

Bre Thorndike

She started out with a rough start
No real place to call home
Went from house to house till there was no more
Sleeping where she could

She fought to stay alive
Running from the cops
From the state
From the world

As people ruin what once was a little girl
No longer one any more
Fought until the day she left
Like she was the wind passing through

Never to be seen again
Until one day She rose again
From the ashes of her past
Unrecognizable and unstoppable