

To Reclaim the Throne

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Sunday, February 21st, 1999. Seven months after the murder of her alcoholic uncle Barry and her cousin Lucy, six of which having been spent in her former safe house, Belle is drawn in for an opportunity to attack the criminal organization responsible for these killings and her and her mother's capture, and ultimately hunt down and kill the humans responsible...but it comes with a chilling cost for the fourteen year old skunk.

A life that permanently deals a bad hand
Deals out another hand of terrible cards.
None can be played at all well with what's at stake
Walking down a path lined with jagged glass shards.

Assumed common knowledge that my uncle had become
An alcoholic who had also got into debt.
Brought on by the killing of my father years before
A man who we'd both adored, and this is what we get.
Soon he'd started buying drugs to try and numb his pain
Only when we got the news, did we know who he'd met.

History was retold when we heard what had happened
That he had been gunned down when unable to pay.
Then they slaughtered my cousin for trying to stop them
They came after us and found our address their way.

They took me and my mom prisoner with one demand
They wanted more information about accessing his money.
Brutal beatings resulted from not answering them
Scars inflicted any time we tried to escape from their hold.
Terrified and fearing we would not get out alive
All we could do was submit to the blows they thought were funny.
It continued for longer than we could keep count for
Until the police finally arrived in proclamations bold.

But rather than rescuing us and sparing us our lives
They were freed without charge and we were imprisoned.
Dismissing us both as simply wasting their time
Face down in this damaged country's world of prisms.

Realizing that we could never take another risk
I had to tearfully part from the mother I loved.
Once she entered the witness protection program's unknown
This would be the last time I ever looked up above.
Fearing I'd bring harm or death to my friends or family
The streets would be my home, to fly or fall like a dove.

Enter the darkest period of my life
I realized I could never go near my family again.
With the Cartel looking for me and my mom
Not one step was safe for either of us to tread outside the den.

Hating humanity beyond all comprehension
I wanted so much to kill who was responsible for this.
But this opportunity would soon arrive for me
Out of the system of firm control I'd used to turn myself.
Meeting the Yakuza's head for the very first time
He'd heard what happened and took me on without one moment's hiss.
The chance to achieve revenge was now in my near midst
I'll do all it takes to find them, even if I burn myself.

