

Pyromanic

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Just a poem about how I used to feel about my life.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Slippingthroughreality/3123/Pyromanic>

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-For a while when I was going through a bad time to get rid of all my anger I would imagine holding all my hate and fear in my hand then setting it alight, after I felt better, this poem describes what I used to feel when I got angry.-

[Pyromaniac]©

Sometimes I get so mad at the people, running passing by

Ignoring me, busy with their lives

To busy knocking me down To stop and pick me back up again

Busy, busy must not stop

The anger in me is burning too deep to extinguish

Sometimes I just wanna get out the matches

And burn away my pain

Let it burn, cinders of my life

Withering in the heat of my fiery anger

My efforts are falling apart my rage is ripping through me

Scorching my life's work

The temperate soars

And the heat is too much to bear I don't want to hurt no more

But my pain in me Burns too deeply, to be washed away

Sometimes I just wanna get out the matches

And burn away my pain

Let it burn, cinders of my life

Withering in the heat of my fiery anger

When I can't sleep at night

My fingers twitch for the sense of security

The power I get when I strike that match

When I play God and feel the strength in me

God knows that I am strong

And God no I'm not insane I just like that burning touch

Of a flickering flame

Sometimes I just wanna get out the matches

And burn away my pain

Let it burn, cinders of my life

Withering in the heat of my fiery anger

-Comments and criticism is welcomed as well as personal opinions.-