

Londa Larmond

"Revenge"

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Deep in this blackened void,
The space that used to be my soul
No ray of light no hope has shown
There in the darkened cold.

In time memories and pain
Will fade and disappear they must,
But not until this mortal being
Has turned to scattered dust

You cannot judge what you don't understand
Take the blade from the child's hand
All the petty lies and the jealous whores
Matter little and leave me bored

Repent, Remorse, Revenge

Why don't you just crucify me,
Nail me to a cross
And bite and scratch and make me scream
If that will get you off

You say a fall from grace would suit me well,
Well you can crawl straight back to Hell,
Fear not to lie, it will seem a sharper hit
Nor to blaspheme it will pass for wit

Repent, Remorse, Revenge.

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