

# Linda's Poems

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*These are all poems I have written in the past few years.*

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# 1 - God watches over you

Looking back now, all I see was pain.  
Nobody ever told me life was going to be this way.  
The hard times and the struggling too.  
It seems like everyone left me, besides you.

God this world that we live in  
All the turns and bends  
Is this how you really wanted  
All your people to live within

I know I'm not perfect  
That I've made some mistakes  
But why did you have to take him away at such an early age  
He wasn't really ready, never got out of the cage  
At such a young age, how can he be expected to stay

Always gone all the time  
Yelling at his parents  
Wishing that they were dead  
And they wished he'd come with them

Nobody told him that the Lords right beside him  
To turn the other cheek against the violence  
But that day came and he passed away  
Everyone at his funeral praying he stayed

How I prayed that he come back, just once more  
So that his family and friends could show some love  
But thats not the way that real life works  
Just remember that  
Gods always there to lead you through it

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## 2 - Someone's Dying Day

In your arms is where I lay  
Lost in love and not ashamed  
Once it was darkAnd I was afraid  
Then here you come to save the day

Content and peace I dream away  
Waiting for another day  
You on my mind all the time  
But how do I tell you  
When I'm so afraid

Afraid you'll run  
When I'm wanting you to stay  
So far away is where you stay  
As I wait by the phone everyday  
Just to hear you  
And hoping you knowIn my heart is where you lay

Forgotten and lost is where we hide  
To escape all the peeping eyes  
All I know and all I can say  
Is I want to be with you  
Until someone's dying day

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### 3 - No Control

There's a pain inside that hurts  
Undescribable by any words  
When I try to be alive  
The pain only gets worse

It's like no matter what  
I'm tied down to the tracks  
Waiting for the train  
To hit me in the back

After a short time  
The wounds will scab up  
Never fully healed  
And sometimes seen

Then I'm exposed  
Like a puppet on a string  
That everyone gets to play with  
Everyone but me

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