

Crimson Colour

By Verenith

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A Poem About Suicide

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Chapter 1 - Crimson Colour

2

1 - Crimson Colour

AS I Lay In My Bed At Night
I Feel The Chill Of Death
A Heavy Sheet Falling Over Me
Blood Drips Down My Arm

The Beautiful Crimson Colour
It Pours Form The Cut Upon My Wrist
The Colour Is Warm
But It Makes Me Cold

As I Lay There Under Deaths Arm
I Think Back To Things I Haven't Done
To Things I Did Wrong
Things I Did Right

How Much I Wanted To Kiss Him
The Boy Of My Dreams
So Much I Needed To Tell Him
If I Did Maybe I Wouldn't Be Nex To Death

I Should Have Passed My Classes
Things Wouldn't Have Been So Rough
My Parents Would Have Been Happy
I Guess I Wouldn't Have Been Driven To This

I Laughed With My Friends
And Went To The Mall
Some Thought Me Ugly
Others Thought Me Beautiful

I Feel The Colour Drain From My Face
My Body Unable to Breath
The Darkness Of Night Falling To Darkness Of Death
As The Warm Beautiful Crimson Colour Spills

As I Fade
I Lose My Thoughts
Death Seals Me In
I Fade To The After Life

I Open My Eyes
I See My Ceiling

I Look At An Unmarked Wrist
I Realise It Was All A Dream

Verenith Heaven