

# Weapon Of Choice

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*another poem....*

# 1. Weapon Of Choice

## Weapon Of Choice

something to choose from  
to destroy these evil yet happy thoughts  
in my mind,  
waiting for the right moment but,  
something keeps pulling me back  
and it's not me,  
it's you.  
telling me this is wrong  
it shouldn't resort to violence  
i struggle to get loose  
but your grip is too tight.  
in the end,  
this'll all come down to how  
heartless i have become  
my weapon of choice is  
my emotions.  
thinking back to how i used to be free  
but that's all over.  
game over.  
my wings are broken and so is my  
pride.  
stopped drowning in the past but  
the future is my problem now...  
this is,  
my weapon of choice