

# 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 us It'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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