

Ancient "The Truth Unveiled"

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An innocent little girl,
Hungry for wisdom,
But she searches in places so unsafe,
Unaware, and uncautious

A dark and rainy, Sunday afternoon
At the misty field, over the hill,
She's walking alone, on her own little paths,
Knowing nothing of what this day will bring

As she is standing by the pond,
Her eyes catch a glimpse
Of a shiny, white shape

Heart beating faster now, as she approaches the form
Nervous but helplessly drawn,
To see what's before her eyes

As she's coming closer, she's struck with fear
Before her feet, lies an angel, bleeding!

Her wings torn, asunder,
Like a helpless prey,
Consumed by a vicious beast!

Her figure drenched in blood,
Seeming nearly, human,
As she is lying there,
Like a helpless victim

As she gaze into her eyes,
A voice from beyond enter her mind,
A frightening tale of the final truth,
A tale from the land of the dead.

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