Til the End

Mister Monster

You were so young, just a child,
only 9 years of age when.
You discovered the gift you were given,
To listen to us, those unsaid.
You were my friend, we saw eye-to-eye from dying.
The only one to listen, friends until the end.A Poem Unread, a Song Unheard,
a Proposal Left Denied.
A Eulogy With no Tears,
and an Empty Coffin, Outside.
This Legacy That I Leave,
Won't See the Light of Day.
Not Even Hell Will Let Me In,
And God Told Me to Go Away.Does This Mean I'm Not Allowed To Speak
Tonight At Midnight Mass?
I Wrote This Song on Your Alter
Using Red Hot Candle WaxThese Words I Speak, Go Unheard,
Such a Mockery to My Tongue.
All My Prayers go Unanswered,
This Hero Goes Unsung.
And With This Blood, I'll Compose,
But No One Reads My Death.
All They Feel Is Cold Wind Blowing,
On the Back of Their Neck....Never Say Goodbye
Only Say Goodnight
Dream Up of Our World
Rest In Bed So Tight
Sleep With AngelsMy God, Does This Mean I'm Not Allowed To Speak
Tonight At Midnight Mass?
I Wrote This Song on Your Alter
Using Red Hot Candle Wax.
Last Night I Tried So Hard, But Could Not Speak
You Choked Me With your Rosary Beads
I'll Sing This Song Every night To My
Friend Until the End.....

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