

We all have our pasts.
But our future is ahead.
He's always looking back.
Trying to look forward.
He's stuck.
In the mud.
Trying to be free.
But all he can see.
Is movement emotions and misery.
His hairs a mess with a hat as a disguise.
He has brown dull eyes.
Passion for video games and anime.
He tortures for pleasure and kills for fun.
Searching the internet for a horrible pun.
He lives for one thing.
She is his love.
An angel from up so high above.
This is the story.
Of one you might know.
Curtis is the name he goes.