

Though we later may walk
In a valley in a shadow of death
What should we logically fear?
Perhaps the complacent urge for a deity
To make us whole and guide us through
To fulfil an image that is cloudy at best
Where was the help previously
When appeals went unheard?
Huge effort expended in devotion
For nothing in return
Grimly clinging, predetermined
To prop up an image that is cloudy at best
Resigned rigid, predetermined
To covet a vision that is forced on the rest
Life becomes an exercise in cutting down your options
Existing becomes a joyless parade to the end
Life becomes a platform from which to attack free thought
Existing becomes a prison where self-discovery's
forbidden
The fatalist
Any fool starting afresh would surely ditch this
After two-thousand years of schism
Only irreligious hearts can do the saving