

## Vagrant God

### Funeral

No one could deem this an end  
Yet there is no grave for you to tend  
The feathers fell to dark intrigue  
A tell-tale praise - a solemn need  
Reconciled with torment fraught  
Swallowed down the throat of nought  
Your hands lay bleeding with regret  
The night when angels sorely wept  
The manic sea of smothered cries  
Ran in his blood, poured in his eyes  
Yet the unrest would pine away  
In solitude where death holds sway  
So this is how credence declines  
All words come down and laughter pines  
A vagrant god released from debt  
Discouraged yet - who will forget?  
Their failing stare - despondency  
The nature of his entity  
The heartfelt warmth of which they sought  
To brace comfort, he shelters not  
Black rivers dug into the earth  
Bearing out the human worth  
He owns no awe, no love to crave  
Only his death would have them saved