Murder on a Sunday Morning

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Me feeling bad on a Sunday after my parents pretty much told me i had no reason to be and wanted to kill them adn me

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â Take a breathâ

I tell him

It could be your last

Pray

To your imaginary friend

Fall on your knees

Like the coward you are

I hold the gun

To his head

Stroking

The trigger

Eager

To see him die

He begs

He pleads

I smile

As I squeeze the trigger

The man is gone

Forever

The man who abused me by

His hands

His belt

His words

I cried

Murder on a Sunday Morning

He yelled

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Her turn

She is unafraid

But still she

Prays

To her imaginary friend

On her knees

But not out cowardice

She brought me here

They brought me here

But still I squeeze

The trigger

Proud
That I shall hurt
No more
They hurt me
Every day
But the pain lingers
I hold the gun
To my head
I hear the sirens
They are coming
â Double homicide and
Suicide with no note.â
I squeeze the trigger
But never feel a thing

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