

# A Subtle Induction

## Dark Angel

The psychological impact of a film that we all love,  
It's negative imagery that preys upon our young,  
How could we be so blind?  
Now we step inside conceptually a different view,  
And uncover the horror that we're injecting into  
All our children's minds. Born into a peasant monarchy,  
A life of inherited luxury.  
This newborn Prince with his silver spoon,  
His life unfolds and will change soon.  
His father, the King, is not ever around,  
Never deigning to walk on his own son's ground.  
A tragic young life spent in a broken home,  
Looking forward to years of life alone. Leading the life of hell,  
His story, you know it well.  
In death he'd finally be free,  
Could this be what it seems to be? As this Prince enters his first few years,  
A menagerie known as his friends appears,  
Misfits one and all.  
One, who lives to create turbulence,  
Another, who straddles an androgynous fence,  
And we're not sure where he'll fall. Minute is his contact with the outside world,  
Unhardened to the likely peril it holds.  
Until one day, with his mother, the Queen,  
He's thrust into a ghastly scene.  
Like animals, with weapons they're pursued,  
By men with butcherous attitudes.  
His mother, the victim of the "Thrill Of The Chase",  
With a bullet, she loses this deathrace. Leading the life of hell,  
His story, you know it well.  
In death he'd finally be free,  
Could this be what it seems to be? Then his woman is forced into  
A precarious position and looks doomed.  
Assaulted and raped by more than one  
Members of a gang that are on the hunt.  
Add to this the destructiveness  
Of the fire that rages without rest,  
Decimating his neighborhood,  
Torching his land where his home once stood. Brutal cinematic display, upon our children's minds it preys.  
A subtle induction into horror, with implications we can't ignore.

Malevolence hidden behind doe-eyes, how many see through its disguise?

Burning itself into the minds it haunts,

Is this really what we want? Leading the life of hell,

His story, you know it well.

In death he'd finally be free,

Could this be what it seems to be?

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