

I'd Come for you

# I'd Come for you

By : **Ienzo Darkness**

Someone who has lost someone very dear and special to them. Yet,they hate the person,concluding to themself that the person used them. But yet,memories are stuck on their mind. Sorry if I didn't do paragraphs.

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## I'd Come for you

He always said that he would help me. He always promised me we would be together. He always swore that he'd never stop protecting me, no matter what. God, some lies they were. Stupid lies they were too. Ones that distract you from the truth. Cause he would never be able to be with me, never able to offer me protection and,.....and now he's gone. Forever. Never to return, those shining eyes. Now dull and empty, so hollow. He tricked me. Deceived me. Played with my mind, toying with my thoughts, making me fall into such an optimistic place. A grand illusion, tricking you in so many ways. Your own fantasy land, secretly dwelling closer to the darkness. Illusions pull you into dreams, but everyone knows that you always wake up. Pulled into reality, pressure bolting down. I wanted those dreams to be reality, but obviously that was impossible. I was just wrapped into the illusion to see. And now.....I will never find him. Any of them. Those tricks and lies broke me so roughly. Tearing themselves into me, leaving such a deep scar to replace. I will never let myself grow close to someone else. I won't be deceived and tricked, and used again. He was the only one. Out of all people, it was him. No one else. I learnt my lesson. I learnt to never adore, or admire. I learnt to hate others, pushing them to one side, like what happened to me. Yet....why does my heart ache? When I think about them, about most, it makes me wonder and think. Such strange feelings plague my mind, deepening my loathing of everything. Am I scared? No, you'd never hear me admit that, any like that. A stabbing pain that never leaves. And most likely will never leave. It makes my already hurt mind twist, leaving such a strong pounding in my head. Shaky gasps and the shivering body. Why does it make me like this? Is this a sign from myself, telling me, warning me that I'm pushing myself? Well, if it is, I don't care. Once pained tears scorched my face, while that empty and hollow one stayed still. Now, the cruel smirk covers my face, harshness and defiance written over me. But sometimes, I still sit and think, my eyes showing nothing. Pain searing inside me, wanting to rip itself out of me and scream, scream to the world. But I dig it inside, hide it beneath it all, to make sure no one will unearth it. All those stupid memories. Illusions. Things that deceive you, tricking you into doing anything. Turning dreams into realities, and realities into dreams. I was confused, he just tormented me. I want to beg for him to come back, but I don't. Cause I know he won't return. If only life turned out better for me. Yet I still like to murmur, and whisper. And I know it's true. Even now, no matter how much I hate him. What he said to me, what he swore, and what I promised no matter what. I remember what we both said to each other, before he was gone forever. How we whispered to one another, the one I will always hate, yet never forget him and those words. "I'd come for you."

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