

Blinded by the Dark

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I've read a poem about something in class
At the very first, it refers to a woman
But now I've realized it is about someone
who would just bite the bait alone

In a forest of kindling, there lives everyone
In this generation much more important to try something
Terrible right? But I've got a more terrifying one on Christmas Eve,
A very terrible gift I've received. I even don't know anything,
I've trusted someone worth nothing

A lot has happened,
I didn't even tell I saw everything, but there goes nothing
I was blind and wounded, trying to catch up with everything
I ate it up and spit it out

There lives a scar, a year and a half has been thrown on Christmas eve
There goes the heat using the wine without the bread
He gave his to someone on Christmas Eve
Without even realizing what her partner would feel after else

Yes, it's wrong, but I think I'm gone
This is just another story
In this life of beauty
Being well for a day, being broke for a year
Why did this happen to me?
Karma isn't blind, honey!