

# The Symmetry of Hatred

## Stampin' Ground

As still as a tomb, where only memories roam  
No birds sing here, yet silence speaks volumes  
About tortured times, when man was blind  
And innocence died at the hands of genocide  
Lest we forget  
Prayers fall upon ears of the dead  
Drowning the bleat of sacrificial lambs  
Condemned to an eternity of bleeding  
Trapped in the teeth of demons  
Fifty years on, the oppression remains  
Haunted by the ghosts of the slain  
And now we walk this cursed ground  
The magnitude of suffering's like a shroud  
Let the death camps remain  
As epitaphs to pain  
Or have we learnt nothing despite their deaths?  
Do we credit ourselves too much intelligence?  
Is the harbinger of pain but a heartbeat away?  
Are we still ignorant and fearful despite what we say?

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