

# The Brat Attack, Breathe

It was the first time that she saw the sun  
Warmth felt like nothing she felt before  
How could beauty exist for all she had known?  
As the blade slit her throat, the blood came to flow  
Breathe, you find it hard to face the truth  
These four walls is where she had become aware  
Of a harsh existence she had to endure  
How one create such pain and misery  
Without the smallest compassion,  
How could you not see?  
Never saw the sun, never breathed fresh air  
Her existence as a product her flesh to tear  
To consume, a nation blind to her pain  
Suffering ignored, she died in vain