Count Your Blessings

By Umby

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You stare solemn too long, get off your knees. What prayer of yours was ever heeded? Tantalizing others gains you no meed with the divine. Learn to walk before you run; learn to think before you chant.

Your tomes are written with the ink of the requiem. Are your deities still born form bloodshed? Shall I worship the One whom taught the King, Or shall I conceive my own God tomorrow?

Translate the meanings of your own chants, And carry your own broken cross. There's nothing you can do, shifting from shotguns to halos. Count your blessings, and realize how they are so few.