

Lost Relics

Misery Signals

A day of reckoning will come when the false men who cowered will be left abandoned. Pleading for an end

Warming themselves by the ashes and the embers of martyrs Martyrs that they never understood

They will be lost. Buried in the sands of time Relics disgraced from an era forgotten Far too consumed by the allure of wealth to be concerned for the backs on which they stood

The weak and broken, the castaways out in the cold they will be left abandoned by those who claim to care

Those who stand proudly on the wrong side of history, mark my words- Your time will come

The heartless will be the sick and the dying left with nowhere to turn I hope I have the strength to help them in their time of need, To forgive them, though I know they never would have done the same