

... And Their Consequence

Being As An Ocean

We are not born with hate!
It's learned and observed as we grind out our days.
Handed down from those held close,
the ones we are supposed to trust the most.
Sins of the father, continued legacy or learned lesson?
No, this must go no further.

Scripts handed down to those held close.
They'll be the ones to pay for the path we chose.
That angelic child, a perfect prayer in heart,
"Let no bad happen. Let no bad happen."

She ran out of her room, tiny soft white womb.
"Daddy, please stop hurting Mommy.
It scared me so bad when I saw her in that hospital bed.
Please, daddy, I'm getting scared again.
Say: I love you. Say: I'm sorry. Let's just go to bed."

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The coldness of man looked down on innocence; hate blinding his compassion,
turned his rage on his child, left lifeless among the presents.

Father-given. Son-received. Red flows down the family tree.

We can break the legacy of rage;
the same evil that lay innocence to waste.
Love and forgiveness can break the chains.
We must not pass down our father's sin
before they have begun to live, mar our children.
Our sons must not inherit our shame!
Be the one to turn the page. I beg you.