

# Anthology of paulmoxon

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*To all my family and friends.*

## Acknowledgement

To all my enemies who helped to hit rock bottom and enable me to find who I am.

## About the author

Just an ordinary working class man who has had a rollercoaster life.

## summary

The Reaper

# The Reaper

## The Reaper

I put the pen to the paper and the rest writes itself.  
As the untold story of the reaper is what I tell.

It was never my intention to do any harm,  
but a wolf in sheep's clothing is forced to cause some harm.  
I thought I knew all the rules, I'm lucky I'm not dead.

People say you can't change the past  
But I say with payback you can wreak revenge.  
Everybody has their demons, shit I'm in double figures slaying mine.

People fire more at you as they plot & try to fuck you from behind.  
What really fucks them up though is when you keep bouncing back.

I see it on their faces, engraved within their stare.  
No idea what they are unleashing, stupid and ill prepared.  
My eyes becoming colder, evil and full of rage.

Now they know I am the reaper,  
As they try explain, far too little too late.  
Am I right or am I wrong or maybe a little insane?

Smiling assassins appear to me daily without fail.  
I know something's really wrong though,  
as I take another one in the back.

At times I have faltered, tired and in pain,  
But up and at them I get, to play the game again.

As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death? fuck that.  
As I run head strong in to the valley again,  
screaming ?guess whose back?  
?I forgot to kick your arse?.

The evil that lurks in lie for me,  
do I slay it or forgive it, guess only time will see.

But as the words get deeper  
And the scene turns dark,  
The scary shit from the reeper stays in people's heads.

As the lyrics start to finish, the evil sonnet beats to an end,  
Remember the fucking evil, which may now lie inside your head.