

The Marred Gift of God

It is something that the world remembers you after death,
But for a moment I would burn our love and reclaim my freedom,
As in our times it is a convenience not a dedication.

It is a wonder that God still has faith in humans,
For they have mutilated the grand design,
And changed living to a process than a phenomenon it is.

The sunrise still reveals the wonder of nature,
But the world runs by a dollar,
Our best hopes are materialistic.

Why have we surrendered to physicality,
Where have we lost the spirit of grand ideas,
Why isn't sacrifice the great bliss?

What was given to man and what he has done with it
Will remain forever a dagger in man's heart,
Our loss immeasurable.

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