

Victim of Life

Bitter ruins of sorrowed night
When darkness overtook the light
To turn the shadows bloody white
And danced the demons with delight.
For dagger that hang in thy hand
Drew to slay another man
And dug a whole to bury land
And cover his body over with sand.
While in this darkness no one cried
Though a man with honor died
While others watched but no one tried.
Was it death or suicide?
No yellow eyes or evil hate
Just a feeling that couldn't wait
That leaped out from behind its gate
And will only be recalled as fate.

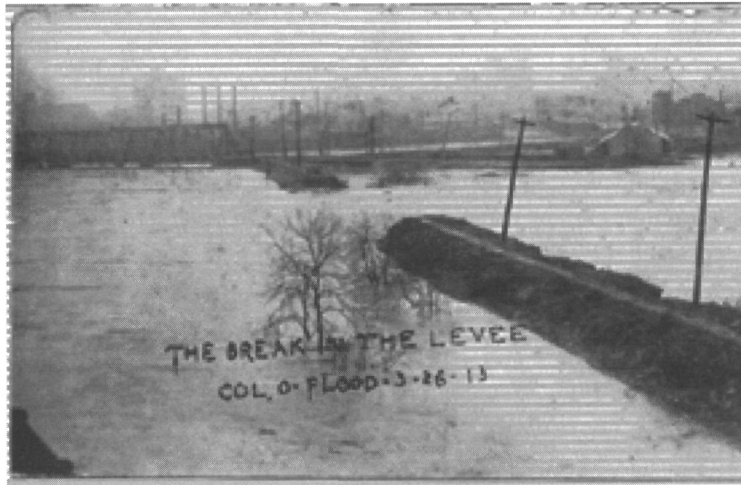


photo provided by Shellie Shirk