

"Troubled lands"

What's done can't be undone, I'm not the chosen one.
A seed that should've never been conceived; brought forth
unto this world of evil deeds.

An embryo fed upon violence; dormant in a world of silence.
Alcohol and fear - A Mother's womb amiss, infinite salty
tears; an embryo saved by an Angel's kiss.

Expanding brain in a world so insane; quite insane, surely
a son of Cain - yet I walk without shame. No care for a
bloody tomorrow, while trapped in a world of cold pain
and sorrow.

A human-god they say can save me from a cold, indifferent
grave - But tell me, what is there to really save?

Bloody dreams - Dying screams, bloodied hands, all
across these god-forsaken troubled lands.

David "BX" Bauguess