

Londa Larmond

"Hate!"

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Oh the witching time,
Like a blackened pearl.
Oh how useless seem
The offers of this world.
A shroud is wrapped and bound,
To Gallows led away
Though innocence is mine.
The dog will have his day.

All the Love turned to Hate,
The blade is in too deep and your repentance comes
too late.

Oh wits misery,
The madness of your stay.
The best revenge,
A price which you must pay.

The children hide behind,
Behind their little masks.
They are, at their games,
The only ones who laugh.

All the Love turned to Hate,
The blade is in too deep and your repentance comes
too late.

So did I deserve,
Your lies and treachery.
The curtain closes now.
The bell, it tolls for thee.

All your lies, all your shame.
And it drives you even madder that you've got yourself
to blame.

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