

Faded Grey, Scarecrow

A child beaten to death because he didn't fit
into their mold of what's right and wrong.
Ostracized because he chose to live free of lies.
Ignorance took his life.
Left out in the cold to die
and we wonder why
people hide themselves away
from a world that doesn't understand.
This world doesn't understand.
Poisoned minds
judged him when he stepped out from behind
the safety of the closet door.
Evil eyes
lynched him a thousand times before he died.
Fear wrapped the noose around his neck.
When will we see that true love holds validity
no matter who's involved?
The hatred we project
toward those who may be different
must meet an end.
Left out in the cold to die
and we wonder why
people hide themselves away
from a world that doesn't understand.
This world doesn't understand.
What can we say for ourselves
when we stand by with idle minds
and let hatred run it's course?