Violence with violence the word get around.
The word that, that poor little fat girl from last year is getting bullied.
That the poor girl that had that big spirit about everything untill that day.
That day that a new girl walked in. She thought of herself as the queen bee.
The mistress of everyone she thought of them as slave.
Poor fat girl she was the one that everyone laugh at.
She was that person never did anything.
She was the one everyone hated for no reason at all.
She kept up with all of that untill the day they took it to far.
The girl had a crush and they found out and told him.
The girl was so upset everyday that she cried her self to sleep.
One day the fat didn't come to school and the other girls wanted to know where she was at.
That same night on the news they said "Girl found dead in her bath tub".
Weeks pasted by and the funeral came.
That day everyone came
even the mean girls that always
bullied her.
Someone else also went
that guy she was crazy about.
He brought her a single
white rose.
As he set in on her grave
all he said was "I'm crazy
about you too."