

# Feral Child

Feral child alone in the wild,

No one hears her cry,

No one to hold her, no one to help her

No one to care if she lives or dies.

Cold, hungry, dirty and scared,

She prays to god that someone will get her out

Out of the nightmare she's living each day

That her life will soon be spared

But her prayers go unanswered,

So her faith starts to die,

Her prayers turn to hatred

She believes her God is a lie;

She curses this god who won't ease her pain;

This god who won't help her out

So a fire and rage begins to grow

As her hope turns into disdain

Surrounded by animals who never refrain,

From clawing her body and soul.

A body so broken a mind so twisted

No chance to she will ever be whole

She tries to fit in, but exhaustion wins out,

She goes on day by day just wanting to shout

"I cannot fit in here. I have desperately tried";

But she can't stop wondering why she should even try

So she grows into adulthood; so out of control

So the soon questions arise;

Where do we put her? We must put her away;

She's full of hatred; from humanity she is disenfranchised

So they remove her from all things human,  
In an isolation room she is thrown  
Where they strap her down, tie her limbs to a bed  
Locked away in a room; once again she's completely alone

She finally escapes that mental ward  
She chooses to go back to the wild  
She chooses to drink and drug away her pain;  
She is broken; completely defiled

So open your eyes and do not ignore,  
The feral child outside your front door.  
Remember that child neglected and bruised,  
Soon a walking time-bomb that can no longer be defused

Fear her, pity her; whatever helps you sleep at night;  
Its easier to ignore it than to intervene;  
But your indifference will soon turn to fright;  
As she reaches adulthood so full of hatred; a fate you should have foreseen.

So help her now before her scars turn to hate,  
Before it's entirely too late,  
Before her problems soon become yours;  
Before her her rage affects your fate