

Rose Mary

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This is a poem version of a horror story me and my friends made up..so I will be righting more versions of Rose Mary...enjoy^.^

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1 - Rose Mary-part one

The night was cold and full of hate, a cascade of lost souls everywhere
Blank faces and bloody hands, tormented lives with much despair
A single voice is heard through the crowd, silence bleed in, no one loud
The voice delicate with harmonious youth, it came from a dark distorted booth
The lost beings stood where they were, pain and suffering no longer heard
The delicate one finally showed their face, bringing chaos to this demonic race
No one left to tell the tell, so silent you can here a nail
The street was dead and cold with rage, Rose Mary had finally broken from her cage

2 - Rose Mary-part two

The child sat upon her bed with a fear in in her eye, her gaze locked towards outside
Her tears were gold but held much pain, the creature scared her like poison through warm veins
She pulled her sheets around her trembling body, the delicate one stood in front of her house, with
crimson eyes and a blood covered blouse
The voice again flowed throughout the town, Rose Mary stood there in her bloody gown
Her face hidden by an abundance of ebony hair, the girl believed it to be a nightmare
Rose Mary now stood outside the girls window, cold hands layed upon the glass
The girl closed her eyes and silently prayed, but Rose Mary had come out to play

3 - Rose Mary-part three

The girl lay restless in her bed, distorted thoughts dripped in her head, Rose Mary now stood at her door, she screeched and wailed, looking for, the young girl left from her bed her piercing scream caused her much dread, Rose Mary passed on to the back her nail-less fingers scratched and cracked, the girl did cry but ran with fright as Rose Mary came in, oh what a hell of a night.