

# 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 its course?