

Broken

Woe. Out of the darkness they came.
They are living in fear, and dying in shame.
Struggling through life, they hit the wall.
All of them stumble. All of them fall.
Neglected, beaten, raped, and abused.
Oppressed, tormented, afflicted, and used.
Tortured souls trudging along totally lost.
They continue in misery, at great human cost.
Do their lives really matter? Each one has spoken.
Respond with love to those who are broken.

Wasted lived, all of them, still living in pain.
Lost in their madness, they have nothing to gain.
The forces of evil cast their horrible spell.
This wretched existence is an endless hell.
Wounded and scarred by brutal attacks.
They endure cruel and horrible acts.
Bitter tears of sorrow from those who have cried.
Desolate silence from those who have died.
Do their lives really matter? Each one has spoken.
Respond with love to those who are broken.

Crushed and defeated, they are hopeless bound.
Such a heavy price to pay for coming around.
Complete chaos and havoc is what they live.
Immersed in mayhem, they have nothing to give.
Hungry and damaged, they are barely alive.
Under life's rubble, they can hardly survive.

They continually live their lives in despair.
They are desperate and in need of our care.
Do their lives really matter? Each one has spoken.
Respond with love to those who are broken.

Gordon V. Smith

Inspiration: *Sad Cloud Happy Bullets* by C. J. Hungerman