Lead

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Lead"Don't fill me with lead," the poor man plead,
as the thief looked away,
"I've got a family you see,
and they all need me,
so don't take me away.""But I must," the thief said,
"you have yet to ever bled,
and don't think I won't make you pay,
you have breathed your last breath,
your time is here I'm your death,
and today is your dying day."The man began to squirm,
when the thief's eyes confirmed,
that it would be over sooner then said,
the gun was swift, as the thief's fatal gift,
knocked him dead.

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