

Wolves hidden skin

No harm to been seen within daylight

Bloodshed through moonlight

Is it because the lamb is fearful?

Haunting prey through the bushes

The lamb quietly runs until lightning hits

The lamb will be missed now that his wool is gone

Wolves strike again within night

Will anyone hear the lambs call?

There will become a ruler, his weapon is his words

No longer claws

Only facts to regain ones peace

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