



## *Not Always As It Seems*

The home was always cluttered  
As the family lived inside,  
And Evil lurked in several hearts  
Where children did abide,  
Oh others thought it normal  
As they went about their lives,  
There was no-one who knew about  
Nor heard the children's cries.

So life went on as usual  
Throughout those many years,  
The children often wondered why  
No-one could see their tears,  
It seemed all were oblivious  
To what went on within,  
Why didn't someone take them from  
That dreadful "House of Sin".  
It really makes one wonder  
Why the horror was unsolved,  
Could it have been, because no-one  
Desired to get involved.

Not one soul came to save them  
For it seemed they did not know,  
As days and months and years went by  
Those kids began to grow,  
There never was a single word  
Those children never spoke,  
About the horrors they'd been through  
Like some bad, cruel joke.  
They graduated and left home  
And no-one ever knew,  
The torments and the dreadful lives  
Those children had been through,  
They married and had children  
But they had no "Self-Esteem",  
Their lives and nerves were shattered  
And "Forever" All their dreams.

*(The moral of this story, "Never trust just what you see".  
That house may look quite normal as each goes  
about their chores, But "NEVER UNDER ESTIMATE  
WHAT OCCURS BEHIND CLOSED DOORS")*