

Saved

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This is a poem for Vee-chan^ (Blackwolfmoon) Happy Monthiversary =P

1. Saved

On most days
I would join you,
Spiteful toward
The world.
Hate and glee
And joy and pain,
Every emotion,
Mixed and swirled.
But lately
Somethings changed,
And how much
I cannot say
Turning all
My darkened nights
Back to sunny days.
A driving force
Whose power
Is so great,
Is so extreme;
And suddenly
The nightmare ends
To make way
For the dream.
A candle within,
A fire without
A burning passion
Shared.
A girl to whom
No one else
Can ever hope
To compare.
So keep on
Dreaming demons,
In that dark
And dreary land
I'll be in
A better place:
With my Angel,
Hand in hand.