**HEAVENSENT**

Cross My Heart.

Hope To Die.

Cannot Fib.

Nor Tell A Lie.

True To My Very I Of I.

Where In My Spirit Heart

Soul Atman Lie.

I Cannot But Help

To Weep Mourn  Cry.

For Rockets. Bombs. Shells.

Lung Searing Gas.

Severed Heads.

Death Bells What Knell.

Slaughter En Mass.

Eye For Eye.

Stark. Faceless.

Named. Nameless.

Countless Dead.

Pray How Such

Eternal Carnage

Come To Pass.

Babes Innocents.

Women Children.

Prime Hoary Men.

Targets De Flag

Creed Color De Skin.

From Why Where Whence.

Say Perchance Perhaps.

It May Be Said.

Such Tragic Mad

Bane De Peace.

Be Heaven Sent.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 11/25/15.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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