

Don't Let the Bastard Win!

By Mark Edgemon

Deep in the heart of every good boy
Is a darkness, lurking to be free
Searching for a craves, maybe two or three

Rising up through
Little girls too
Darkening the light they once knew

It's sad to see the marred faces
Of the children meant for light
Who when shrouded by fear, were afraid to fight

The parade of the world's lost souls
Are walking toward damnation
Who won't ponder the truth, for a moment's hesitation

What is this prevalent darkness
Which leads so many to the abyss?
That brings lives to ruin, to such an end as this

In many the bastard abides
In all their steps, he guides
He is known by one name, pride

The pride in man is wicked
Wherever the sin may lie
When it corrupts a soul, it is sure, that soul will die

Pride has been since the beginning of time
The devil knows it well
It was for this, he was judged and cast into hell

But the war fought in the spirit
Can be seen as well as felt
The victory that's gained, happens only when, a faithful soul has knelt

So think on this rhyme, when darkness comes
Don't let the bastard win
For it is his purpose, only to pull, all souls into sin

God has shown what prayer is for
No one needs to know more

Just don't forget, what pride goes before.