

In a Nutshell

Victims Family

We had so many dreams, so many possibilities, now it seems to be so far out of reach. Tried with our last gasp to grab the things we could not grasp but all the traps were built just to deceive. And now it's just a dream no basis in reality without a leg to stand on and nothing to believe.

So sit behind dark walls, with the curtains drawn in dim lit halls, the dimwit calls in vain, "No, not now please." Nothing new he was a slimy little rat eating slimy sewage from the bottom of a rat trap, eating polyester in a game he said he'd aim to please. Sits and wags his tail on time, never says nothing above the sublime for fear his trap just might be slamming shut.

He had so many dreams, so many possibilities, now he ends his life in the shell of a nut.

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