

## Wildlife

## Converge

And the wildlife was hunted not for heart but the hide  
To warm the bones of cowards that were left behind  
And the lotus wilts with the guilt of the wasted time  
What does it say about the ones who never even tried  
Under constant pressure, diamonds in the rough  
Only way to light is fighting through the dirt  
Born into such a cruel, cruel world  
Survival can be such a cruel, cruel curse  
Best of intentions will grow horns in sleep  
Without a sense of purpose outside the dream  
And our wounds are so noble but still we must see  
There may not be answers in the reasons that we bleed  
Preciously violent, beautifully abhorrent