

Remnants of Hate

Master

It's out of sight, out of mind, excuses evolve from the frequent design.
The steps of abuse, a continuous slide, they dictate a strict set of rules to abide.
A false sense of calm as two worlds collide, many entombed with a sick sense of pride,
are later exhumed as their peace is denied. The follower of the eternal divide.

The mirror's an illusion, we only see what we want to see.
An unnerving sense of conclusion, the lepers roam freely, affecting the tide.

The forests are filled with the remnants of hate,
and below the surface our peace is at stake,
When will the youth of today come and take,
precautions against the final mistake.