

Broken Lullaby

Once upon a time it was true,
It meant everything to you,
Kept happiness and childlike views,
Safe under innocent church pews.

Your forlorn reverence so far,
From shadows to demons you spar,
Long for days that never did scar,
Keep them in your canopic jar.

Life kills the dreams of souls,
Left like some long insensate coals,
When your pure heart had no controls,
Broken lullaby on lost scrolls.