before it gets better (the darkness gets bigger)

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1092.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Real Person Fiction (RPF)
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandoms:	Fall Out Boy (RPF), My Chemical Romance (RPF)
Relationship:	Pete Wentz/Mikey Way
Additional Tags:	Poetry, Angst, Angst With a Hopeful Ending, Implied/Referenced Addiction, Toxic Relationship, They're trying to fix it though, Pete Wentz needs a hug, no beta we die like everyone in The Young Blood Chronicles
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of and the poets are just kids who didn't make it (petekey poetry)
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-05 Words: 275 Chapters: 1/1

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by starsandscars

Summary

sad poetry written from Pete's perspective

they're lowkey toxic here but he realizes that and they work towards something better <3

reposted from Ao3, under a different name
(it is mine tho! I will be changing the name of the original to match this cause I like this better tbh. and I'll put a link to the original in the notes... Ao3 just has to start working first haha)

Notes

As an Ao3 refugee I am trying to help provide more fic for both my fellow lost souls and the kindly inhabitants of this site <3

Something about the general panic helps make me more confident because I know how desperate I am for fic so hopefully people don't mind that I'm not that great of a writer because they are suffering from withdrawals?

Anyways, hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

I'm high on you
(Sounds romantic, right?)
You numb the pain, and numb my brain
I return to your arms, when the world falls apart
Lose myself in the haze
((If it seems too good to be true it probably is, huh?))

I hate you
(I don't mean that)
I lash out, I push
Will you return, no matter what?
(Please see, I need to know I'm worth returning to)
((That's probably a red flag, but you don't see that either))

I want you
But wanting isn't enough
It was the beginning of this, of us
But now, desire is gas on the fire that burns us to the ground
Sparks rise, little fireworks against velvet sky
((Every night, we fall between your sheets and watch the show))

I need you
What happens when your reason to live
Walks out the door?
We held each other together (Poorly.
I am glad you're getting help - l bitch cause I don't want to admit I'm scared)
((I wish we could start over. I'd go through it all again, if you could be by my side))

I miss you
I hope you're doing better
Your brother said you got a therapist, went to rehab
Were you recovering from the chemicals
Or me?
((Don't answer that, I couldn't bear to hear))

I love you
And I'm sorry for what I did to you. (You apologized, too, earlier today.
You looked healthy)
We were fucked up. Are still, a bit. but we're trying
(Not how we used to, stewing in ourselves, but really making the effort)
((Can we get a second chance to love, now that we aren't killing ourselves?))

End Notes

thank you for reading!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!