

Tourniquet

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*I'm the only one left... everything is so lonely now...oh otousan...I need guidance. Please guide me.
An angsty Pan fiction*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/akasume/2672/Tourniquet>

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1 - Tourniquet

Konnichiwa!!! Akasume here. This is my very first fanfic ever... well not exactly. I wrote this over the summer . This fic is based on the evanescence song tourniquet. Its one of my faves ... So ENJOY!! ^_^

Tourniquet

I tried to kill the pain
but only brought more
(so much more)

A tear fell from my eye and fell upon a granite stone slate. I look at where my tears lead me. Soon I was staring at my father's name, Son Gohan. Next to the slate were more slates. They all had names.

I lay dying
and I'm pouring
crimson regret and betrayal

Son Videl, Son Goten, Son Chi-Chi, and Son Goku. Behind me are more names engraved in granite: Briefs Bulma, Briefs Bra , Briefs Trunks, and Prince Vegeta.

I'm dying, praying, bleeding, and screaming
Am I too lost to be saved
Am I too lost?

Not far away from me are the names of Krillin, 17, Marron, Roshi, Yamcha, Tien, Chouzu, Piccolo, and Majin.

My God My Tourniquet
Return to me salvation
My God My Tourniquet
Return to me salvation

I buried all of my friends...I had to. There is noone left...since the heart virus. I'm the only one left who is immune to it. The only one.

Do you remember me
Lost for so long
Will you be on the other side
or will you forget me

Everything is so lonely now. No one to talk to but myself. Me, Myself, and I. The last Saiyan...and the last human. Oh otousan... I'm so lonely. I need guidance. Please guide me. Oh great, I'm bawling now...I've got to suck it up. I can't let the sole survivor of the Saiyans hide behind tears like this... but...the pain.. this pain... it's too unbearable. I just want to end it right now. End... death... salvation...salvation from this lonesome prison.
End...end...the word sounds so...beautiful.

I'm dying, praying, bleeding, and screaming
Am I too lost to be saved
Am I too lost?

I now reach in my bag to pull out my most precious heirloom, the Z Dagger. The very dagger that came from the sword that otousan broke. The very dagger that was reforged into what it is now.

My God My Tourniquet
Return to me salvation
My God My Tourniquet
Return to me salvation

I raise the dagger above my head and I smile. Otousan...Father don't worry...I'll join you soon. I whisper this to you. I don't know why I'm whispering... there is no one to hear me. Oh well that doesn't matter anymore. I bring down my dagger and hit my target.

My wounds cry for the grave
My soul cries for deliverance
Will I be denied Christ
Tourniquet
My Suicide

