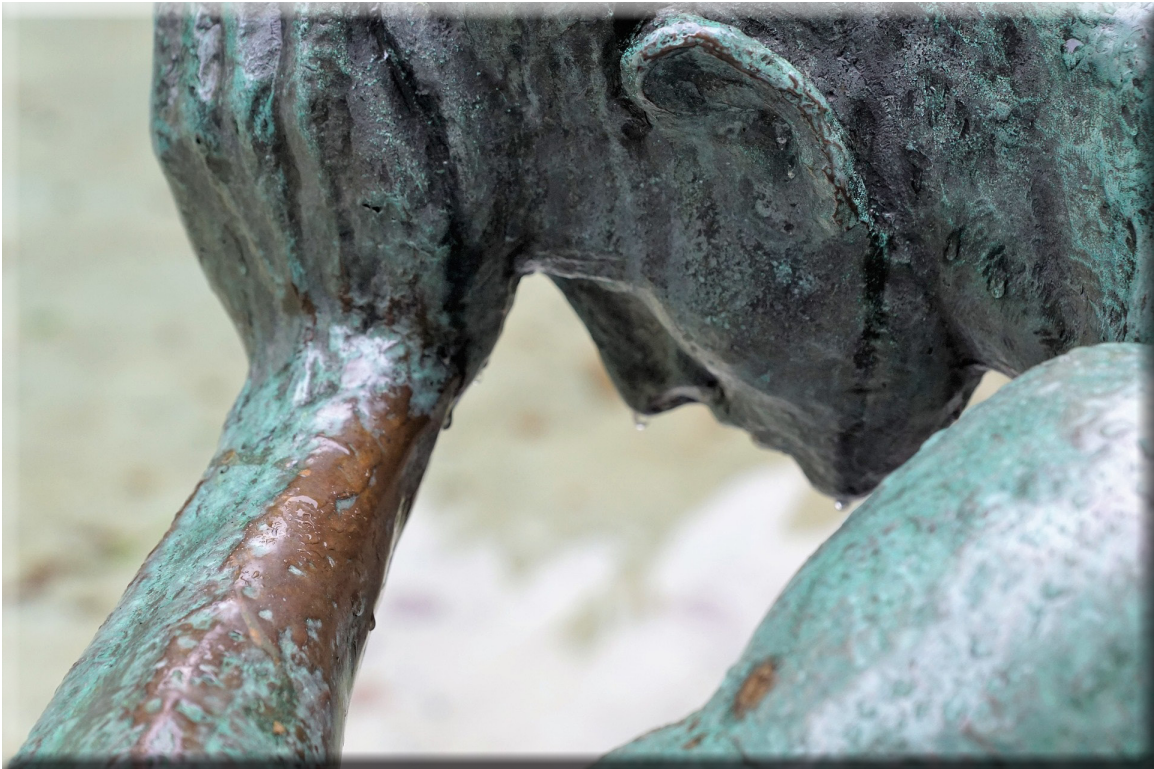

Two-Edged Sword

by Filipe Palma, ASPE



Like a flower, I rose
From the deep shadows
Now my mind bows
To the future that follows

I still think of the past
All the torture itself
I wasn't the first but the last
To suffer from myself

My head still races
My dark thoughts are tough
I still see those faces
When I bleed and I cough

But I hope one day
I'll be what I'm meant to
All this darkness sent away
And the demons remaining few

All the happiness I wish
To me and everybody
Even to the smallest fish
I'll sing this melody

The inferiors hurt
Their purpose is to create
The shining gem, our heart
So we are immune to their hate

And if you feel down, dear friend
Stand up for what makes you right
And don't ignore the fiend
That will sharpen you tonight

Again. Ω