

Wonderings of a Tainted Soul

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Something...

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What did I do wrong?
To possibly deserve this sort of life?
To possibly live this sort of life?
Is this all a game?
One of survival, and the winner the most fit?
I carry a heavy burden,
I shoulder many lives,
My hands are tainted,
Forget the childish innocence
For I never had them in the first place.
For one such as I,
Is it wrong to hope?
And if it is, so be it.
I will hope.
Forget that it is wrong.
For I hope.

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