

MERCY MAYBE

Aleijd Howell

For in that day when I make up my jewels,
I prepare for Him,
And in some way I discern no difference.
Boys revel in the roadside we felt the need to caper years on we
caper still.
It was in these regards they reckoned you idle;
In this regard our feeble arrived.

Passage read callous,
I denied, I denied, I denied.
For in that day when my neck shall glisten with gems paid for in rue,
I hope to be laid true, in flaunt.

On this day the LORD hearkened to me,
I find comfort in the whisper of your gospel,
No more.

Only then I cower and beg *mercy maybe,*
Awaiting retribution.

