

Poetry Series

Nathan Kraft
- poems -

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Nathan Kraft(December 25,1991)

I lived in Lake Elsinore California for ten years before moving to La Mirada California for three years and eventually moved to Claremore Oklahoma where I live now. I'm engaged to Kathryn and have a son Jeremiah.

A Better Man

We Were Fine,
Till He Showed Up.
Not A Problem in the World,
Till You Hooked Up.
You Left Me Here,
Alone and Shivering.
And You Were With Him,
Lovers Quivering.
You Have Him Now,
To Light Your Path.
But You Left Me,
With A Shattered Lamp.
You Told Him Things,
You Know Were Not True.
You Seriously Did This,
To Win His Love Over You?
Then Fine, Keep Him!
See If I Care!
I Don't Need Your Damn Light,
For Myself To Bear.
I'll Keep Marching,
You Will See!
When Your Broken,
and Crying for Me.
But I'll Still Help You,
Along Your Tattered Path.
Because Even Though You Call Me a Boy,
I Know I'm Still a Man.

Nathan Kraft

Afraid

I See You Sitting There,
Cold Eyes To The Sky,
and I Can't Imagine Why,
You Scream at Night.
The Stars are So Bright,
and the Footsteps so Near.
You Clench What You Hold,
and Try to Suppress the Fear That You Feel.
But You Can't and Let Loose,
What You Hold Within,
So Much Hatred Behind Those Soft Blue Eyes.
And You Can't Imagine Why,
I'm So Afraid at Times.
Now Families are Dead and, People are Mad.
The Message You Left,
Gave Them the Informational Clad.
I Suggest You Run and Hide From These Mobs,
Cause Your Life Won't Last Long Out Here.
I'll Keep You Safe as Long as I Can,
But I Won't Last Long Because I'm So Afraid.
I Know They'll Kill Whoever Gets In Their Way.
Hurry and Hide 'Cause Their Getting Near,
God Help Me Now To Face This Fear.

Nathan Kraft

Alone

Pain and solitude surrounds,
this humbled empty husk.
The love and hope now all dried out,
only words to describe: Alone.
A Desolate Absent man,
Burns with pain.
And cries out loud in the Sudden rain.
There is no comfort,
no excuse to whine.
Noone to console except his
Throbbing mind.
His stare is vacant,
empty and lost.
His soul is screaming
and clawing at dust.
His posture is proud,
his words are like a fathers,
wise and powerful,
but behind his compassion
is Hurt and Fear,
it builds and grows
till he succombs with tears.
Laughter Fills his days,
and sobs control his nights.
He prays that God protect him,
for someone to understand.
He prays he'll be forgiven,
but noone lends a hand.
Noone holds the giant when he hurts,
but the giant compells his acceptance
to absorb all of their burns,
and stings and cuts and gouges and no cures.
Begging for help,
and none being offered,
I am the giant that yerns.

Nathan Kraft

Breathe In The Darkness

The Pain Consumes and my Peace Dissolved,
I've been Living this life with a Shattered Jaw,
and as the Light Retreats from this soon to be Carcass,
I'll Throw Back my Head and Breathe in the Darkness.

Nathan Kraft

Controversy

The Memories are my Keepers,
Bouncers from the Past.
Reminding me of History
I Wish I Didn't have.
The Memories are my Mirrors,
Showing me who I am.
Telling me What I've Done,
and Who I Could Become.
The Memories are my Torturers,
Twisting and Tearing my Nerves.
Caressing me and Whispering
with the Things That I've Never Heard.
My Memories are my Anchors,
Holding me Back From Life.
Showing me What I've Seen, So Much
That it Deeply Shadows my Eyes.
My Memories are Forsaken,
Hated, Awful Thoughts.
Because to me Remembering
Recalls to me What's Lost.
My Memories are my Radio,
Replaying my Favorite Songs.
Played so Much I've Memorized
The names of Friends Long Gone.
The Memories are my Clouds
Blotting Out the Sky.
And When Drops Fall down and Powder My Face
I Cry for every Lie.
My Memories are my Forest.
Growing and Branching new Thoughts,
Rooted deep Inside my Soul,
and Harboring new Beliefs.
My Memories are my Windows,
Peepshows to my Mind.
Opening a Forgotten Door,
to Sights I've Seen too many times Before.
The Memories a Controversy,
Telling me What I want to Hear.
And All I Have to do to Remember You,

Is Face my Anguished Tears.

Nathan Kraft

Desperate

Cold Blue Steel,
Runs Across My Wrists.
Feels So Good,
And I Catch a Glimpse.
The Man I Am,
Isn't What They See.
Better Than a Boy,
Even I Hate Me.
I Never Meant,
To Do Anyone Wrong.
But I Can't Seem,
To Do A Decent Job.
I Always Do What My Parents Say.
But I'll Fight Back,
One Of These Days.
My Eyes Are So Clouded,
That The Sun Wont Shine.
My Body's Like Ice,
and My Mind Doesn't Fly.
Her Soothing Voice,
Makes Me Want To Try.
I Love Her More,
Than She'll Ever Know.
and All I Want To Do,
Is Tell Her So.
I Don't Want To Sound Desperate,
Even Though I Am.
So I'll Just Write This Poem,
In Hopes That She'll Understand.

Nathan Kraft

Dirty

The Sun Rose in A Dirty City,
in This Dirty Weather,
That Showed no Mercy.
My Boots were Stomping,
Through the Dust,
as I Watched the Regs' Walk by,
with Guns and no Loss.
This is Where it all Began.

The sun Beat Down on Our Fabric Covered Helmets,
our Black Heavy Guns, Absorbing the Suns Rays.
The Tinted World Moved behind my Sunglasses,
as I Tried to Push Off the Iraqis Dusty Gaze.
A Shot Rang out and my Muscles Tensed Hard.
My Rifle was Raised and my Stance Held Firm,
when a Small Yellow car Exploded and I Caught a Shard.
My Right Arm Caught one a Week Earlier, Geuss It was The Lefts Turn.
The City Screamed in Silence as the Soldiers Ran by
and I Felt the Sensation of being Dragged Away.
My Body Finally Listened to What my Mind Tried to Say.
I Pulled the Seering Shard out of my arm and Brushed the Blood Away.
My arm Around my Wound went Numb as I Expected Pain,
and Civillian Pick-Up Trucks Drove by while Spiiting its Deadly Rain.

The Sun Settled in a Dirty City,
in this Deadly Weather,
That Showed No Mercy.
My Rifle Puffed Cracks,
Through the Thick Musty Air,
as The Insurgents ran by
With Rags Showing none of Their Hair.
This is Where We Fought.

Fighting,
Shooting,
Yelling,
Stabbing,
Stomping,
Screaming,

Pain.
Running,
Jumping,
Crying,
Killing,
Ducking,
Peeking,
Thrill.
Bleeding,
Gasping,
Seething,
Fearing,
Trying,
Dieng,
Fear.
Thumping,
Hunting,
Hurting,
Turning,
Covering,
Thundering,
War.

The Sun Set in a Dirty City,
in This Silent Weather,
Which Showed No Mercy.
on my Back I Fell,
Through the Dust,
as My Men Rushed by,
With Guns and No More Loss.
This is Where I Died.

The Bullet Hit me Before the Gun Cracked,
and a Bee Sting-Punch Jolt Hit my Lonely Heart.
It Pushed me Hard until I Fell and Landed Flat on my Back,
I Layed and I Cried at the Gorgeous Setting Sky as the Blood in my Mouth went
Tart;
I Settled my Peace with The Great Creator,
and was Welcomed into His Kingdom Without Hate.
He Healed my Wounds with the Kiss of His Lips,
and I Met my Enemies, and My Friends, Where We both Let Loose Our Fists

The Sun Rose in a Golden City,
in this Heavenly Weather,
That Showed all Mercy.
My Arms are Now Open,
to My Enemies Own Hand,
as Differences Flew Away,
and There Was No More Hate.
This is Where My Heart Desires.

Nathan Kraft

Discipline

Breaking,
and Falling
to Catch
Supposed Callings.
Breaking the Chains
From this Methodic Waiste?
and Never Thinking Twice
We Pour into this Device
our Brothers our Mothers
and our Fathers Too.
Never Once Chancing our
Oh, So Perfect Lives?
We See it Coming Closer
with No Second Doubts
Marching from the Clouds
and We Shout to Get Away
but they'll Still Come Back.
They'll Always be Here
Feeding Our Fear
and Covering Our Ears
and Shadowing our Tears
Taking Away Those Years!
From Us!
Taking from Us until
They Have no more Cups
to Hide Our Blood In.
All Because we Showed
No Discipline.
We Showed no Vigor
and Refused to Open our Eyes
and From us Nurturing Shys
Because Our
Thoughts Were Never Concerned with
'You's,
but instead 'I's.
and When There are No More Chests
for Our Own Faults to Pin,
Perhaps Then,
We'll Show Some Discipline.

Nathan Kraft

Doom

Exploration onadistant alienplanet, Mars opening
Doorsthatnamed dea thto allt hat fire at en
us.□
wea rea old but dea dly new an sw
er.
weh ave reo pen edo urc age to an
ew
wor ldw ewi llno tsto pfo an yo
ne.
wen owb egi nou rrei gno ver th is we
ak
plan et an dt he fr file sp ec ie
sthat
inha bi ti tf or ge the wo
rldy
ouo nc e k
knew
and kn
ow
w□ ar

Nathan Kraft

Dream Stalker

Can't You Here Me Here?
Can't You See Me There?
Don't You Feel my Presence?
Standing by The Stairs.

You Can't See Me,
In The Dark.
Switch on The Light,
Watch it Spark.

As You See Me,
In That Flash,
Your Mind Will Percieve it,
Not a Match.

You Feel My Steps,
You Hear The Shuffle.
Don't Jump Like That,
I Don't Like Your Fumble.

Now I'm Close,
Can't You See Me?
I Am That Close,
Can't You Feel Me?

Quietly-Slowly,
My Arm Slides Up.
Now at Your Throat,
A Cold Glass Cup.

A Chuckle-a Laugh,
What is The Difference?
That is The Sound,
You Hear in The Distance.

You Wake up,
Sit up,
Walk to The Stairs.
There I Am,

Standing.
Listening to Your Prayers.

Nathan Kraft

Faded Glory

The Sun Shines down on me
Through this glittering Gold.
and the Act of Remembering
Brought me to Glory.
Forever Standing Tall
Never to be Alone.
But Now the Dust has Settled
and The Shimmering is Gone.
I'm Holding on to all That is Worth
and From Now On My Glorys Gone.

As My Image in the Mirror Falls to Shards
The Blood Pushing Through my Veins is as Thick as Tar.
Before I Come to You to Say I'm Sorry
You'll See What's Left in me From my Faded Glory.

Nathan Kraft

Filth

Look at us now
Covered in Blood
and Mud and for what?
A Filth ridden fool
Stands at the Edge of
This deep Shallow Pool
With only Nine feet to drop.
To harvest this crop means
So much more
Than just cutting off the top
Because you Gotta' take the middle
If you wanna reach that spot.
in the sky birdies fly and the innocent die
so some of us cry
and try so hard to try
that we forget the reason why
We tried to reach that Peak.
and the higher we get we
find it's harder
to speak what we think is the truth
even though we never even proved
to begin what we think we thought
so now we think we need to breath
and to sieze
this wasted dream
and charge forward with it like Marines
and finally swallow the pill
to open my eyes and see this crusted
Filth that covers my skin
and try to peel it off to discover my scales,
like a snake with only one thing on
It's mind and that's to kill.
and to sodomize.
or, demoralize.
or crucify or even rape this little girl.
and all I have to show to anybody
is my flesh covered in
Filth.

Go Forth

Go forth,
my friends.
My colleagues,
My followers.
Go Forth,
with what I've taught you.
Spread the word that someone out there,
Struggles.
Struggles with you.
So ready yourselves for the battle between
you and yourself.
I've prepared you,
I've walked you this far,
and although the road ahead seems steep,
with jagged rocks and broken limbs,
I have readied you for this very moment.
You are stronger than you know,
because I have made you that way.
You are better than you know,
because I have shown you that.
So Go Forth.
Bring me joy in your victories,
and hope in your defeats.
Remember this,
For I have brought you Light,
I have fed you when in need,
and Have let you sleep in my bed
to ready you for this very moment,
where you will leave me.
Now, Go Forth,
And make me Proud.

Nathan Kraft

Hope Fades Away

When There's no Falling Far From Grace,
and All Your Hope Fades.

It's a Dreary Face,

When Nothing Seems to fall in Place.

When all Hope Fades,

Nothing Seems to Make Much Sense.

When all Hope Fades,

Life is but a Loveless Trance.

When all Hope Fades,

Heroes Fall to Hells Great Weight.

When all Hope Fades,

Demons Claw out of Massive Flames.

When Hope Fades Away.

Nathan Kraft

My Fear

My Fear is not the Darkness
or the Monsters it infests.
Nor is it the Bullet
Piercing through my Chest.
The Spiders Crawl Among Me
and the Snakes Among my Friends.
but to have no one to Hold Me,
no breast to Rest My Head.
I'd Wrestle the Biggest Bull,
and not so much as Sweat.
I'd Battle Cerberus to the Death!
While Looking Fondly at Hades.
but to never on to Rest upon
would Bring Me To My Knees.
I Could Fight an Unwinnable War,
and Forever Stay Optimistic.
I Could Smile Death in the Face,
and Never Falter on My Road.
but the sure-fire Way to Bury Me,
is to Forever Be Alone.
My Fear is not the Seas of Blood,
or the Pain of Certain Defeat.
I walk along Jagged Paths,
Tearing at my Feet.
But the One thing I Fear,
happens to be Staring Back at Me.

Nathan Kraft

My Hero

My Hero is Many,
My Hero is One.
My Hero Proudly Holds a Gun.
My Hero Fights,
My Hero Kills,
My Hero Falls Out in the Field.
My Hero Laughs,
My Hero Cries,
My Hero Tries and Tries and Dies.
My Hero is Dirty,
My Hero is Smart,
My Hero Charges Towards the Front.
My Hero's a Soldier,
My Hero's a Marine,
My Hero's A Sailor Riding Across the Seas.
My Hero's an Airman,
My Hero Sacrifices,
My Hero Loves.
My Hero is Mine

Nathan Kraft

One More Time

One more time
I get up
Get kicked down
Not this time my friend
I'm getting up
And kicking down
Cause now i fight
And kill
And destroy
Anything that gets in my way
My dreams are still there
And their mine
And when you get in my way
Ill tear you apart.
One more time
I prove to them
I'm good enough
No more nervousness
No more pain
Because this time
I fight through the same
Principles you mock
Never again
Will you fail me
Because your out of chances
Out of cards
Out of excuses
and I'm taking charge
One more time I'll get up
But this time
There's no falling back down.

Nathan Kraft

Our Secret War

The Clouds Are Heavy and Are Red With Blood,
Caked To Our Face Is The Sacred Mud.
We Fight This War For We Have Not Won,
We Pull the Trigger and We Watch Them Run.

Our Loss is Many and Our Goal Is None,
We Go For Hours Until it's Done.
They Always Ask Us Why We Stay To Fight,
We Look Upon Them and We Close Our Eyes.

They Took Our Children and They Took Our Wives,
That is the Reason Why We Fight to Die.
Don't You Ask Me To Say Their Names,
For I Will Fall and Cry in Shame.

If You Know What War I Mean,
Do Not Read On Spare the Need.
This Mighty War That I Speak Of Now,
I Call it Love it Has Thrown Us Down.

Nathan Kraft

Our Secret War Pt. II

As You See For Now My War Is Done,
Her Sky Blue Eyes Made Me Drop My Gun.
Now I Stare at Them All Day and Night,
They Ensure Me That There is No Fight.

She Holds Me Close and I Feel No Pain,
I Forget My Friends Who've Died in Vain.
She Looks up and Says She Wants to Hear,
So I Close My Eyes and Whisper In Her Ear.

She Hears of Friends Who Have Paid The Price,
She Hears of Love and Its Care For Life.
She Looks at Me and She Shakes Her Head,
For She Knows Love Claimed Them All For Dead.

And Now She Screams as I Walk Away,
As I Leave to Fight Another Day.
I Grab My Gun and Get On The Plane,
For The Last Time She Feels This Throbbing Pain

Nathan Kraft

Peace And Quiet

Please, peace and quiet.
Forever in this place,
Forever in this race.
Please, private sanctum.
Leave me to my knees
While I sit and bleed.
Please, passionate lover
Let me be alone now
Let me feel alone now.
Please, sincere best friend
Let me build my own wall
Covered in this snow fall.
Please, angry violent father
I can discipline myself
I can tell you how I feel.
Please, peace and quiet,
Forever in this place,
Forever in this race,

Nathan Kraft

Perception Of Reality

What have I done?
This evil menace won.
Impossible to run
Because there no longer is a sun.
The buildings lift themselves,
And the churches ring their bells
Impossible faces front
And the reality is stunt.
They skys now burning red
The clouds speak with the dead
And for now hell on Earth begun
Perceptions of reality are far from fun.

Nathan Kraft

Safe

Silent Whispers,
Immobile.
Please Confuse Me,
With What is Normal.
Crying and Sobbing,
Looking Distorted.
Please No Sympathy,
Make it Retorted.
Sawing Away,
At My Own Sanity.
Please Don't Stop This,
Because It's All New To Me.
That Void That Was Empty,
Seems to be Filled.
The Voice That I Hear is Not of The Ill.
She Saved Me Once,
She'll Save Me Again.
Or Maybe She Wont,
And Leave at The End.

Nathan Kraft

Save Me

The sunlight fades
from my dieing reign
as my world is stripped away.
I just want you to help me
but you won't hear me,
and you can't save me...
(I was here before the sun.
And for what it's worth,
I've loved you all along.)
The sunlight fades
(I was your sun before your light blinked)
from my dieing reign
(you've reigned with me from the start)
as my world is stripped away
(I'll be your world from now on)
I just want you to help me
(let me help you!)
but you won't hear me
(I've been waiting so long)
and you can't save me...
(I will save you from the world you've outrun
If you'd just let me save you
while there's still something left to salvage,
I can show you a world
unravaged by the distant past
you hold locked away in your memories)

Nathan Kraft

Send Me Your Pain

Send Me Your Pain,
Everytime You Shed a Tear.
Everytime You Scream,
Everytime You Gasp in Fear.
I'll Hold Your Sharpest, Deepest Hurt,
for Your Pain Is Mine to Earn.

Send Me Your Fear,
Everytime You Shut Fast Your Eyes.
Whenever You Wonder,
What Lurks Beyond the Corner
Your Every Fear I'll Weld to My Own.
Addition to Your Pain I Hold.

Send Me Your Anger,
Everytime You Grit Your Teeth.
Everytime Your Vision Turns to Red,
Everytime You Will to See One Dead.
I'll Contain Your Anger and Suppress Your Rage
Because All of This is Mine in Vein.

So Send Me Your Pain,
Everytime it Shoots Through Your Soul.
Everytime You Clutch to Anything for Relief,
Everytime You Scream and Seeth with Grief.
I'll Keep Your Every Burden Ontop and Within My Own,
for Every Pain, Fear, or Anger You Have Is What I Have Sown.

Nathan Kraft

Shoot 'Em Up (Clean Version)

Breaking the Feeling,
The Stealing Never Ceasing
to Teach us to Keep Teaching.
These Feeling Proceeding
and Breaking the Drug Dealing
to The Youth.
And No one Ever Cared
About the Rusted Up, Spit on Heroin Needles Shared
by Our Kids While we Just Sit And Stared,
Disbelieving with our Eyes,
But Believing all Their Lies,
Building upon False Ties
and Paying Satans Tithes
While Buzzing like House Flies
Until She Finally Cries
For Help.
but No One's There to Pick Her Up Off the Ground
and All Anybody Seems to Do is Continue Looking Around.
Death Bound,
Lose Sound
Too Late it's Over Now.
For You.
The Skies Blew
The Bird Flu
Infecting the Rest of Us Too
Until our Pores Seep Drug Induced Pus
and It's Spreading the Cuts
and We Never Like to Shoot Up,
and Pulling out the Rut
and Pulling Out My Teeth
to Meet this Proceeding Need
to Plant this Ruling Seed
and Sitting in this Seat
and Screaming 'Something Please! '
'End it All, End it Here, End it Now!
Raise the Barrel to my Temple!
and Pull the Trigger! ' PLOW!
and We Do.
We Pull the Trigger

and Let it Linger
Longer than The Finger
We Raise to Praise
and to Shame
That we Blame on them.
But Who Cares? !
Screw Theirs!
Leave Them Be,
Pay their Fares
and Let them Go On.
And We'll Just Sit Here,
Singing This Song.

Nathan Kraft

Sweetheart

Today I Woke Up and Got on The
Bus. When It Stopped a Man
Got On And Yelled At Me Alot.
I Got Off And The Man Took
My Backpack and Threw It Away.

When I Went to Get a New Haircut
The Barber Didn't Even Ask What
I Wanted. Instead, He Just Cut
It All Off. When I Got
Up I Looked at Him and He
Smiled. He Had The Same Cut.

Later I Went To Pick Up Some Supplies,
But When I Got There They Made Me
Stand In Line. I Didn't Get to Choose,
I Was Handed Everything. Infact, All I
Got Out Of the Deal Was Some Sweats,
Sneakers, Toothpaste, and A Bible.

Finally I Get To Bed. I Jumped Onto The
Top Bunk and Closed My Eyes.
Suddenly Three Guys Wearing
Smoky Bear Hats Ran In and Started
Throwing Things. I Stood And Began
To Listen. 'Welcome To The Marine Corp. Sweetheart! '

Nathan Kraft

The Bomb

5,

4,

3,

2,

1,

The Bomb goes Off.

Falling Forever but Now it Stops.

The World Quakes and Control is Lost,
even the Value of Life has Lost its Cost.

its Fire Swells and Burns with Immense Heat.

The Explosion is Short but Engulfs all who Seem Weak.

Charred Remains is all that lies Beneath,
Twisted, Tormented Souls, The Bombs trophy To Keep.

5,

4,

3,

2,

1,

The Bomb goes Off...Again,

But this time the Flame is Contained-
a Small Gift given to all Patient Men.

The Shaky Feeling, when I Lose Control,
the Feeling of my Blood Running Cold.

My Pupils Expand and Life...Ceases to Exist,
I Hate it when My Bomb Goes Off, Trying to Resist.

Nathan Kraft

The Empty Line

my Poems Feel so Empty
like a Hollow Plastic Egg
Clanging and Banging
like a Meaning with no Name
a Dictionary with Blank Pages
or Instructions Written in a Foreign Language
My Poems Have No Life
no Body with a Soul
My Poems Cannot Heal
they Can't Nuture, they Can't Console
and What is the Purpose Of My Writing
if Emotion is not Involved
My Poems Are Complete Liars
Plotted to Decieve Us All
Calling Them Out
and Raping their Hearts
My Poems Are All Empty
even this one is hard to disregard
yet People still Believe
my poems Speak some Truth
but Ignorance is Bliss
when Speaking comes from the Youth
Apologies To All
Apologies To Some
but let it be known I've Had My Piece
to Let you Know that i'm
Done

Nathan Kraft

The Flames Of War

Why does the flame of war still burn?
In the villages of pictures and words?
Because here the skies will not even hold a bird
Since we destroyed her home.
We solemn few that march here are still soldiers
That will forever continue with our endless slaughter.

For the villages we pillage means hundreds to slaughter
And the ones we miss we'll leave to burn.
That is of course not our main target, but the soldiers
That come before, and silencing peoples words.
And not a single living creature will recognize their home
Because we let nothing live, not even a bird.

And over head our war machines soar like a bird
Dropping hundreds of pounds of explosive to the slaughter
On top of our enemies very own home.
And we don't care; we hope the whole damn place would burn.
But those are simply a war machines words
And we are merely pawns known as soldiers.

So we march through your streets as soldiers
Proudly displaying our countries great bird.
And to you, we can't even be described with words
Until you hear of our work and devastating slaughter.
And on the television the human bodies burn
As you watch us ransack another man's home.

And we believe we're good guys until we come home
To hear that the biggest insult alive is us, soldiers.
And our flag that we would die for we watch in the street, burn.
Our tears spill like oil onto the wings of a bird.
Rubbing in our face the death we caused, the slaughter,
Like we wanted to kill so many, but we will never say a word.

Because our hearts cannot be described with words.
All we ever wanted was to come home.
The people on the television were not the only ones going to slaughter,
Because a lot of the times at the other end of our guns were soldiers.

When they died I prayed their souls be taken up by white birds,
But to some people where I come from, would rather see them burn.

Nathan Kraft

The Marine's Girl

I'll Hold Your Hand
Like A Corset
The Feel of Your Skin
Is The Most Beautiful Touch
Before I Die Out There
Just Know I'll Feel You In Heaven
and I'll be Guarding Those Golden Streets Tonight
You're so Beautiful to Me
You're the Girl of My Dreams
You Mean Everything to Me
So I'll be With You in Your Dreams
I Fight For You
I'd Storm Hell To Get To You
But I've Got to Go Now
So Love Junior For Me and You
I Promise I'll be Home Soon.

Nathan Kraft

The Question

Can you Answer This, Please?
Why Can't you Succeed?
Why Can't I Exceed?
Why Can't we Be Relieved?
Why Can we Be Decieved?
Can I ask You a Question, Please?
When can we Finally Leave?
When can we Re-Continue to Breath?
When can we Proceed?
When can we Finally Start to See?
Just to Ask One More Question, Please?
Are We Dead?
Are You Sure We're Dead?
How Do You Know We're Dead?
Am I Dead?

Nathan Kraft

The Rise

A spark ignites the deepening darkness,
and this solemn young man searches desperately through the mist.
Monsters reach out to retrieve him,
but the boy fights.
Screaming and kicking all the way until he trips and falls.
and he violently begins his agonizing effort against the digging claws.
Angels call to him,
behind their stained glassed and bullet proof windows.
The light so near yet so far away,
and his demons are already dragging him astray.
Fighting, screaming, growling and crying.
The boy once again recedes into darkness.
His demons dragging him, laughing and joking,
Until the light fades and the boy is surrounded by the dark mist again.
and begins his lonely search for that light and the rest of his life to begin.

Nathan Kraft

The Sound Of Happyness

What's this Sound suddenly Surrounding?
Am I Dieing has anyone Found Me?
Do I Trust Myself to Dance to This Beat
or Do I Push you Away and Try to Break Free?
Am I Succumbing to My Own Paranoia?
or am I Trying to Imitate This Old Persona?
Should I Try To Close This Distance, Proceeding,
or Should I Confide in Myself and Just Lay Here, Bleeding.
Pleading that Life wasn't Stretched so Thin,
Seething, Because I'm so Lost Within,
I Can't Embrace the Song So Many are Singing?
That I Can't even Find the Point in My Own Breathing?
I've had so Many Chances to Vibe to this Chorus,
but I'm Just too Damn Busy so I Ignore it.
and Finally When the Beat Rocks on Again,
I'm Dead, and I'll Never Catch onto This Trend.
With So Many People Playing and Laughing and Having Fun,
For Some Reason I See That and Feel the Urge to Run.
Why Can't I Feel That, Hear That, Forever Hold onto That?
Instead I'll Just Sit Here Wondering Where I'm at.
Till Finally I Know What The Sound of Happyness is!
And I'm Singing Till I Feel Myself Starting to Drift.
For That Moment I Understand Why People Are Smiling.
And I'm Confused and Gawking at The People Who Are Crying.
I Refuse to Let Them Drag Me Back to That Place
Where I'm Constantly Being Tripped Back onto My Face
Questioning the Human Race and What They Believe in,
Always on That Constant Search to Fulfill Sin.
So here I'll Sit Here Listening o This Mythical Beat,
Vibrating From my Head on Down to My Feet.

Nathan Kraft

Turn Me Away

My Blood Turns to Daggers,
Shooting up my Veins.
Stabbing and tearing the Contents of my Heart,
Sent Straight to the Brain.
Hopeless and Desolate
My Fear Melts to Pain.
but Everytime I ask Myself
My only Thoughts Insane.
I Cannot Cry, I Cannot Speak,
To do Either Proves I'm Weak.
to Hate Every Breath
For spiking The Sharpest Pain.
I Hate the Smallest Step,
For Drawing every scent of Shame.
It Fills the Rooms I Enter,
and Infects the Ones Who Know.
The Ones Who Fear the Shame They Own,
Suffocate Through Thoughts Below.
My Blood Turns to Daggers,
Shooting up My Veins
Stabbing and Tearing the Contents of My Heart,
Everytime She Turns Me Away.

Nathan Kraft

What Does It Mean?

What Does it Mean
To Feel This Hurt?
This Stinging Burn
That Tears at the Heart?
What Does it Mean
To Cry in Pain?
To Hide This Shame
Screaming Into My Brain?
What Does it Mean
To Be Reduced to Screams?
Haunted by My Every Dream
By Ripping and Dislocating My Every Seam?
What Does It Mean
When You Want to Die?
You Can't Teach Yourself to Fly
Cause that's all You Want to Do...
is Fly.
What Does It Mean
Pulled at The Seams,
Fearing to Dream,
Nothing but Screams,
What Does It Mean?

Nathan Kraft

Where Are You?

Where are you America?
Look at what You've Become.
Look what You've done to us
and Look at where Your From.

Where are you going America?
You're leaving us alone.
You're breaking all your Ancient Vows
and You're Breaking my Patiance bone.

Why are you doing this America?
I'm bending over Backwards.
I'm Breaking all my teeth
and I'm Falling on your Words.

What are you Doing America?
Your Lieing through Your Teeth.
Your turning your back on all your Beliefs
and Your turning Your Back on Me.

Where Are you America?
Your Following Yourself to Hell.
Your Selfishness has Brought you Here,
but Your refusing to Hear our Bell.

Nathan Kraft