Dark Secrets

No mankind shall escape it

An unpleasant fact to admit

The weight that it bears

No burden can compare

It's always there Lingering 'bout the air

Deceive the believers

No task could be simpler

But to make a fool of oneself
A lie that will not sell

So be heard or be hurt What was done cannot revert

T's futile, pondering ways to change the past Nor can the fact

While time lasts...

by N.T. Nightlock