

Still born baby

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By : koolc

Still born baby,

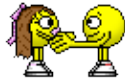
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Her pain,her torched soul, her suffering, the agony written on her face,like a road mop,her emotions are frozen, like an ice box, a walking dead,u could see it in her eyes, hallow inside its just an empty space.

anguish and displeasure on her mind,like a neon sign,ohits a waste,of time,praying she scream in anger,she is provoked and choked with sorrows,and dispear,she suffered so many times,cry in the darkest for love,

crucified,like christ on the cross,her world is crumbling down,with her head hanging down,she is hurting,a deep scars,across her heart,her soul isin pain from her lost,nothing could save herstill born baby born to die,as she.

cried,her eyes to sleep each nite,for her still born,she understand thehard life living in thehood,its call the concrete jungle,she is trapped, a victim,of circumstances,being judge by sociate,label a failure,

as theydare her and mock,her ,no future and a past, her how long will this last, as she morn for her still born baby,maybe time will tell when she'll escape from hell,

there's yet hope for tomorrow, shestill feels like acast out, brused ego,a heavy heart, wounded,thatonly time can heal,maybe someday she'll go home.again,

and cry no more for her still born baby,her soul is free

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