

The Pen of Shadows

Fairytales, aren't always what they seem,

Monsters, hidden within the scene.

Forever after, a forever lie,

The glass slipper cracked, the roses dry.

The Authors, the real villains,

Their pens, the silent weapons.

For Beauty, killed by the Beast,

While Ariel's voice, her soul released.

Rapunzel's hair, a rope of death,

Choking hope, with every breath.

Snow White's sleep, a poisoned dream,

Where even love, is torn at the seam.

Cinderella's tears, stained the floor,
Her steps erased, forever more.
Neverland, a trap for kids to die,
Where lost boys scream, but never cry.

Aladdin's lamp, a cage of lies,
A genie's freedom, his last goodbye.
Maleficent, with wings of night,
Spreading shadows, dimming the light.

Peter pan, forever young,
Until the pirates, drag them undone.
A smile that hides, a hollow grin,
They never grew up, just gave in.

The only difference, between the villain, and the hero,
Is who tells the tale, and who's spinning the sorrow.

One wears the mask, the other the crown,
Both cloaked in darkness, both dragging you down.

Once more, hear it loud, let it sink in!

The authors, the real villains,
Their pens, the silent weapons.
For they craft the dark, they weave the sin.

So, Beauty never loved the beast,
Ariel, never found her peace,
Cinderella, never reached her dream,
Rapunzel's fate, was not as it seemed.

Maleficent, seen as evil, not broken and bare,
Hook, the villain, while Peter Pan traps them there.

Alladin, filled with greed, but hailed as good,
While Genie serves, misunderstood.

A granter of dreams, but who will grant his?
Trapped in a lamp, no freedom to miss.
While Red walks the path, she should've known,
A wolf in disguise, her fate overthrown.

This is how people seem,
Someone is always pulling the strings.
A boss, a teacher, a parent, a judge,
Never your own voice, never your own thought.

There may not be an author, in real life's tale,
But someone's shaping the lines that prevail.
For those seen as bad, and those seen as good,
Their roles can switch, if the truths understood.

Spoken aloud, and seen from the side,
The story's lies can no longer hide.
The truth, once buried, now exposed to light,
Shattered illusions, no longer take flight.

And so, the lines blur, the stories unfold,
Heroes and villains, both bought and sold.
The truth, twisted, by what we are told,
In the end, who is good, and who is bold?

It's all in the telling, the choice of the pen,

The cycle continues, again, and again.

So question the stories, the tales that are spun,

For the real villain, might be the one, who's won.