

Lex Zaleta

"Left Behind"

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Each defeated city
Crawls into dark corners
To lick its mortal wounds.

The picture's not pretty
As the last stark mourners
Mumble their dirge-like tunes.

The high have been brought low;
The mighty have fallen
On the hardest of times.

Soon, the people will know
It's the Grim Reaper callin'
Them out for their crimes.

It's the same old story,
Just another category,
Just like before He
Froze time.

This world keeps revolving,
But we're not evolving -
No closer to solving
Those crimes.

Patience was a virtue,
Honor still had meaning,
And good men ruled the land.

Now, they come and search you,
Do some spring housecleaning,
Call Bibles contraband.

It's the same old story,
Just another category,
Just like before He
Froze time.

This world keeps revolving,
But we're not evolving -
No closer to solving

Those crimes.

The demise of these towns
Can mean only one thing
To those folks left behind.

Above all other sounds
Is that cold church bell ring -
The death knell of mankind.

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