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As the years pass by,

The memories fade away,

But one thing always stays,

The guilt that never strays.

I was once a young doctor,

Full of hope and ambition,

Helping others live longer,

Bringing joy to their life's honor.

But as time moved on,

I became the blood witch,

Stealing magic from children,

Leaving behind scars that itch.

I thought I was doing right,

Making them stronger in the fight,

But now I see the truth,

I was just a wicked youth.

I can't escape my past,

The guilt will always last,

But I'll try to make amends,

And hope for some happiness to send.

The weight of all these years,

Sometimes brings me to tears,

But then I remember why,

I continue to live and try.

To make the world a better place,

To see a smile on a child's face,

To know that I can bring joy,

Is the reason I stay and employ.

So as I sit and write,

I hope with all my might,

That one day I'll be forgiven,

For the sins I have committed.

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