

Poetry Series

**William Pye**  
**- poems -**

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## William Pye(9-11-1990)

My life was hard not long ago and i experienced a pain like no other i was lonely and i have no place in this world except for the poem that i create to express my pain and darkness i need that comfort that nobody goes throu what i did at that time so Enjoy the poem that i create for i have a bigger destiny and FATE....ect.

# Pain And Suffering

Pain and suffering I will endure  
By my life ego I will assure  
When my life flashes with pain I will look at my shame  
But when my pain last no more  
There is god knocking on my door  
While he knocks I will weep and dwell  
But at last I ripped my veil  
When my veil rips wide open  
I fight the demon from down under  
When the fight is over and done  
Here come the prize I have won  
But it seem for what I have won  
Is nothing I have failed to become a son  
For being a son to someone who is dumb  
To the things I have done but never won  
For I see myself in a gutter filled with lies and clutter  
And while I'm in that clutter  
My life ended like a shutter  
For that shutter will not open  
In till my master see some change in me  
And only then will I succeed  
For when I succeed my life will go  
Faraway to lands I dear  
Till I reach my fear and say  
No more will I pay today  
Because I will see my debts are paid  
To god since he has saved my day  
For all that I must say  
Live long and prosper  
Because the day is always a new day  
To live and triumph everyday  
Till u fall and forever pay  
To the god we worship today...

William Pye

# The Pain Of Love

Love is like a vine it turns and twist and come into your as it wraps upon your heart it will tear you apart. shredding u heart piece by piece it painful as a stab in the heart. Now that your heart is torn apart it comes back together with a thread and a needle for here come the love again when u need to rejoin again the it start it starts again.

William Pye

# Vampires

In the moonlight we all come out.  
Too feed and eat and roam while we roam about.  
When we see a victim shout.  
We strike real hard and hear no shout.  
From the alley that i crawl.  
Dipping with blood that rapidly falls.  
Then the moonlight comes back out.  
Then i transform and cry's with a shout.  
After i start to hunt.  
I take a life and start to feed.  
when i see my victims bleed.  
I cry in with pain and agony.  
When i feed i fell no pain.  
then we rise and start again.

William Pye