may be right and what I say is right may be wrong, but I will stand steadfast upon my beliefs. There are those I love, those I hate, and those in between. Those who bask in my love take peace and joy in my assurance more than anything. Those who bask in my hatred say I am a joke, but deep inside, they know what I am capable of. Only God can decide my fate now. Only the lord is dependable in my chaos. My life seems perfect, I seem as though I enjoy everything, but deep inside my heart lies a deep, bitter hatred for this world and its flaws. I have stated all that I must. It's up to you, the reader, to decide whether to make me a friend, an enemy, or to avoid me altogether. No matter which choice you make, I will eventually have an effect on your life. Be it positive or negative, that all depends on whether my heart grows or shrinks. And that all depends on those who love me and those who hate me.