

A CRY FOR THE FUTURE

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A little feeling

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This poem was just thought of as I went and I wrote it know put it out know its not good because of that reason but i'm an impulsive 11-year-old writer oh the ending fell apart I lost the plot but I am happy with it you may find my work unfinished BUT THATS JSUT THE WAY I WORK I MIGHT COME AND FINISH THEM ONE DAY

oh and please don't be offended I don't mean to upsett any poloticians I just don't like them very much there doesn't seem to be a very good one they all seem corrupted and you can only choose from bad-worse-and really bad

Falling-Falling-Falling,

slower and slower into pits of depression

Try to fight it but it grows then explodes like ammunition

days destructive, depressing drivin by a blind hatred that everyone seems to carry

Modern days are full of crys that fall on def ears

humans used as pawns in a never ending came of chess

ITS NOT A GAME SACRIFICES ARE REAL THEY ARE HUMAN LIVES!

CAN YOU SEE WHAT YOUR ACTIONS ARE DOING TO US!

SHOUTING-SCREAMING-dies into a whisper looks at you then looks away

his eyes like a strangers

he was your farther once but know he is a controller of destruction

he is a polotician

ment to help but him himself seems to be a puppet

.....But strenght will grow

within me I want the world to change

I'm scared for my future and yours I belive

amid the crowd I know there is someone who can see sense and help

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