

Samuel Caldwell's Revenge "Only The Holy Survive"

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Now that we're the bloodiest by burden of ancestral
crosses
Mobs of destituteness gather 'round the robes of holy
masses:
These are the men, considered having accomplished
whims,
Who pay tribute to the misdeeds they led slaves to
suffer through;
Hordes of sovereign mutes refuting justice for the
better good.
When will the raw material silence you from within?

Why can't we rise above this mire?
Oceans of bones that break the surface,
Lighting ripples in the fragments of a history
That only mirrors offenses done to those that died
today.

Can we take it back?
Revive the past
And take their place
Among the bones
And streams of blood
That drown our souls
And keep us dead with them

We'll be gone before we see this through
We won't live this through

Then we'll be affiliates through sharpened swords and
boundless losses
Mighty institutions father sharpened blades of holy
crosses
These are the men considered to be our godsend.
Individuals infusing doctrine for those we
misunderstand
Pat us from the left and often tear off the other hand.
This is the concreteness that propagates our deadend

Why is it that we can't acquire
The means by which to nurse our bruises,
Dimming calm shores on the timeline of our misery,

Coasting on bladed shores.

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