

## Tormented Kid

360

He was a young kid tormented and hurt  
His father nearly pushed him to the end of the earth  
On his birthday December the 3rd, that day his dad was drunk, c  
ouldn't even remember the birth,  
And he wished he'd go on holidays and never return  
His whole body was cut up and served and burnt,  
Use to wake up shaking with an image of dads face, and how he u  
se to use his body as an ash tray

No one suspected shit, always acting fake  
The kid was forced to smile put on a happy face,  
He use to try and keep his chin high, if he let an ounce of sad  
ness out he'd see a fist fly  
Teachers asked about the bruising and he'd give lies,  
A kids mind with no reasoning to live life,  
A thin line between hate and depression if it wasn't with his f  
ist he'd hit his face with a weapon

The thought of suicide he'd jump a lake in a second,  
Without him his mum wouldn't be safe and protected,  
He often thought of standing up and fighting back, was to scare  
d he knew he'd cop another strike and bash,

Except for one day he came home from school,  
He was about to leave for a mates home for pool,  
He heard screams from upstairs in the bed rooms, mum was yellin  
g but it sounded like sex too,  
He was raping her, cold blooded and fearless nobody was near it  
and nobody could hear it  
And why did they deserve this punishment for, then he snapped h  
e couldn't give a fuck anymore,  
Then he ran to the room possessed by a demon, saw her throat se  
ething and her nose bleeding for no reason

She hobbled down stairs broken her leg, poured his gin all over  
his wife an emotional wreck,  
And the kid stood in the doorway eyes darkened and black, the f  
ather was smashed, laughing as he starts to attack,  
He ducked the first swing, it didn't connect, out of nowhere th  
e dad grabbed the kid at the neck,  
Squeezing his life away stared in to his eyes it rained, he did  
n't show it hurt he managed to hide the pain,  
He sat squeezing and screaming and crying but the kid let him d  
o it and squeeze it in silence,  
If he kept going it he would dead him for sure, then his grip l  
et loose he flop next to the floor,  
And the mum stabbed him in the back with a kitchen knife ripped  
inside screaming in pain ready to give her life,

He saw his mother on the tiles of tears, it was the first time  
he saw his mother smile in years