Richey Edwards

By wekilledzelda

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[description]
This is a poem dedicated to Richey Edwards, who I deeply admire and respect for his struggle against the
numerous demons he encountered throughout his life. I believe he's a great example of
The struggle to live a happy life. A struggle to be accepted and understood.
To endure the miseries that come like clockwork.
To feel loved, and isnt that what everyone wants? To be told theyre perfect.
And he was.
Happy belated birthday richey.
Now Go put on, "from despair to where" by the manic street preachers.

"In terms of the 'S' word, that does not enter my mind.
And it never has done, in terms of an attempt.
Because I am stronger than that. I might be a weak person, but I can take pain." -Richey

By: [A]die.

If I had more of a chance then i would run away to where they would never find me.
And maybe as i travel, wander through the nights,
i may come across another that gave up the fight.
Lay frozen and tired of the ones who supposedly love you.
The silence we hear is so hard to break through.
A cruel remark however can shatter glass. Our feet stepping on the pieces until the last one is in.
Knives and razors, the sullen man used them to feel.
Steady Blood stream, it's what real is.
Happiness is hard to find, we search until the day we die.
You ran out of places, missed the story with the tell all hook.
Well so Have I.
Blind to inner perfection ke kept looking for more.
I'd disappear if i could let me, flee to the fields of rye.
There is no wrong, there is no right. Sir, you should of opened up those eyes.
Images blur, and the voices stir an emotion left untouched.
Invisibility can be located with the right focus.
Bad intentions have a consequence somewhere down the line.
We must all know and hope, that with time all can be right.