

The Norwood Family

"Placating The Angry Mob"

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Flashes of fire and torches ablaze
A shriek for dear life makes itself known
It prevails through the chaos:
It pierces their frenzied roar

And the scene, it gnaws at my senses
Yet, Here I stand

My voice is trembling, but fills the scene
Through my hesitation I strive to convene

As...
This gathering becomes my own
Etch into my skin, forever remember
My own words

Not only on these dusty gallows
But on principle here I stand

Of all these ill-omens:
The least is the threat
Become us, false friends
And destroy all we let

"Oh, what man may within him hide,
Although angel on the outward side"

Striving to better, as time will tell
We'll give into fear and we'll mar what was well

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