A Letter to God

London After Midnight

Is this life this degradation
this pointless game, humiliation
Born to die, we're born to lose
and not one choice we make we choose
And when this life is at an end
we find that Death's our only friend
Must we suffer through your games, oh Lord?
Can God really be so bored?We waste our lives destroying, hating,
while beneath our flesh a skull lies waiting
Blind to beauty blind to love,
we fear of our loving Lord above
Some live their lives to play their games,
some live as victims, the insane
Your experiment oh Lord has failed
and I trust that when we meet you will forgive usIt's futile so I'll end this note
and find a knife and slit my throat
and come to track you down oh Lord
you better watch your back,
be sure that when we meet you'll be surprised
no loving praise, no glee filled cries
Just pain and hate and tear filled sighs
and the question in the end is "Why?"

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