

Low Mans Lyric

By SquishyNinaChan

Submitted: August 30, 2007

Updated: August 30, 2007

*Songfic using Low Man's Lyric By Metallica. Roy's depressed and doesnt think he has a reason to live.
RoyEd*

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1 - Low Mans Lyric

A/N: Incredibly depressing story I wrote about a million months ago. I decided to revise it some, and I'm really surprised that I could write something with this much angst while listening to "Let me be with you" from Chobits. Lol.

This is pretty much a variation of the Roy!Ending from Bluebirds Illusion. Roy's POV

Disclaimer: Dont Own

-?-

My eyes seek reality
My fingers seek my veins
There's a dog at your back step
He must come in from the rain

-Flashback-

I woke up from the dream. No. It was not a dream, it was a nightmare. One I would never admit that I didn't want to happen. Ed had died. I did not want him to go. I was glad to wake up and realize it was just a dream. For once, I was glad it was raining. The thunder had brought me back to reality. Slowly, but it did. I had woken up screaming "no". I got up to go get a drink. Once I got to the kitchen, I noticed something was at my backdoor. A familiar figure. It was... small... I opened the door out of curiosity, and nearly broke down when I noticed it was Ed. I just stared at his broken figure. He was too lost in his own world to notice. Probably figuring I would not notice for a while. Then I decided to make a very daring move, I pulled him into a loving embrace. It didn't seem like this boy even once had the spirit and will to do almost anything. Anything to get his brother back, who was now gone do to his, as he would put it, stupidity. I didn't think it was him being stupid at all. He just wanted him and his brother to be happy.

I fall cause I let go
The net below has rot away
So my eyes seek reality
And my fingers seek my veins

I wasn't colonel anymore; I wasn't even part of the military anymore. Neither was Ed. I was glad for that for once. It just took out a few reasons of why we can't be with each other. I was no longer his commanding officer, and he was no longer my subordinate. Could we really be together now?

-End Of Flashback-

The trash fire is warm

But nowhere safe from the storm
And I can't bear to see
What I've let me be
So wicked and worn

Ed had been living with me for a year. Then disappeared. No one knew why, so many thought he was dead. I never visited his grave. If I did, I might as well admit he was dead. It killed me not knowing if he was actually alive. But I'd rather have some hope that he was still alive. I just sat alone in the alley way, watching the flames flicker in front of me. It was warm. But it didn't have the same warmth Ed's touch had given me. He would kill me if he knew where I was now, and why. I wouldn't be able to stand to see myself like this either.

So as I write to you
Of what is done and to do
Maybe you'll understand
And won't cry for this man
cause low man is due
Please forgive me

I don't know why I was writing a letter to him. I knew that there was no way to get it to him. I didn't have the money to send it to him even if I could. But I wrote to him anyways. It just felt like I was actually talking to him. I told him about everything that has happened. I hoped he'd understand why I've fallen so far. Even if he would never know. Then a thought hit me. Would he cry if I died? I had cried when Riza had told me that he was dead. Even if I had cried for him, I didn't want him to cry for me. I took out a shard of a broken mirror that was in the waste pile next to me.

My eyes seek reality
My fingers feel for faith
Touch clean with a dirty hand
I touch the clean to the waste

I stared at my hands. They were covered in blood. Why had I done this? Was I really this depressed? But did it matter? Not like anyone would notice. Some kid would probably freak out if they saw me here, covered in blood with a piece of a mirror that's been god knows where. I just stared at the fire before me. It reminded me of my sins. The gloves that had caused so much pain and death. I picked up those gloves. They had been white with a transmutation circle on it. But not anymore, it was now covered in blood. I threw them in the fire, watching the gloves I once treasured burn. I wasn't going to get fire that easily anymore.

The trash fire is warm
But nowhere safe from the storm

I can't bear to see
What I've let me be
So wicked and worn

The raging storm continued. It was as bad as the first night Ed and I had spent together. I had watched him sleep so peacefully in my arms, as the fire continued to give heat. In a way, it was like now. Only instead of a fire in the fireplace, it was a nearly dead fire with trash instead of logs. And instead of with Ed I was alone. Why couldn't I just die now?

And I cry, to the alleyway
Confess all to the rain
But I lie, lie straight to the mirror
the one I've broken, to match my face

I started to cry. I realized I never told Ed four words that I wanted to tell him. I could never bring myself to. I just couldn't. "I love you, Ed" I only talked to the rain. That was all I could do. I looked at the broken mirror in front of me. I had first looked at myself in it, then broke it, not wanting to see the nothing I have become. It was what I used that cause my hands to be so red now. Why couldn't I just end it now? "I hate you, Ed" I now said that to part of the mirror. No, that was a lie. But I needed to here myself say something meaningless. Something like my life.

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A/N: Wow. Its done. I hope it's not that bad. I'm thinking about writing a sequel that will also be a songfic and this time, Ed's point of view. But I'll only write it if people want me too and I can find a good song to use.