

The curtain closes
Must all good things really end
Your presence torments the heart
There is only anger
You begged for eternal forgiveness said it was the last time
But you invaded and destroyed my soul
Deprived, neglected, abused, a sordid crime
Your assault mangled my body
As I lay there blood stained and bruised
You said it was my fault and i should die
I asked myself why
With a tear stained face i forever sobbed

Silenced from drowning in the fear
Your hands were like poison and your words like razors
Like a dying rose i withered from your blight

This will be the last you hear from me
Scarred and tortured
Decaying in this burial shroud

I am free

But don't mourn for me
I am now only a memory

Domestic violence hotline
800.799.7233

Survivors and victims
<https://opdv.ny.gov/survivors-victims>

Domestic violence support
<https://www.thehotline.org/>