

The Bullet

By A.M. Jeans

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**Force back down
The pain and the sickness**

**Here comes the bullet
Ripping through air
And now, tearing through flesh
Finally meets it's match
in muscle and bone.**

**Crimson escapes
overwhelming fabric
and knees give way,
bringing a human frame to the snow.**

**The black drape empties eyes
Concealing cold winter in it's cloak.
Enter, demon.
Appeal to a darker side
With a friendly guile.
Drag me to hell.**

StoryImp Advertisement

