

Heathen

(02/09/2018)

You look upon this lady fair,
My slender frame; black pigtailed hair,
White and black; my fur is stripped,
Cobalt eyes light up the night,

Walking with the utmost grace
You see a very gentle face,
I look to you with toothy smile,
Few men can resist my wiles,

Those who do fall to the gun,
I often shoot it just for fun,
I use it nearly every day,
Oh, how I enjoy the fray,

But this is not the life I chose,
I strike a subtle villainous pose,
My minions serve me faithfully,

And cower at the sight of me,

I've killed too many to keep count,

Bodies piling like a mount,

Ending lives with my own hands,

But no one knows just who I am,

I walk in darkness and in light,

My true self hiding in plain sight,

I wear a mask so they won't see,

The good that lives inside of me,

An empathetic psychopath,

A moralistic sociopath,

A righteous unbeliever,

And an honest deceiver,

I spread the truth while telling lies,

All of myself I do despise,

I cheat and rob; give to the poor,

Then kick in someone else's door,

But every day the darkness grows,
I become the monster the others know,
What good that's left is dying fast,
The evil is alone at last,

My claws cut into tender meat,
A victim lying at my feet,
Chain them down; I rape and maim,
I hate how I enjoy their pain,

The violence is possessing me,
Destroying what might ever be,
Crying out as my heart breaks,
Their life was never mine to take,

But I'm trapped in a mental cell,
And burning in my private hell.
What is there to believe in?
I'm just a worthless heathen.