

In The Line Of Fire

Dogwood

I didn't die a natural death.
My life was stolen from me, before my first natural breath.
Casualty of circumstance.
Someone make a decision for me.
They never gave me a chance.

Where's that first birthday I hoped for?
The candle I'd blow out.
No one will ever hear me laugh or ever see me smile.
I would've made my parents proud.

They weren't much more than children themselves.
I felt her honest reasons, though she said it would further her health.
I'm on the inside looking out. Please don't just give up, at least give me to someone else.

Adoption, abortion, am I responsible for your action?
Life versus death, they make the choice, they let me go.
Disregard human value. What if your parents did this to you?
Victim of circumstance, this is our last dance.

Eleven weeks old today.
My mother made a pro-choice, a purchase I would have to pay.
They found a price on my life.
Consider this my farewell. My good bye.