

Salem, Fear Of The Future

She is the fear of th future.
Rising out from the womb,
A black, looming figure.

The white, bloody sheets.
Her eyes, gripped with terror.

Our fate is so uncertain,
But still we bear the offspring.
How shall I face the future
In a world of hate and disease?

The blood inside is pure,
Sheltered by the womb,
Birth is stained with blood
That is no longer pure.

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A black, looming figure.