

Inside this infant shell
I prematurely came of age
A childhood's remnants
For nightmares of abysmal suffering

I carried the burden
To the edges of my soul
To spread the tale for those
Who are forced to scream without a mouth

You thousands, you millions
Behold the sound of my voice
You children of children
Remember the sound of my voice
Harbinger of the past
Keeper of a better tomorrow?

My eyes have gazed into a vortex of brutality
From the undertow
I surfaced and was washed ashore
I am an orphan, yet a child to all my memories

I am alone
Yet there are so many more
Like me

One of millions
Descended into chaos
Victims of minds infected
With all consuming hate

The rain of all these tears
Has cleansed my mind of anger
It has erased the urge
To retaliate