

Inquiry to the People

Oh, humanity
To present those such a fate.
Must they die inside?
And to those spurned by life,
Do they feel touched?

What of those who know no love?
Have they no right?
Would you gloss them over
As the wicked masses,
And take their selves?

To those different,
What makes you?
If you say it is so,
Then I say:
Look in the mirror.

For we are the masses,
The unadorned grave.
We are all spurned.
You speak of Destiny,
Well what of it?