

Endthisday "The Giving"

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Inside these dark
Shadows of man I grip
The hand of gloom.
Only my thoughts
Release the smiles and
Days of sunlit dreams,
For in truth, the hours
Of morn are as bleak
As the last.
Now I fear the touch
Of a child due to the
Actions of our past.
Angels of mercy weep
No more because the
Future is foretold in
Our creator's eyes.
We angels of deception
May bleed our last drop
And bow to the
Responsibility for
Centuries of lies.
We greet the new dawn
With only a passion to hate,
But these flowers are not
Soon to forget the promises
That were captured through
Their fathers' ill-fated eyes.
Sweet and compassionate child,
May you find it in your
Fractured heart to hold back
Judgment. Your judgment of fire,
And your blessings of death.
Our age should dwindle in
Fear and rest with no hope,
Because these angels
Descend upon us on
Clouds of vengeance.
My nightmares become life
And fire becomes my skin.
We can only accept this
Fate and bathe in the sweet

Waters that we've cursed
With our sins.
So many promises of life
Blooming into beauty now
Lay foul from our
Intercourse of disease.
Only the tears of angels
Will reveal our sorrow,
But they are blind to the
Compassion and deaf to our cries.

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