**WHY FORE.**

Why Fore Do Only Good Die Young.

Step Through Ethereal Dreaded Velvet Door .

Suppose It Be Because.

Say. Pray. What World Hath Become.

Yet Why Must Be

They All So Vanquished.

Poor.

One Ponders Why.

They Have To Die.

Say Pray How Many More.

Souls Of Subdued Subjugated Just.

Must Wail Moan Cry.

As They Sound Songs Of Captive Agony.

Avec Self Same

Ancient Pleas

De Those Tragic Conquered Suppressed Oppressed.

Who Have Known Death.

From Path Of Such Void Of Righteousness.

As In Those Dark Black Days Of Yore .

When Pope Inquired.

King Did Crusade.

All Manner Of Torture Torment Genocide Transpired.

With Touch Of Holy Fire.

Cruel Slash Thrust

Of Ordained Blade.

Yes Yet One Must Still.

Cry Out Raw Cry Of Cry.

De Why Of Why.

Must It Be So True For Evermore .

It Only Be Young Good Who Died.

Passed. Dead. Mort.

Cast Through That Dark Cold Portal Door.

They E'er Be So Dreadful Poor.

Why Why. Why.

Why Fore.

Why Fore.

Why Fore.

PHILLIP PAUL.

12/25/16.

Rabbit Creek At High Noon.

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