

deadly hit

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Submitted: March 11, 2005

Updated: March 11, 2005

abuse in the streets where there was no one around

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

She was walking down the road, it was the perfect scene.

Her face was so pale. It was like an angels, so clean.

She had no worries, no shame in her heart.

But there was a secret inside, that was tearing her apart.

He came up behind her, full of rage and despise.

He twirled her around. Looked her straight in the eyes.

I was watching in shock. I had nothing to say.

I was hidden in darkness. I was scared today.

She screamed her shrilling scream but no one was there.

She tried running away but she didn't know where.

He pushed her to the ground and began with his screams.

Words that crushed hopes. Words that crushed dreams.

She was hopeless and weak so she lay still and stared.

She was frightened by him. The way he spoke as he glared.

He began with his punch. Using his strong fists.

He was out of control. He could no more resist.

He began with his kicks. She was still staying still.

He was going insane. He was ready to kill.

All she did now was flinch at his hits.

Her heart was torn into pieces. Little tiny bits.

Then came the hit. The hit that was deadly. The hit the was hell.

He looked down with disgust as he fell.

Her eyes open wide, he red lips shut tight.

Her pale face smeared with blood reflected by the moon in the night.

He broke down in tears. He didn't mean to kill.

He was a monster. And she was an angel who was still.

He put his head on her chest. He took something out.

He was holding a razor. No doubt.

He looked over at me and he cut down his wrist.

Crying in agony while he scraped at his fists.

He stopped with his crying and looked at the sky.

This was his moment. His moment to die.

He fell to his side and he made one more move.

Put his arms around her. Her dress so smooth.

Closing his eyes, they both passed away.

Moving onto another life. Where there will be another day.