

Poetry Series

William Pye
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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