

# First One to Fall

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*This is one of my bands songs. Its also in my fan ficcy. Heh I wrote this kinda a while ago. \*shrugs\* I hope you like it ^\_^;;*

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**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

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First one to fall: Them or me? Hm. I could have sworn I'd never even met those girls before. I could have sworn that it would've never happen, and the unthinkable did. But ah.

First bomb explodes. And karma is never on a side, but this time it was mine. I could've sworn.

First bomb is let go. And I've let it go.

Second bomb drops. And I've heard this so many times but never have taken the time to explain myself. There's a lot more to a person than being pretty. There's a lot more to me than you all think.

Second bomb explodes. And according to one of my best friends, I'm a helper. And I love unconditionally. And low self esteem is part of my game. And that all seems so true. And he said that I'm not beyond my years, everyone is just behind theirs. But I'm fifteen years old and some people are still hesitant to meet me because of that.

Second bomb is let go. And I'm tired of letting go, but I already have and now it's too much.

I could have sworn I don't even know their names.

But I am old enough to know better. And young enough to pretend that this is the last of my letters.

So I'll write letters to pass the time. The letters that you won't get. I'll say what you quote and pretend it doesn't bother me.

I'll quote what you say and swear that it does.

Then again, no one knows the difference either way.

And I'll read old letters from years ago to pass more time. And look at more recent pictures to kill myself.

I know my capabilities and you obviously...

Don't.

You should know you're still my best friend.

And it's 8:37 AM and I lost my ring in a graveyard.

I would say I lost you, but we never had each other in the first place.

It's been a week and I'm starting to think that I miss you.

I've racked my brain about a hundred times a day. I'm confused by everything, I've used my means, I'm still uncertain.

Now it boils down to one big question are we separated by five states, two countries or the next town over?

You'll be fine, I promise.

It's just another unfair night of sleeping on scissors.

And knowing that it's only fair.

And the sad little girl retreats to her fort behind barriers made of stone and distance. it's easier that way.

Someday i'll forget.

The confidence-lacking girl acted out of character. it taught her a lesson never to go for anything again.

Blatant rejection in it's purest form. literally, to my face. it'd never been so raw and direct. it'd always been something i made up without any persistence or factual knowledge.

Yet i had been so sure of myself. my bad... everything is only built to be destroyed, it seems. at least in my experience. once again, i seem to live up to my known idiocies.

I'm beginning to understand.