

# Luxt, Matthew 10:12

What ugly crime could bring such retribution?  
What was the line crossed in cowardly minds?  
Was it a game set up for vile amusement?  
Or just a lack of shame brought on by some abuse?

What did you feel? Such thoughts just make me shudder.  
Unkindly real. Pain from one to another.  
Were you in shock? When did it cross your mind?  
They would not stop. Your final seconds signed.

Was it so cold that snow touched Wyoming night?  
I was so near. Unaware of your strife.  
I never knew you, but still something inside wants you to know  
that more than once I've cried for you.

If I could meet you. If I could see you.  
If I could breathe you. If I could touch you.  
If I could help you. If I could hope to.  
If I could be you. Still would I know you?

Within myself, I fight the urge to distribute hell.  
Unleash what is deserved.  
Within myself - the same evil of man.  
I look for other ways to make the weak ones understand.