

# Terror

The day stretched out before commuters, tense,  
head down, and purpose led. The platform crammed  
with workers' sluggish shoulders pressed against  
a narrow-minded missionary of damned  
hatred. And this his creed, his one intent -  
to tear apart and mutilate this land.  
He detonates his load and lives are gone.  
A sacred cull, a martyr's kingdom come.

Amid the slaughtered stricken innocents,  
this blind ambassador of cruelty lies -  
a testament to bitterness prevents  
one child to see, to say his last goodbyes,  
to breathe. Then stories of the grim events  
soon echo to a fallen world that cries.  
As culture reels assaulted, butchered for  
a primitive belief and festering sore.

