

Bemoan the Martyr

Cryptopsy

In a moment's notice,
The truth has accelerated within.
I witnessed a subsidence,
I witnessed a deterioration begin.

This message you have left,
Whether it was intended or not,
Has left us all confounded.
Your incentives seem to have eluded us.

You may, have escaped,
But you've, only delayed, your fate.

There does not appear to be a valid explanation,
For such destructive actions,
In your last moments you reached up,
But you had already condemned yourself.

Gathered, in mourning,
A sea of tears flood the aisles.
They are broken, they are pleading.
Their faces, are red and, slightly blotched, with, pride.

This is no solution,
This is not considered retribution.
Your jaded notions,
Have overthrown your judgment.

Loved ones, supporting in hope to reconcile.
This destruction, you so selfishly designed.

When will you see, the pain, the lies,
The hurt, you've dealt, to all of us.

We'll just have to, hold the memories,
Live life through, an hourglass stare,
Sanctify, your fading legacies.

And rectify, this jaded, finally.

Repent your sins, in order to condemn the lies.
You have foretold, in order to rely,
Breaking through each silent, cry.

You may, have escaped,
But you, only delayed.