

I guess you thought it would be fun to make your pain
into a game for someone. I guess you didn't realize how
hurt and lies would color all our lives. What you did to,
so residual, my yesterday. What will I do to my tomorrow?
Will I take on, for forsaken, my father's ways and I
could draw my own blood's blood? I sometimes lie awake at
dawn, though wrong, love him now he's dead and gone. The
part that loves him aches inside. In deep it lies next to
the the scars I hide. I forgave you when i gave you my
wild eyed childhood. How ddo I fill my empty doors and
frames? How do i get, born of his spit, wise and mild?
When did all the colors run grey? My life is gray, when
will I see day?