

Dark lives

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its poems about how tough kids lives get.

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Chapter 1 - left in the dark	2
Chapter 2 - curcus of pain	3

1 - left in the dark

Nothing is left there is nothing to gain, All that's inside are my fears and my pain. How can I show them what I'm saying is real? How can I show them the pain that I feel. Scared he'll come back every day, I just can't get out what I want to say. Tell him I hate him he still won't go away! Nothing to do but sit back and pray. Left in the dark only one way to end pain. Blood pouring from my sliced open vein. The last thing I hear is the beat of the rain. For every this is now lost and there's nothing to gain.

2 - curcus of pain

I'm lost in the pain of blinding rage, the blood I pore has set my stage. Life and death two meaningless things, When your in ring master pains center rings I am the clown all sad faced and grim. I am the tattoo man with instead scars for them. I am the lion all battered and bruised. Can you not tell I am being abused!?! My life is like the tight rope woman hanging from a thread. Without the net below I'd surly be dead! My life hangs on teasing my pain. As I lay out battered and bruised crying in the rain.