

# finding truth

By Inuyasha\_JDL

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*read the title.....*

# 1. Untitled

## Finding Truth

You see me during the light,  
You can see me as a man.  
But my true form comes out at night,  
Just as I had planned.

When I hunt alone,  
My fur blows back.  
My fur is of a grayish tone,  
My eyes are pits of black.

Blood is of my favorite tastes,  
Biting into prey.  
Leaving nothing left to waste,  
I hunt before the day.

Finding truth in all of this,  
Is harder that you know.  
My form now has a fatal kiss,  
But I have to lay low.

For now I have to hide,  
But soon it will be nice.  
For in the shadows I abide,  
But soon in paradise.