

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

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He yelled

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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