

Poetry Series

**Andrew Hoffman**  
**- poems -**

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## Andrew Hoffman(6/23/1992)

I'm a guy who looks at life in ways most dont. I play guitar, listin to music, and write more then i breath. Guitar playing is my biggest passion in life and is the roots to some of my biggest intrests such as writing music and poetry. I listin to just about anything but my favorite band would have to be Nirvana. Kurt cobain is my writing insperation. A lot of people dont listin to my other favorite artist which is Marilyn Manson and i think it is because he is not afried of being who he is and well to me thats what lifes about. Those 2 write (or for Kurt, wrote) words that comes from the heart about how they feel. Which is exactly what i do.

# Glass Heart

You pick me up and then you slaughter me down  
I can't do nothing but to hear your wicked sound  
Her soul inblooms like the flowers in the valley  
Yet I encounter a familer feeling of thorns, so I add a tally  
My fragile heart is scatterd once again  
I'll rate your ways of torture a perfect ten  
Your vicious presence here is no longer required  
I've shut down young and my love has retired  
I wanna attempt new ways but I fear to much  
I've locked myself in and neglected myself from touch  
The face I see in the mirror is greatly hurting  
His eyes are shamefull and red tears are what i see  
I wanna help him but he feels much too hopeless  
He wants more then just a simple assist

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# Her

I long to feel her beautiful soft hair  
I can't speak to her and it's just not fair  
Her words soar thru me like knives  
Touch me and help me revive  
Her deep blue sea eyes grasp me with uncontrollable force  
Why can't she feel any remorse?  
The beautiful skin complexion is an amazing site  
I smell her good stench as i grasp her soul with all might  
Her desired skin is the touch i dream upon  
My obsession for her is so very strong  
Words can't describe how i feel inside  
Lack of her love causes me to be cloudy in the mind  
She neglects me and only twist the knife already inserted in my back  
My heart is upon an animal wild life attack  
I try so hard and attempt to forget  
The candle in the window is no longer lit

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# Slaves

I'm not as gullible as you suspect in me  
Scars from past is all the proof you need  
Most of us are like the liquid in the drink  
We're sucked thru a straw before we even think  
Transforms us into something we didn't expect  
Conscripted into so much to a point of which we can't flex  
I wish you could see, see like me  
Instead you're suduced into them to where you can't flee  
Now we connect to our minds very seldom  
I, unlike you, have seen them and felt them

Just another soul lost in the wild  
Loves all gone nothin left to see  
The fish in the sea are dead by the tidal  
My soul is tampered so i just want to scream

Help me stop the unimaginable bleeding  
Sufficates me, I'm just asking you to feed me!  
We are slaves, our minds are thin  
My life for you're life is to much to spend  
We're provided our fate, then taught to hate  
Then we're forced to take and to tolerate  
We're presented with gifts and a promised future  
Then discriminated and enrolled into torture  
It will never change, It will always be pain  
I guess we will always remain insane

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# The Flower

His hurt and his scars always seem to grant him with hope  
Yet he still always tries to forget and to cope  
As he lies awake all night, drowning in his own tears  
The memories come back to haunt him and he adapts to more fears  
Waking up each day is his greatest expense  
He is convinced the only solution is to put a halt to his existence  
After searching and searching he has found something in his sight  
He experiences new feelings of comfort and delight  
Never has anything made him feel so invincible and free  
Never has he been so happy and not have to pay a fee  
This gift he possesses is the antidote to it all  
It is his bandaid and makes him feel so very tall  
Many view this as a waste of devoted time  
Nothing is a waste if it motivates you to climb  
Nothing will heal, it is only but a tourniquet  
This is as close to acceptance as he appears to get  
Despite his everlasting pain and things from the past  
He can lick the taste of happiness with this gift he found at last  
He trusts in his heart, this is the only thing that won't ever leave him  
It is the only thing that doesn't make him feel condemned  
Each hour you spend dreading upon something is a waste of an hour  
You have to get thru the thorns in order to find the flower

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# Uprising

Watch us burn, watch us crumple  
As we look into the nothin  
Every choice that you make  
Is a risk that you take  
We will always bleed  
But we will always succeed  
Always trin to look foward  
As we're lookin past this torture  
And we don't care what it takes  
To eliminate the fakes  
We will fight all our fears  
And we will learn from our tears  
We're not mean but we're assertive  
'Cuz our hearts are all deserted  
Our heads will remain high  
Wishing upon stars in the sky

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