

Martyrs

Carrier Flux

look at me, I am the crippled now
could you ever hold me again?
Did you ever look and see what I was
Ever was I known when I was true?
And if this is all I am
Then peace becomes my rotten soul
They split themselves apart
And chase away those adored
they leave behind the binding hope
they chose to fight, in fear of this
I hear a million cries
pleas: only _to be heard_
I see a million smiles
pasted on faces of pain
they are scaling worlds
oblivious to their own
all for fear of being hurt
all for fear of being known
all on their own
never asking on
they fall
martyrs for lies

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