

## **E-craft**

### **"Crawlers"**

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Once you were alive  
Respected like a god...  
But after you had died  
You carried the dead's rod.

Bad ones fear your claw,  
The others like your grace,  
But people who are crawling,  
Will never find a place.

When you were reborn

Fear increased too much,  
The dusk followed the dawn  
You made yourself to judge.

Disliked crawling creatures,  
They hunt for your goodwill.  
You crush them with the force,  
Of your endangered skill.

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