

A World Revolves in Past Regret

A world revolves in past regret
Where men persist with stolen breath
Avenging souls cannot forget
Those pains enduring after death.
No laws existing shall dismiss
The rage beyond mortal control
Those wronged, alone in their abyss
Cry out for us to pay their toll.
Be wary should you cross the brink
And find yourself alone and lost,
Before the eye has time to blink;
Too late to see those bridges crossed.
But blame me not for what you feel,
I am not he who turns the wheel.

