

the terrible Bullet

Bullet can I ask you a question
Why are you so terrible
In the wake of your onslaught things turn horrible
See how you rip through bodies and kill so many dreams
Just a tug from your trigger sends blood flowing in streams
You look harmful but yet you are so vicious
What you do to human beings is so malicious
Made by man but yet given a life of your own
You are not the solution because you break up a happy home
People dealing with issues thinking that you can solve them
Yet you become their greatest problem
Look at the damage that you do to their world
Taking the lives of innocent boys and girls
O bullet they say that you know no name
But yet in life you play such a deadly game
You have no eyes so therefore you can't see
Blind to the fact that you are killing off humanity
Nothing but a piece of steel
Yet your fatal consequences are so real
I must ask of those who have emotions that feel
Why has the bullet been given the power to kill
Not even knowing those whom it may slay
Yet those precious lives wont live to see another day

Recently I read about the innocent child that was shot and killed
Bullet is this what you willed
O mighty bullet, let me ask you another question
Because everyday your deadly deeds be having me guessing
Pain, hurt, and sorrow are the only deeds you are professing
Look at how you tore through that woman's heart
Ripping her entire family apart
Then you have these greedy businessmen who become a gun dealer
They also take on some of the responsibility with the actual killer
Look at the precious souls that you have forsaken
You have become a favorite tool of Satan
I wonder at your worth all day but still can't figure it out
Death and destruction is what you are all about
Iron is suppose to be a precious metal
But it is used for the wrong purposes by the devil
He destroys the souls that he possess
Even the killer kills a part of themselves in the process
So bullet who do you answer to
Is destruction the only way that you pay your due
All it takes is a pull of the trigger to unleash your fury
Shutting down all the factories that makes bullets would be the best theory
Because a lifeless bullet takes on a life of its own
Once released into the air it is terror prone
Traveling at the speed of light
All it takes is one bullet to end a life
Causing mourning and destroying so much
So much havoc can be reaped from a bullets' touch
Man fingers the trigger and he then pulls it
Little does he know the endless consequences of the terrible bullet