

Sympathy

"Potter'S Field: Hic Occultus Occulto Occisus Est"

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Turn not yearning eyes
To gaze upon me
Do not set your soul
To follow me

I am broken
I am diseased
My blood poured out
Joins now the earth

Now I know two sides of belief
One constrains the other brings peace
Now freed from the whelming gaze
Trackless I wander and yet I am free

Free to feel
Free to live

Take the body down
Place it in the ground
Mark not this grave
Remember it no more
Cast not mournful glances
Bless not it's memory
It's mystery must remain
Unsolved and forgotten

Take me down
Remember not

Turn not yearning eyes
To gaze upon me
Do not set your soul
To follow me

I am broken
I am diseased
My blood poured out
Joins now the earth
Messenger wants to send you on a trip. Enter today.

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