

My Darkest Hour

By Tyler W. Stinson

It hurts in the most painful and unforgettable way,
Being alone and somewhat lost in this place,
Knowing that I will never have the chance to hold the hands of my true love,
I am found standing here before everyone, bleeding the words of my written works from my mouth,
My kingdom of literature is oddly misunderstood and almost unknown,
My wealth and popularity is nothing more than dirt and sand,
My only desire is that I will fade away into a constant state of non-existence,
That I may fall now and that my beloved works would live on even after my lungs cease to draw breath

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