

Persona

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I wrote this while in a bad mood...It's kinda about all of my friends...

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Ruroni_Otaku/25066/Persona

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1 - Untitled

Persona

You love no one
You hate many
You are lost and quite weary
You live in rythm
You write your life
Those who know you
Are cut by your knife

You are pittied
You are a fool
You try to fit in
But fail to be cool
You like everyone
And are easily hurt
My friend, you amount to nothing but dirt

You cast a shadow
You stand tall and proud
You are the laughing stock of the crowd
You wallow in sorrow
You see nothing but dark
You retalliate with the bite of a shark

You cast a spell
No one can manage
You bring depression and faith
You draw a new breath
As their eyes fall upon you
You twist their minds
Like death in the ballroom

You care for no one
You insult with venom
Your talent is revered
By one and all
You are over-rated
And soon, may you fall

You are a witch
A breaker of hearts

You wreak pain and sorrow
Upon the innocent
You tear at my lungs like smoke not so distant
You destroy and condemn
Innocent victims
To a life of pain and misery
They do not deserve

You lie, you gamble
You erode any joy
You play each one just like a toy
You blame, you accuse
You scream and cry
Your tears are nothing,
But merely a lie

You wait, you waste
You give undeserved praise
You are happy, content,
In time you will raise
You change subtly
From cover to cover
You were once betrayed
By a false lover

You tease, you torcher
Yet, remain a true friend
You care not for the efforts that we lend
You independently brag of your strength,
In reality, you shall forget time's length

You conform and defend
You regret to no end
You slowly incinerate the lives of foes
You know only as much as your sibling goes
You fire at no one
Yet recoil with flare
You are unbalanced
In your quest for false air

You drift away
Like a raft gone astray
You belong to the division
Of a mind splitting decision
You obey any law
Even if it's not worth your time
You write for none

But leave it crusted with grime

You talk with a slang
Few can understand
Your mind is on a track
That only you can defend
You don't take to life
Unless it's foreign
You loath anyone of the phobia
You hate the shell you were born in

You give meaningful advice
You soothe one's pain
You are like the light
Of the pirate's gain
You comfort
You help
Yet you speak words of evil
You will not apparate to the realm of the lethal

You are small
And yet a pest
You heave the heap off the chest
You laugh, you cry
You pretend you will die
You are missed
Yet undeceased
You are wanted by the least

You try to help
Yet you need aid
You cannot go on
Without a raid
You cry and mourn
And are always torn
You want nothing more
Then the eyes of all
To watch you blow your horn

You gain respect
Then lose it again
You do nothing to ease one's pain
You try to act
You are gifted so
You are the cheetah
Among where the lions go