

Never Healing Wound

Sodom

Secluded by generalities
No eyes saw them before
Exiled and damned from birth till death
Rejected by their parents
Locked up as beasts
No clergy brought their souls to bless

Never ending pain
In the hour of their death
Driven to their tomb
By never healing wounds

Nobody perceived the cries
No famine got appeased
In hospitals of infanticide
Killers camouflaged
As harmless pediatricist
Children found no place to hide

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In the hour of their death
Driven to their tomb
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With excrements soiled bodies
Starved by malnutrition
Whooping cough and AIDS disease
Now the regime is overthrown
Memorials are raised
But hopes to survive will freeze

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In the hour of their death
Driven to their tomb
By never healing wounds