

Luke Siedle **"Child's Poem"**

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Crossed the river
He the chosen one
To deliver bullets
Wrapped in false endeavors
Paper-thin daydreams
Of heathens hanging in the breeze

Who shall see him?
We blindfolded and charged
With treason of the human heart condition
Squatter camp, and golden mansion
There is no genie's lamp

Where did the children go?

Come for now, it's my final hour
Come for now, what's sweet must turn sour

I remember how I threw it all away
And now it's gone
I should have kept it somewhere safe
Somewhere safe

Who shall save us?
We the Violence seeking Justice
For the price that we must pay for
In others' blood
I've seen their bible
It's written in our words

Where did the children go?

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