

This Is It

Endless pity overwhelms.
Sorrow seeps into our homes.
death's defeat proclaimed aloud.
Cries are shouted in a crowd.
Hell's flame is higher than ever.
We sin although we should never.
Battle fate, a restless thing.
Fighting with hope, a worn thin string.
Twisting to relieve hurt and pain.
Turning away, just cannot face it again.
Do not give in though it is hard to hang on.
Our hero will be coming, not long.
Plans for suicide, murder, and rape;
consume this world, there is no escape.
Run from your life, run from your past.
Exactly how long will your feet last?
Materialism devours it's prey much too quick.
Beating it bloody, a big ugly stick.
Splinters of depression attack our youth.
Like a leach it hangs on, bites with a sharp tooth.
Making it worse we stop fighting.
Dark moves in, there goes trying.
Hear demons scream, a terrible noise.
They are stealing our children, breaking their toys.
Soon it is all over, soon he will come.
Until that day, the devil is not done.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to the lost world.