Mockers

UnSun

What was best,
was fiercely crushed.
they killed the dreams,
and now they are gone.
Sneering smiles
mocking looks
pointing out sins,
they hide in their nooks.The bloodthirsty band creeps out of the murk
the gun of sharp words on the verge of the dark,
to finish off our tainted hearts,
all that we saved torn apart.How can they know,
that thanks to their mumble
they turn into gold
the defeat of the crumbled.
These shadowless men,
how can they know,
the power of the scorned
is letting dreams go.Merciless speech
merciless acts
words made of lead
of beasts so voracious.
Sneering laughter,
mocking glances,
envious faces,
and lack of tolerance.The bloodthirsty band creeps out of the murk
the gun of sharp words on the verge of the dark,
to finish off our tainted hearts,
all that we saved torn apart.How can they know,
that thanks to their mumble
they turn into gold
the defeat of the crumbled.
These shadowless men,
how can they know,
the power of the scorned
is letting dreams go.

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