

Winding Road  
Thomas Williams

The dawn of youth was lost, and the price was shattered sanity,  
The shortened blackheart run was a heavy cost profanity.  
Children of the damned- with the darkness of the stain,  
They curse a bitter sun that is bright and filled with pain.  
Outlawed tunes to echo of the emptiness of soul,  
With substance they will fill-that empty God shaped hole.  
And nothing is to still -the angry screaming voice,  
While conscience they will kill-with morbid blackened choice.  
And hearts of wives and mothers-are slaughtered in the way,  
As children would give birth to the hate they would repay.  
They trudge the winding road as the piper gives his call,  
To lead them off the path as they slowly give him all.  
And when his lie is spoken and his native sound is heard,  
The power of the air with his venom in his word.  
The lives that they will torture as they trudge the empty path,  
While the lying one does whisper an exemption from His wrath.  
For the end shall finally come as the soul begs for release,  
To find a final home- and far from lasting peace.  
The soul will live forever-where the worm it does not die,  
Where weeping does not cease- and the fires fill the sky.  
The cruelest lesson learned is that life by death was kissed,  
In the twinkling of an eye-great eternity is missed.  
It matters how we live-and whom we do receive,  
For mercy will He give for his love cannot deceive.  
And forever on His wing- as the son is glorified,  
A sword came from His mouth and His word it did abide.  
The shadows name was death and it slithered to the lake,  
Tortured by a thought of the one he could not take.  
But the Lion King did Conquer as He roared out His Decree:  
The Final Sting Is Over- My Children Are Set Free!!!