

DESTINY TO WRITE

(EXTREME EDITION)



POETRY BY
Barry Mowles

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DESTINY TO WRITE

Since you were a child your nightmares have shaken you leaving you left shivering
through the night;

You use to wake and write them down sealing them in pen, your poetry became your
only guiding light.

It was your journals to start with logging each emotion you ever use to feel;
Then that turned into this poetry your now reading, creating words as strong as solid
steel.

At times things seemed impossible the books have witnessed them all;
They have been by your side through battles and they have helped pick you up from
your fall.

I remember lying in hell, total darkness with nothing and nobody, all I had was paper
and a pen;

It got me through my darkest hours, when boys have to grow up to become men.

You have used this pen to make all of your dreams come true;
You have books upon books of memories a whole lifetime entitled the destiny of you

The battle is now over, the war has been won and you no longer have to fight;
You have finally found your way through the darkness and realised it was your
destiny to write.

Barry Mowles

Heaven

It's November the 1st 2011;
Everything has turned so white because I have died and gone to heaven.

I walk along the white fluffy clouds and I am faced with a huge golden gate, as it creak's open I feel no more pain;
I hear the plucking of a guitar, as I glance up I realise its coming from Kurt Cobain.

Everything is so bright, I rub my eyes as walking towards me is such a beautiful glow;
Then they come into focus, I can't believe it, its Princess Diana and Marilyn Monroe.

I keep walking and as I make it to the corner I am faced with the notorious B.I.G and the legendary Tupac Shakur;
To my surprise there being taught how to play football by that old English lion Bobby Moore.

In the distance I hear the words echo out "Turn your lights down low" and I smile as I smell the weed coming from Bob Marley;
His shaking his dreadlocks and jamming in a private concert for Brandon and Bruce Lee.

Elvis and John Lennon are sitting on a white bench still writing so many songs with flare;
This time they have a new dance act it's the legendary Fred Astaire.

I hear two girls' whisper "Hiya sexy" my jaw nearly drops and falls from the sky;
As standing in front of me is the beautiful Aaliyah and her new best friend Lisa Left Eye.

I hear a microphone scream out "I have a dream" as I look up on the stage there stands Martin Luther King and Malcolm X;
In heaven they are Jam Master Jays MC'S as he smashes up the decks.

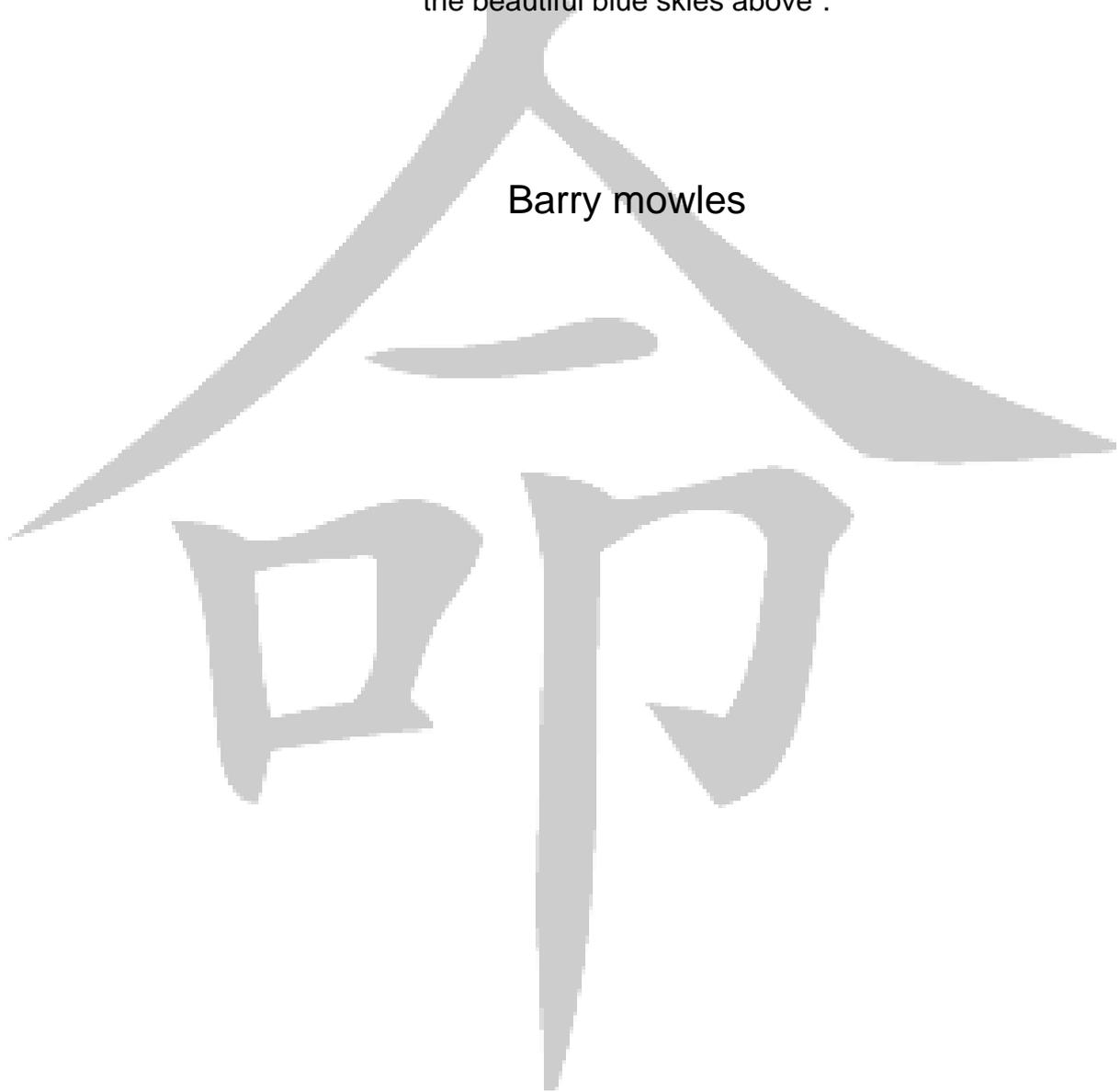
My Nan and Granddad glide towards me as they hug up and say "Hello";
Then my Granddad introduces me to his new best friend in heaven, it's the Godfather, Marlon Brando.

I hear marching and floating past is all the English soldiers who died in
World War 2;

I thank them all for my freedom and for a life I've lived so true.

Then standing in front of me is the big man whispering "welcome my son
your pain is over, up here all you will ever feel is our love;
It's time to say goodbye to the earth now, as your new home is with us in
the beautiful blue skies above".

Barry mowles



Konviction... (Part 1)

I finish my day the work has got me up in a sweat;

I get my lunch box and things together and walk home past the club that
we met.

I turn up my MP3 as the beat kicks in real true;
I'm listening to our favourite song as I hear Konvict I'm straight away
reminded of you.

I can't wait to get home to see your body like a race car, smooth, sleek
and so unique;
I smile to myself as I'm walking, I feel so happy and so complete.

I get to my door the key fits without even a creak I kick my trainers off and
make my way to our room;
But you thought I was on late's as I am home way too soon.

If you ever had a moment that when you've seen it you know everything
from that second in your life would be different, if you have then you will
know just what I mean;
Thinking back now and I'd give anything to just forget that night and what I
had seen.

I see you both bare in my bed, red mist just completely covers my eyes;
All I can remember then was seeing blood and hearing sickening blood
curling cries.

I scream out "FUCKERS ARE YOU READY FOR THE CHOP";
My girlfriend cries out "PLEASE PLEASE DON'T DO THIS I LOVE YOU
PLEASE STOP".

I below out "HOW THE FUCK DO YOU LOVE ME JUST THE WAY I
LOVE YOU;
EVERY WORD OUT OF YOUR MOUTH IS A LIE. NONE OF IT IS TRUE".

I press my kitchen knife right up against her new man's already mashed
up face, I stare into his eyes with no fear as he just whimpers away;
I look up at my girlfriend, she's crying screaming "JUST LEAVE US
ALONE OKAY".

I cry out "I'M GONNA KILL YOU AND HIM YOU FUCKING LYING
CHEATING SKET";
She just smiles and says "IS THAT JUST ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR
IDOL LITTLE THREATS".

The red mist now has turned so bright as I scream out to her "WHY";
I bring down my knife and stab it straight through her new boyfriend's eye.

I cut away his face and tear it all off complete;
I throw the flesh out of our flat window as we hear his face splat down on
to our street.

You're trembling, you're white with fear, I thought in my mind you would
always be here forever;
I know you didn't think you would get caught cheating but your fucking
dumb, not clever.

She whimpers out "LETS TALK ABOUT THIS PLEASE IT REALLY
WASN'T PLANNED";
I scream out " I DON'T WANNA TALK ABOUT THIS, I JUST WANNA
BURY YOU, HIM AND MY HEAD INTO THE FUCKING SAND".

I remember my tattoo read out your name in Chinese or some pig Latin, I
take my blade and hack it from my arm till I see it no more;
I drop my bloody knife and skin as we hear it mash down onto our lovely
laminated floor.

I look around our bedroom, it's just turned into a horror show of red;
My girlfriends still crying as she looks at her new boyfriend laying in our
bed dead.

I cry out "DID YOU LOVE HIM" and she trembles out a "NO";
I WAS JUST FUCKING HIM BECAUSE I'M A DIRTY LITTLE HOE".

I must be going insane, my hearing must be deceiving me, I turn and look
at you and you just turn away;
I scream "YOUR SUCH A LYING LITTLE BITCH", she cries "I HATE YOU
AND I'M GONNA CALL THE POLICE ON YOU TODAY".

I smash the telephone and throw it from our penthouse suite;
You just stand there screaming as I throw your new boyfriend out the
window so him and his face could re-meet.

You make a run for the door but I get in your way;
You make a play for my knife so I just push you away.

You scream out "YOU CANT DESTROY ME YOU FUCKING TWAT,
YOUR JUST A YOUNG LITTLE BOY;
I'VE CHEATED ON YOU LOADS OF TIMES AND I'VE PLAYED WITH
YOU LIKE A TOY

I explode and lunge, stabbing her straight through the neck;
I pick her up by round the throat and throw her out the same window as I
scream out "JUST DIE YOU FUCKING STUPID LITTLE SKET".

I crawl to the window, from the 10th floor I'm really struggling to see;
I can make out your two bodies, I look down at myself, I've got your blood
and flesh dripping all over me.

I stand looking into the mirror, one reflection is all I can see;
I feel infected by you two as your blood oozes down all over me.

I hear in the distance the sounds of sirens they have come to take me
away;
I don't know whether to run or hide, so I decided to just drop to my knees
and pray.

But god wanted no part in this horror, my prayers fell onto deaf ears;
My life just flashed away as I heard the judge sentence me to a minimum
of 60 years.

My prison has bars that are made of solid steel, I cannot escape them,
they sink in just how far I've fell;
As I hear the metal bars closing my first night, I realised I had just fallen
into hell.

Barry Mowles



Konvicted 2 Hell... (Part 2)

I'm sitting in my dark grey cell as my criminal record reads out double
homicide;
This prison has got me trapped thinking of you, so now I'm contemplating
my very own suicide.

My bars keep me contained, the inmates run their own law;
I get told when to speak and I'm never warned who to ignore.

The showers have become a cold part of my day;

Before it was my only place I could try and wash my tears away.

The inmates can force there eye stare so they can have a reason to fly;
The biggest thing you miss in prison is just laying back and feeling the sun
in a beautiful blue sky.

Nothing in prison is cosy and nothing feels the same without you;
Part of me wishes I never came home that night, then I wouldn't have
known what was true.

I'm so numb the only pain I can feel is now just driving me insane;
My love for you is like a disease, in prison you are the cancer to my brain.

I must escape my prison walls or I will just die;
I'm haunted by your memory every night as in my dreams your voice
always echo's out to me why.

I miss seeing that twinkle in your eye, I miss your smile so much, I even
miss your sweet perfume smell;
You were so heavenly to me but now I have just been konvicted to my own
living hell.

BARRY MOWLES

KONVICTED BUT 3... (PART 3)

I've been inside my prison cell for close on a year;
I still get my nightmares every night my white sheets are always soaking
up the fear.

Time is all I have inside this breathing cell;
I just can't stare at these dark grey walls anymore, I need to escape from
this hell.

Lights out at 9pm as everyday has rung true;
I tie my sheets together, I can either try to escape or hang myself and
tonight I must decide between the two.

I've got to weight up just what my life means to me, you have a choice
either die because of love or try to live down to hate;
Fuck it I can't handle it anymore, I'm gonna leave it down to fate.

If I live through all this I want to be more like me and less like you;
I'm going to escape this prison and escape you two.

I wait all night for day break to come then I will make my play;
I think out the perfect plan and realise just how easy it would be to get
myself free today.

Garden duty starts just after breakfast, I pretend I haven't got a care;
Under my cap I'm sweating and paranoid, why do the screws have to
always stare?

I work my way till I slip away from sight, I get to the fence and squeeze my
way under and through;
At last I am free but I'm still a whole eternity away from you.

I'm miles from anywhere, I know I only have minutes before the alarm bells
start to ring, but for now I am free, I feel like I am flying up so high;
Just before I start running I stop for a second, lay back and feel the sun in
that beautiful blue sky.

I hear the alarm bells sound as I run as fast as my legs will go;
My heart is pumping so fast now, but where do I turn I really don't know.

I hear dogs barking they are so close on my heels;
I have to get free from my ghosts and guilt, I realise I really need to get
myself some wheels.

I make it to a run-down truck as the sweat just pours away from me;
If this is my final hour, I'm going to go out fighting as that's the only way I
can be free.

This truck is so old it must have been made in 1964;
I hot wire the beast and smile to myself as I hear the old engine roar.

Police cars and two helicopters join onto the chase as I push the truck to
124;

The machine can't go any faster as my foot is pushed right down to the floor.

I turn on the radio as the sound of the sirens is making me sick;
As the beat kicks in I laugh as my speakers ring out KONVICT.

The adrenaline over flows my veins as I look into the rear view;
I see so many police cars and lights, I look into my eyes and all I see is a faded reflection of you.

I keep flying down the track at top speed, I must make it away from here;
All of a sudden your ghost is standing in the middle of the road, your image just strikes my heart with fear.

My brakes lock, I try to steer away from you;
Then my truck started to flip that's when I saw my destiny, I just wish it wasn't true.

I come to and my truck is hanging over the edge of a cliff, one false move
and its game over for me;
I glance out my window but your ghost is the only thing that I can see.

You whisper "YOUR TOO LATE, IT'S TIME NOW TO SAY GOODBYE";
And as I reach out my window to touch you, my truck just rolls over and falls from the sky.

As I fall my life is just flashing me by, I'm reminded of all the good times
between me and you;
The second before my truck hits the ground and explodes I look over and
scream as it's your ghost I am sitting next to.

Now I feel no pain, I don't even see the light all I ever wanted was to just
leave my cell;
But even in death we are still apart, as you belong in heaven whilst I
belong in hell.

BARRY MOWLES



Merry Christmas

I'm all hugged up under my big Spiderman duvet, I can't sleep as its
Christmas eve, I don't know the time cause I can't even read;
My big Sister whispers from the bottom bunk "let's go see the presents,
hold my hand and I will take the lead"

We creep hand in hand down the stairs and make our way to the big red
door;

But when my sister turned the handle and it opened it wasn't father
Christmas that me and my Sister saw.

It was Mummy and Daddy, Daddy was making Mummy cry;
He kept smacking her in the face as he screamed out that he wanted her
to die.

Daddy looked like a huge bear, his face was red his hair was wet;
I felt my Sisters hand shaking in mine but Daddy hadn't noticed us
standing there yet.

Daddy slaps and punches Mummy until I see blood and her eyes just roll
away;
She slumps to the ground in a heap as I scream out "MUMMY I LOVE
YOU, PLEASE GET UP AND SAY THAT YOU ARE OKAY".

Daddy's face turns but his so big I can't even see;
Before I know it my Sisters lying on her back as Daddy then lays his fists
into me.

He has punched me in the eye and nose, there's so much blood I couldn't
even see;
My older Sister is screaming for help, she's crying out "PLEASE PLEASE
PROTECT ME".

Through the blood I see my Daddy kicking my big Sister as his fists beat
down so hard on to my eye;
I am only 5 years old but I was so afraid that me and my Sister were about
to die.

This next bit makes me shiver to remember but a struggle that I've had to
bare;
My Daddy smacks us both till were standing up then drags us upstairs by
our fucking hair.

He throws us onto his bed, I cuddle up to my older Sister as we both
shake in fear;
I look into my Sisters eyes, she's petrified and blood has now replaced her
tear.

My Daddy takes off his belt, it had a huge silver Harley Davidson belt
buckle, I pray he doesn't use that end I mean I pray, I beg, I wish but none
of it helps, the buckle smashes me straight into my back and knocks me
flying;

My Sister starts to scream as we hear our Mum banging on the locked
bedroom door crying.

Daddy ignores our screams and he doesn't seem to hear our Mum
banging at the door;
Then he smashes the buckle into my Sisters face and she fly's down to
meet me on the bedroom floor.

We scurry under the bed to just get away;
My Mum's still screaming and banging, I pray that she is going to save the
day.

Daddy's arms run under the bed trying to get me and my Sister out, we
both cry for forgiveness we even try to beg;
Then my Sister screams out so loud as my Daddy grabs a hold of her leg.

Daddy pulls and pulls, I hold my Sisters arms back, my Sister digs her
nails into the carpet, she's trying everything to keep out of harm's way;
Then she starts to scream again as I watch her finger nails just bend and
completely tear away.

I grab her hands, we lock eyes once more, she's crying, she's praying, I
just wanted to get her out of there;
I remember all I could think is its Christmas morning and she's only 7
years old, why is life so unfair.

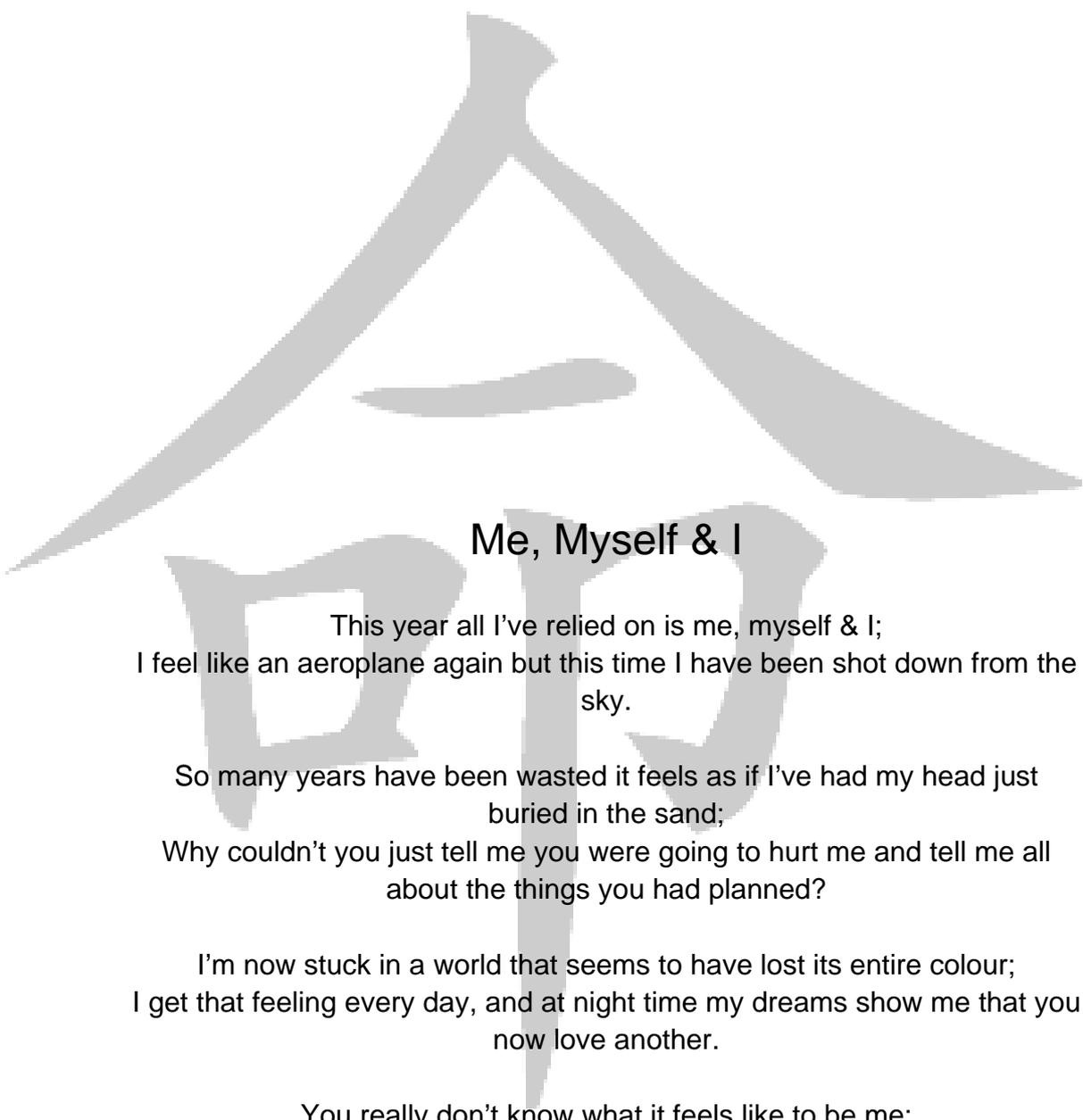
Just then I hear a huge bang, Mummy shouting and Daddy just lets go, we
hear them running down the stairs and a car screeching away;
Then I hear nothing but silence, I'm shaking, but I turn to my big Sister to
check that she is okay.

We hear someone walking up the stairs, my Sister cuddles me, so scared
with who it might be;

Then someone kneels down and smiles, were saved it's our beautiful
Mummy.

We both crawl out from under the bed as she cries and wraps her arms
around us as her lips tremble out "I am so sorry all that was meant for me";
I look past all her blood, tears and pain and kiss her on the cheek as I
whisper out "Happy Christmas Mummy".

Barry Mowles



Me, Myself & I

This year all I've relied on is me, myself & I;
I feel like an aeroplane again but this time I have been shot down from the
sky.

So many years have been wasted it feels as if I've had my head just
buried in the sand;
Why couldn't you just tell me you were going to hurt me and tell me all
about the things you had planned?

I'm now stuck in a world that seems to have lost its entire colour;
I get that feeling every day, and at night time my dreams show me that you
now love another.

You really don't know what it feels like to be me;
I may have my eye sight back but without you in my life, it's just so hard to
see.

People tell me the time will soon heal me over and that I have to live again
before I die;
It's just so hard to do when all you have to rely on in life is me, myself & i.

Barry Mowles

DROWNING IN THE RAIN

My memories are fading, the stars have just replaced your smile;
I am through being angry and upset but I still feel stuck here in denial.

I've tried so hard to make this black ink describe just how I feel but I'm so
lost without you here;
My life is like a wheel in a car but I can only go forwards, I cannot reverse,
change lanes or steer.

You broke my heart but it's my fault for letting my guard down and for
letting you get in so close;
If love was a medicine then I have had my final dose.

Why did you have to go? Why did you have to leave our love down to a
note;
You will never know what it feels like to come home to an empty house
finding your girlfriend's suicide note.

I remember it made my heart skip a beat when I read your goodbye letter,
saying your time on this earth was done;
I dropped everything at once, I couldn't believe just how fast I could run.

I make it to your place by the water as you sit on the edge with your pills
and your pain;
I take off my coat and wrap it around you, I don't know if I'm crying or if it is
the rain.

You burst into tears and hug up like it was my very last hug goodbye;
I look into your eyes, they are blank like you had already prepared yourself
to die.

Now its years later it's flipped reversed and it's me sat on the edge feeling
all of this pain;
But I know you will not come and save me, so I am just drowning in the
rain.

Barry Mowles

BEGINNING TO END

Everything that has a beginning must have an end;
I've wrote so many lyrics about you, I done all of this so my heart had a
chance to just heal and mend.

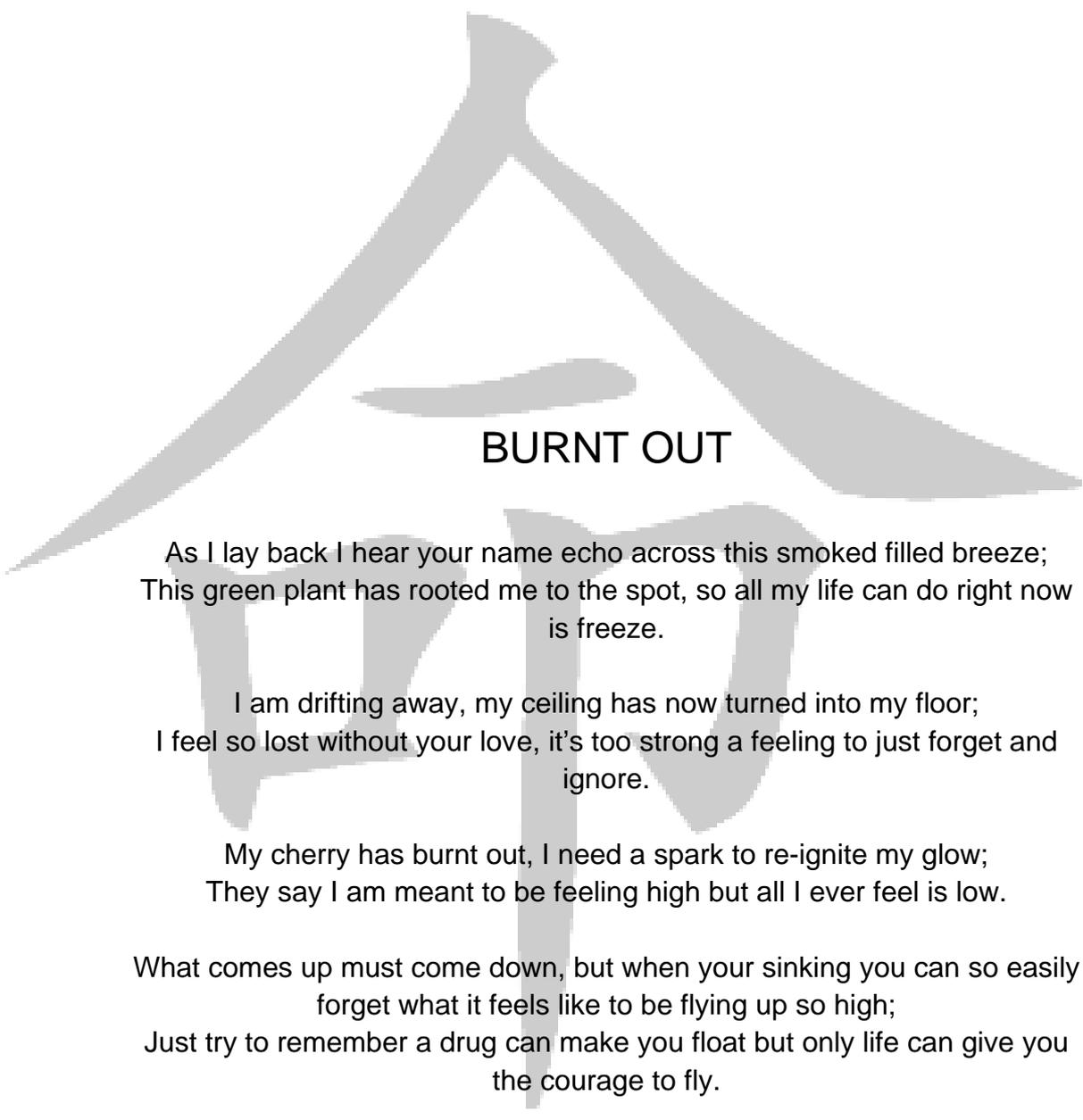
I am splitting myself into two, half of me is pulling back so scared to say
goodbye to my past;
The other part of me is running forwards so afraid of wasting my life and
finishing last.

I put all my love and energy into one person, now that one person has
gone I feel totally lost at sea;
Every morning when I wake up and look into the mirror a broken reflection
is all that stares back towards me.

My insides are broken and my body has lost all that mattered;
I am still trying to glue together my heart but it's like a fragile china vase
that isn't just broken, it's completely fucking shattered.

My tears still fall when I think about you, but I bottle up my feelings and to
the outside world I pretend;
But as I said at the start of this poem, everything that has a start must
have an end.

Barry Mowles



BURNT OUT

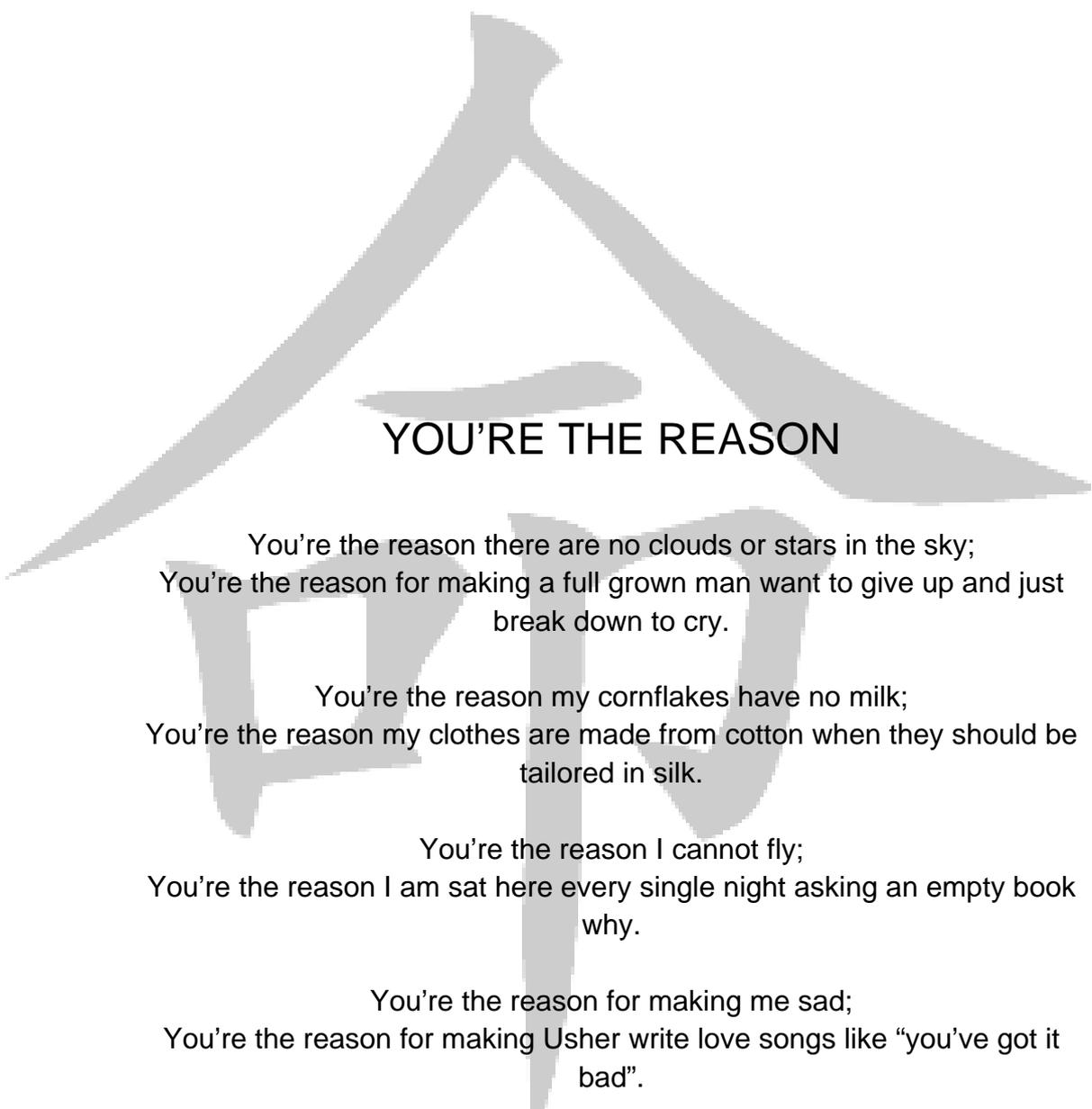
As I lay back I hear your name echo across this smoked filled breeze;
This green plant has rooted me to the spot, so all my life can do right now
is freeze.

I am drifting away, my ceiling has now turned into my floor;
I feel so lost without your love, it's too strong a feeling to just forget and
ignore.

My cherry has burnt out, I need a spark to re-ignite my glow;
They say I am meant to be feeling high but all I ever feel is low.

What comes up must come down, but when your sinking you can so easily
forget what it feels like to be flying up so high;
Just try to remember a drug can make you float but only life can give you
the courage to fly.

Barry Mowles



YOU'RE THE REASON

You're the reason there are no clouds or stars in the sky;
You're the reason for making a full grown man want to give up and just
break down to cry.

You're the reason my cornflakes have no milk;
You're the reason my clothes are made from cotton when they should be
tailored in silk.

You're the reason I cannot fly;
You're the reason I am sat here every single night asking an empty book
why.

You're the reason for making me sad;
You're the reason for making Usher write love songs like "you've got it
bad".

You're the reason I am still falling;
You're the reason for when I wake up all I ever hear are the cockroaches
crawling.

You're the reason I have no change or money;
You're the reason I am so wound up because you think all this is funny.

You're the reason I will now never get into heaven;
You're the reason for acts of terror, like when the world trade centre's got
knocked down back on 9/11.

You're the reason for causing so much pain;
You're the reason for days of horror, like when all those children got
murdered up in Dumblaine.

You're the reason I phoned in sick;
You're the reason my manager sacked me for calling him a prick.

You're the reason I have to stay at home every single night;
You're the reason I stay away because I do not want to fight.

You're the reason it now always rains;
You're the reason my favourite shirt is now covered in my red blood stains.

You're the reason I have to smoke;
You're the reason my lungs are packing up which is causing me to choke.

You're the reason I feel shot down;
You're the reason my smile has flipped reversed and has turned itself into
a frown.

You're the reason the sun hides behind a cloud;
You're the reason I have to keep my music low when it should be playing
out loud.

You're the reason there's no sugar in my tea;
And finally you're the reason I turned my back on my life's destiny.

Barry Mowles

BODY

I want to look inside myself to see just how messed up I am, I'm going to be the doctor but I haven't got to cut myself to see;
I am going to close my eyes and let this pen do all of the operation for me.

I drift off and enter my brain, it looks a fucking mess;
Wires going here and there, all my blood vessels are pumping, they look in such a fucking stress.

I travel further down and come to my eyes, they are the windows for me;
They have made me watch everything, they are responsible for giving me every single memory.

I enter my chest, my lungs are the very first thing I see;
They are black with smoke and it looks as if these cigarettes are slowly killing me.

Just behind my lungs I find my heart and its sewing itself back up together;
I get a horrible feeling and realize there's no way I can see this heart lasting forever.

So now I've looked inside myself the autopsy is complete;
I have to stand up now and this time I am going to use my own two feet.

Barry Mowles

YOU WERE SO BUSY

You were so busy crying your own tears to see or feel my pain;
You were so busy cheating you didn't see me standing there in the rain.

You were so busy texting you didn't see me leave;
You were so busy trapping me you almost forgot that I had to breathe.

You were so busy destroying our memories you forgot our goodbye kiss;
You were so busy starting your new life I was no longer a person that you
had to miss.

You were so busy covering your own dirt you never saw me cry;
You were so busy packing your suitcase you didn't feel my heart stop
beating and die.

You were so busy treating me like a failure you forgot it was you who
changed me;

You were so busy altering my life you had forgot I had a destiny.

You were so busy hurting me by stabbing me in the back;
You forgot all I had taught you by remembering the best way to defend
yourself is to attack.

BARRY MOWLES

STORMY NIGHT

It's raining so hard as the water pours down over my face;
I am sitting on our bench now can you remember our favourite place.

It's the middle of the night as the rumbling storm is moving over head;
I'm swigging from my bottle of vodka again, I'm so fucked I don't know
whether I'm alive or dead.

My mind is working on over load as the sky lights up just before the crash
of thunder;

Where are you? I can't help but to care and wonder.

I am completely soaked through as the rain beats down so much harder, I
look up but dark is all I can see;
I still can't shake the feeling of the old you and me.

I crack open my last bottle and drink it down neat as I ask myself the
question why did you leave? What did I do so wrong to you;
I glance up and there you are, I must be dreaming this really can't be true.

I jump up trying to run to you but I fall down and all I hear is the pouring
rain;

As I lay on my back looking at the clouds all my heart can feel again is
pain.

I lay there for what seemed to be forever just feeling the rain attempt to
drown me;

Then it just stops, and a beautiful star shines down on me.

I just lay there staring, its beauty takes my breath away;
Then I hear my Nan's voice whispering "please stand up now my child and
say that you are okay".

I whisper out "I just don't know what to do, I'm afraid which way do I go";
The star just twinkles and echoes out "my child I think that you already
know".

"You can't just lay there and give up for I am so proud and I know just what
you are going through;
Just remember you're never alone for I will always be here to just care and
watch over you".

BARRY MOWLES

AROUND THE WORLD

From England to Wales, Finland to Spain;
I can travel from Russia to China but there is no place in this world I can
run to escape you or my pain.

Everywhere I go your memory follows me, from Japan to Australia from
Italy to the U.S.A;
No matter what language I talk in I still have to miss your love each and
every single day.

Denmark to Sweden from Germany to France;
I can still feel myself dropping to my knees just begging for one last
chance.

I would walk across Africa, I would swim across the Atlantic sea;
If it meant I had that last chance, where I could be with my destiny.

From Argentina to Peru from Mexico to Brazil;
I wish instead of feeling this pain, love was the only emotion that I could
still feel.

I would climb the highest mountains in India, I would brave the freezing
winds in the arctic ocean;
I would even visit a witch doctor in New Zealand and drink his antidote for
love from his home made voodoo potion.

I would brave the wars in Iraq, the Great White Sharks in the Pacific sea;
I would even fight bears in Canada, jump into Niagara Falls if I had just
one last chance to touch you and see.

I would walk the Great Wall of China like it was a stroll in the park, I would
run up all the pyramids like they were sandcastles on the beach;
I would visit every church in the world and sit there listening to every single
vicar on this planet preach.

I would take on a gladiator in the coliseum as the sun sets on Italian
Rome;
Without you in my world I feel like the alien E.T and all I want to do is
phone home.

I would fly us up to sit upon a cloud so we could see heaven and watch
our world just drift us by;
At last you have become a star, whilst I have become the sky.

I would make my way to the top of the Eiffel tower, I would sit myself on
the crown on the statue of liberty just to prove my love for you as well;
I would even dig a hole so deep you could feel the heat rising up as I take
on the devil for you in hell.

I guess what I am trying to say is there is no place in this world that I
wouldn't go to have you back and sharing your life here with me;
The world is such a huge place, but the day I met you my world shrunk
because I had finally found my destiny.

Barry Mowles

THE DARK

My fire has gone out, I am trying everything to re-ignite my spark;
I feel so scared and alone, I wish I could see the light but I see is the dark.

Stop blaming everyone else, I am sure there are people out there who
have suffered a much worse fate;
I am so afraid you have given up on yourself, but please remember it is
never too late.

Just like your smoke you live to blow it all away;
It's like talking to a brick wall with you, why can't you just listen to what
your lyrics are trying to say.

Listen to what I say your life is only your responsibility;
I wish you would stand up and be counted now, so that you could live your
life to the best of your ability.

Get up, move on and make people remember you and your voice;
Your destiny is in your own hands right now, so please remember you do
have options and you really do have a choice.

So stop waiting for someone to save you, it's only you that holds the key;
Only you can save your life because remember living in the dark is so very
far from your destiny.

BARRY MOWLES

MURDER YOUR DREAM

If the truth be known you cheated on me with a pathetic little fag; His disappeared since that night, you don't know but it was me that took him away you stupid fucking slag.

So many times you asked me where he had gone as you haven't heard anything from him not even a peep; I just smile to myself as I say "I put him underground as he said he needed a long sleep".

I watch your eyes fill up as you turn and walk away; I close my eyes and my memory replays all that happened to him that day.

I wrap my towel around his face which is soaked in coliform; As he falls asleep I whisper in his ear "when you wake up boy you are going to wish that you were never born".

He comes to as I finish tying him up to a chair; He starts to scream straight away saying "PLEASE LET ME GO, I DON'T LOVE HER IT WAS JUST A SEXUAL AFFAIR".

I shout "I AM SORRY I THINK I'VE GONE DEAF I REALLY CANNOT HEAR";

Then I lunge forward with my razor blade and hack off his right ear.

He screams for me to stop as i then slice off his left ear; His crying so much now, I just smile as I wipe my blade which is covered in his blood sweat and tear.

I shout out "I BET YOU DIDN'T THINK ABOUT THIS AS YOU JUST STUCK YOUR COCK IN MY WIFE"; He starts crying again as I whisper "don't worry mate all I'm going to do is take away YOUR life".

I take my razor blade and I take away his nose; As i scream out "I BET YOUR FUCKING SORRY NOW FOR FUCKING HER AND FOR ALL THE SHIT THAT YOU CHOSE".

I pick up my petrol can and splash the fuel across his cut up face as he screams out to cry;

I use my blade to remove his eye lids and stab my razor right through his
blood shot weeping eye.

His screams echo across the warehouse as he lays bleeding in his petrol
style bath;

His crying so much again whilst I just stand away from him and laugh.

His begging, pleading for me to show mercy and to just let him go;
I shout out "I'M NOT FINISHED YET MATE BUT WHEN I AM TRUST ME
YOU WILL BE THE VERY FIRST PERSON TO KNOW".

Now he looks petrified as he sees me pick up my second can of fuel, as I
cover him again I whisper "I bet your regretting the day you ever met that
slut";

He just keeps crying as the petrol pours through his fucked up face and
sinks into his cut.

I make a petrol trail leading to the warehouse door as I spark my cigarette,
now his screaming, begging and praying;
But I'm just enjoying my fag, I don't even listen to a single word that soon
to be dead cunt is saying.

I get down to two's on my cigarette as I echo out "DICKHEAD ITS NOW
TIME TO SAY YOUR GOODBYE";
As I flick my fag down flames ignite him and he goes down to hell
screaming "WHY".

BARRY MOWLES

CHANGE ME

You spent so long trying to make me change I had forgot just who I was
meant to be;
You spent so long trying to mould me into the man you wanted that when
you left I had forgot just who was the real me.

You made me change all my friends as you said they just held me back;
But really all the time you were just planning my fall and setting me up for
the ultimate stack.

You moved me away and changed my point of view, you had me trapped
thinking you and your family were all that mattered;
Then you just changed your mind leaving me with a life and heart that was
completely fucking shattered.

Why is it boy that you can never ever learn;
Why didn't I just listen to Usher sing when my speakers rung out you
should let it "BURN".

I never once asked you to change, all I cared about is that you were happy
and that I could make you smile each and every single day;
But all I can remember is your goodbye as everything else has just faded
away.

I have changed from the lad I was when I met you, he was young happy
and full of lust;
Into this man standing in front of you now, who just feels so helpless and
so full of hate and dis trust.

Barry Mowles

FUEL TO MY FIRE

Search within yourself, reach inside and pull out the best you can be;
You aren't blind anymore so open your eyes, I've made you strong so that
you can live your life and be free.

And as for you did you really think I was just fucking your pussy, in fact I
was fucking all these new girls that I see;
Sometimes I had to move so quickly my friends had nicknamed me the
new Muhammad Ali.

You silly little girl don't you realise you cannot play a player;
In the club that time I was fucking that girl whilst Lil John and Usher just
sung out Y-E-A-H.

It's always been you that gives me the fuel to my fire of hate;
I wish I had just spat in your face all them years ago back on our very first
date.

I've got no job, no money fuck I haven't even got a home;
But I'm still having more fun than with you, at least I haven't got to listen all
night to you moan.

I wouldn't have been so angry if you had just left me alone and told me the
truth, you didn't have to pretend;
But now you have turned into my enemy and I no longer class you as my
best friend.

BARRY MOWLES

FINISH YOU... (REMIX)

Who am I kidding in my last book saying that I will no longer say nasty shit
about you;
I have to speak my heart now and that's exactly what I intend to do.

I want to burn you for always claiming that you were the one;
I want to chuck you on my BBQ if I'm honest and cook you like a steak
until you are well done.

I know you were depressed but you claim it was me who gave you the
depression;
But I was the one living with a fat moody bitch, so just what gave you that
impression.

You even told my friends you got so fat and you somehow blamed that all
on me;
But I couldn't stop you eating, you just ate absolutely everything that you
could see.

My GOD what did I ever see in you, you're just another fucking ugly rat;
With your goofy teeth and your cellulite you look like splinter from the
turtles but fat.

You use to make life so hard you truly had me done;
You even claimed to be a model, but if that was true then it must have
been for crufts or pedigree chum.

So just leave me alone you fucking silly fat bitch, the only emotion I'm now
left with is hate;
The next time I go shark fishing I will ask you to come and I will use your
fat ass as the bait.

BARRY MOWLES

FAIRY-TALE CHEATER

You're just a fucking fairy-tale cheater, you make me feel fucking sick;
You said it was all an accident, what do you mean, you just fell over naked
and landed on his dick.

I should have listened to all my friends as when they looked at you they all
just said tut-tut;

They all knew you from school but as a lying deceitful slut.

So lying is something that you have always done;
It's the end for you now, you have no more friends left, not even one.

You use to make fucking you so hard but sex isn't a problem like a
crossword that you have to try and solve;
You got so fat that when I fucked you missionary, I kept burning my ass on
our ceilings light bulb.

Don't you dare try to test me lyrically because you know I am nothing but
pure class;
When I use to finish fucking you I'd roll over four times and I'd still be
stuck on your fat ass.

I will drag you from heaven into hell, you want to hurt me so I will destroy
you;
You use to be my Cinderella but now I'm stamping all over your fairy-tale
glass shoe.

Just so you know I fucked your best friend, I felt nothing for her I just knew
you would be wishing that it wasn't true;
So there's your fairy-tale ending bitch but this time there's no happy ever
after for you.

BARRY MOWLES

GAME, SET & MATCH

I can look at your picture now without the butterflies trying to lift me away;
I have moved my life forward and it is no longer you I think about when I
wake up each and every day.

Your name doesn't scare me anymore and I do not look at you as
somebody I should avoid;
I am over the pain and loss and over all the precious little things you had
destroyed.

I can stare into your eyes now and I wouldn't even have to look away;
You could even beg me for forgiveness and I wouldn't even listen to a
single word that you had to say.

When I lay in bed now you are no longer the love that guides and helps
me through;
You are no longer even a nightmare, my mind now draws a blank when I
lay here and I think of you.

I have said goodbye to you in my own little way and I no longer feel
attached;
I have erased your love from my memory bank and finished you, its over,
game, set and match.

BARRY MOWLES

Solider on

I am standing like a solider on the front line confronting all my demons in
the blink of an eye;
I am fighting my way through the doubters who want to watch me fail and
fall from the sky.

My back is pressed up against the wall, I have built up all of my pain and I
am ready to unleash the fight;
The demons will no longer scream at me when I lay down to sleep at night.

With each stride I take forward the haters try and push me back;

But I have grown so much stronger and now I know the best way to defend
myself is to attack.

The night is dark, as black as black can be;
No colour now enters into my mind, the darkness is the only thing I can
now see.

Punch your way through until you see the light and your pain has all gone;
Just keep marching through my son, it's time now to soldier on.

BARRY MOWLES

UNBREAKABLE

My heart is pumping again, it's all sewn up and all that's left is a memory
and a scar;
There's even a twinkle of confidence, which will make me shine out like a
star.

I am smiling again and my hair is cut so nice and neat;
I have to say sorry to all of my haters, the pathetic little cunts who thought I
was destroyed and beat.

With each day i get stronger, with each minute my confidence shines
through;
The doubters tried to finish me off but I still have courage to just stand
here and scream out "FUCK YOU".

I am unbreakable, I feel so strong you could stab me again or even smash
me over the head with a huge metal pole;
Nobody is going to stop me this time, unless she is a sexy pussycat doll.

I am bouncing, high on life but in my wallet I do not even have one single
pound;
I feel like I am in the title fight of my life but I refuse for this to be my last
and final round.

BARRY MOWLES

UGLY FORGOTTEN PAST

Somehow you have made me forget all the people who had held me back
in my ugly forgotten past;
I have moved my life forwards so quickly there is now no way we could
ever lose or finish last.

So called friends tried to destroy me, I've been homeless, I've watched
friends die I've even been stabbed in the chest;
But I still don't need any armour as my body and this pen is my very own
bullet proof vest.

Doubters and haters tried to bring me down and I laugh as I keep
disappointing them by always landing on my feet;
Remember what goes around comes around you bitches, now you're
looking at your own life laying in the gutter on the street.

All you haters ever did was talk total utter shit;
You claim to be the big man but you are still living at home sucking on
your mother's ugly sagging tit.

To me you are all already dying and each time you do I just grow stronger
inside;
The man you all know is finished, his gone, in fact I just buried him alive.

All I ever heard was you stutter like you had turned yourself into an older
version of Gareth Gates;
You walk around thinking you're the dogs bollocks but in reality your just a
billy no mates.

I have books upon books of memories whilst your drugs make you forget
what happened just last night;
You are pathetic and weak whilst I still have the courage to use this pen to
fight.

You didn't get an invite to my wedding, you won't ever get to see my
daughter or son;
Now let's see how much you like your fucking reflection, when all that
stares back towards you is someone looking fat, stupid and dumb.

I am not going to name names even I wouldn't sink that low;
You all just disgust me, so now I've said my piece I think it's time for me to
go.

Any damage you did to the old me I healed myself and I'm smashing off
my cast;
So haters you will have to try harder as you are all now just a tiny, little
piece of my ugly forgotten past.

BARRY MOWLES



PLEASE TAKE A SEAT

I thought I was going to be a Daddy, I thought my destiny was nearly complete;

Then I heard the nurse say them same four words “please take a seat”.

Last week I had seen your heart beating like you were a little butterfly;
But today the fluttering had stopped part of me had left this world to die.

The nurse explained what we were looking at, what happened next, in truth it went in one ear and out the other I couldn't really say what she had said;

Until her very last ten words rang out “I am so very sorry but your baby is dead”.

As the words sunk in I thought of all the things we would now miss;

I have to stay strong for my beautiful wife, so I lean over and give her a
kiss.

Midwives try to explain again no heartbeat equals our little baby has died;
At this point all the walls caved in, I felt like I was being buried alive.

The fresh air hits me as we walk out after saying our goodbye;
I make it to the car and breakdown I tried to talk but all I could do was cry.

They say time is the greatest healer, people who say that really couldn't
ever understand or know;
How can you say goodbye to your baby when you haven't even said hello.

I am so sorry I couldn't save you, my hands tremble instead of holding you
real tight;
All that has survived is your memory, you've become just another star at
night.

I will say this now so that it will never be forgotten, my wife is the single
strongest lady that I have ever seen;
In fact if our little family were footballers she would defiantly be the captain
of our team.

I guess this is it another sorry goodbye which I wish I never had to write;
You will always remain in our hearts baby, you will be in our prayers each
and every single night.

Barry Mowles

GUARDIAN ANGEL

This poem goes out to all the people who have ever lost somebody that
they love;
The people who can only talk to their loved ones through the beautiful
skies above.

I'm writing this to remember a special lady, without her guidance and smile
I found it hard to change from a boy into a man;
She left this world six years ago now, this poem is dedicated to my
wonderful Nan.

She was always smiling, she had a glow about her that could warm your
coldest room;
As I sit here writing all I can think is why god took her away so soon.

In 2009 I got married, everyone was so proud and they were all hugging
up to me and kissing;
In my heart I was thinking of you, my Nan was the only lady in my life now
missing.

I stood at the alter so afraid, nerves were tearing me apart;
I kept looking around to find you, but you weren't there, which left me with
a happy but sinking heart.

It was always my dream for you to be at my wedding but in spirit and
memory was the only way you could see;

Nan why did you have to leave so soon I wish you could have seen me
happy.

All of your family were there, we made it a day to remember and I dedicate
all my happiness to you;
You must be my guardian angel as you made the sun shine that day and
all of my other dreams come true.

-x- miss you always -x-

BARRY MOWLES

BACK IN 2 HEAVEN

I am still living my life in the beautiful blue skies above;
Every day is full of happiness, up here even the haters show there love.

Since the first day I came here so many new faces have entered through
that golden gate;
Some people are old and ready but some people's lives were cut short by
their fate.

One day not so long ago thousands of people were seen queuing up all at
once at the front gate into heaven;
As they walk past I hear them talk about the World Trade Centres, the
date was 9/11.

As the clouds drift past Michael Jackson slides backwards teaching the
Moonwalk to Patrick Swayze;
In the corner Heath Ledger is chatting to a new angel in heaven, it's the
angelic Britney Murphy.

To many new faces join us each day Jade Goody, Proof, Corey Haim the
beautiful Iris Dudson to name just a few;
The old faces are still here as well, to my Nan and Granddad I could never
write a poem about heaven without including you two.

A familiar face appears it's my Uncle whose life was cut short by the 5:15
train;

My thoughts turn to my family as without him there I doubt there lives will
ever be the same.

Laughing echoes across the clouds as Norman Wisdom entertains the
masses along with Bernie Mac;
Steve Irwin is jumping all over the place shouting "WOULD YOU LOOK AT
THE SIZE ON THAT".

There's too many names to mention but each day thousands of peoples
fate is cut short, everybody's destiny is to die;
But our paths brought us all together to live as one, up here in our
beautiful blue sky.

BARRY MOWLES

SLEEPING AS I WRITE

I have so many problems running through my mind, all of these dilemmas
were started and caused by you;
I am going to close my eyes again and let this pen tell me just what I have
to do.

As the pen starts to move I drift into a sleep unaware to the words that I
write;
The stars are not fading anymore, for they are shining out so bright.
You have to move on, you have achieved so much in such a short amount
of time;
You have your whole life ahead of you, remember you aren't Cinderella
waiting for the midnight clock to chime.

Slow things down, take a step back and enjoy being the new you;
If you move any faster you will make even more mistakes than you were
ever supposed to do.

Stop acting so tough all the time, you are only human who can ask for
help, but you have so much of this attitude and bad feeling;
Its turning your life inside out and upside down, making your floor turn into
your ceiling.

You do have emotions but you release all of your anger and pain through
this pen and onto this page;
Stop hiding in the back ground, it is your time now to take to centre stage.

I have made you immortal so live your life with no fear, some people have
money, my gift to you was this pen;
You will realise someday it has given you the courage and strength to
make you stronger than a thousand men.

So stop blaming your problems on your past, I know you were destroyed
but you needed to go through that so your destiny could get underway;
Open your eyes now my child, its morning and just trust whatever this pen
has had to say.

BARRY MOWLES PIER PRESSURE

Tomorrow I plan to change and make everything okay;
I will go and get a job, pay my bills and I will live to fight another day.

Tomorrow I plan to be nice, polite and sweet to all;
Because I am fed up of being dragged down and taken for a fool.

But tonight I have to go out, I cannot let my friends down;
They all want to get drugged up and start a massive fight in town.

I want to stay in but I really have no choice, I pretend I am asleep when I
hear them call my name, when they ring my mobile I say that I am sick;
But they knock on my door and say if I don't come out, I am the one that's
the prick.

I shout "I WILL BE OUT IN A BIT I JUST HAVE TO GET CHANGED", so I
stand up, the reflection in the mirror is somebody I don't know;
The real me is a fighter but my reflection is packing up to go.

The boys come over and tell me we are going to beat up a group of lads
and their girlfriends to;
My brain is racing, then my friend gives me a pill and says "HERE THIS
WILL HELP YOU THROUGH".

I swallow it down whole with just a swig of beer;
My friend says "THERE WELL CHEAP AND WE CAN CALL IF WE NEED
ANYMORE GEAR".

I just want to go home and sit in silence by myself, I need a miracle to get
me out this mess;
But I can't talk to my mates as there all bouncing around in a stress.

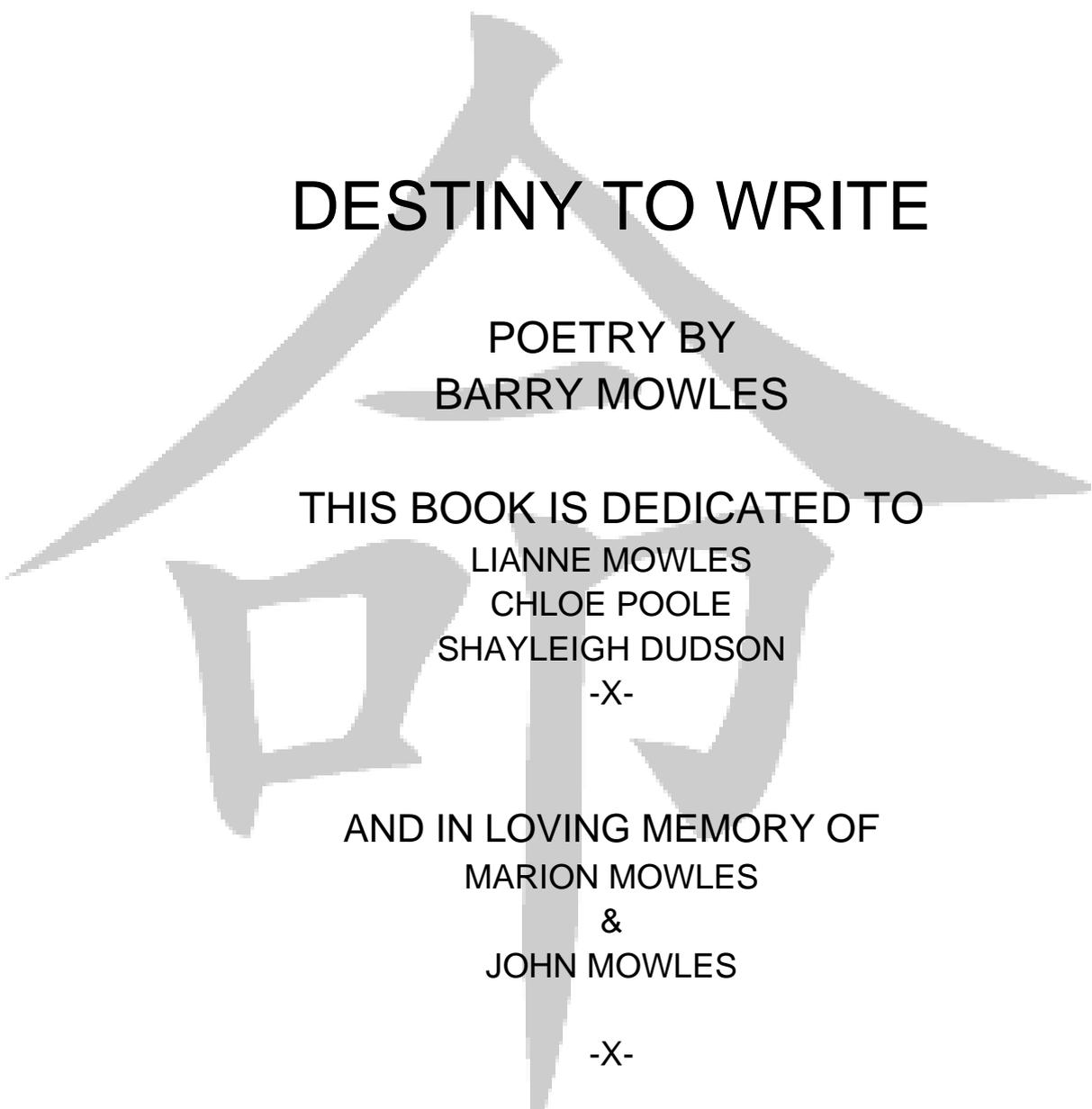
My friend shouts "ARE YOU UP FOR THIS WHIST SHOWING ME A
KNIFE", but I couldn't reply I was grinding my teeth;
I was off in a daydream somewhere over the Great Barrier Reef.

Then I felt a pain and something was not right;
I felt my body go limp and my heart squeeze real tight.

I saw this light and all my pain had gone, I thought I was okay until I looked
down at my feet;
To see my body lying white and still in the middle of the street.

All my family arrive at my funeral whilst I am stuck between worlds,
everyone whispering what a waste;
But all of my friends are sitting at home now, just hanging their heads in
disgrace.

Barry Mowles



DESTINY TO WRITE

POETRY BY
BARRY MOWLES

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO

LIANNE MOWLES
CHLOE POOLE
SHAYLEIGH DUDSON

-X-

AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MARION MOWLES

&
JOHN MOWLES

-X-

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2011 -

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