

# Holocaust

By Robin Lipinski

Simmering embers after they died still smolder,  
Years past the newly planted flowers.

New is a relative term, new today, old tomorrow.  
So is hate,  
Love,  
Progress,  
Fate...

Religion spun like a web where those spiders feed,  
To trap a mind tight,  
Only to suck it dry while angels cry and God is the only One,  
Who knows why.

You burn your finger in fire when young, vowing never to repeat,  
Then those young come along, never learning from history,  
Never listening to wisdom,  
Only to their own heartbeat.

New or old, it remains the same  
And there will always remains those that say,  
"Follow me, we're right!"

So when you read these words,  
Try something hard,  
Give up hate as your birthright,  
Then the spider will have no feed.

The End