

Suicide Shrapnel

The pain and torment were meant to die,
Destroyed forever by your suicide.
Truly you could not have thought it through
Oh, if only you had, if only you knew
The devastating bomb called suicide
Flings shrapnel of despair far and wide
Loved ones cut down taking the full blast
Many more are injured as shrapnel flies past
Your nightmare ended by suicide
But pain and suffering just multiplied
You just passed on all your pain you see
Look. It's living on inside of me.

Joy Heal

(Survivors of Bereavement by Suicide)