

Crimson Regret

Her wilting body weeps crimson tears
For the loss of a soul it once held dear.
Her eyes, once young, fix a cloudy stare
On the blackened door to the liar's lair.

A life of chances to kneel and pray
For passage down the Father's lighted way.
A simple acceptance of His love,
To follow the flight of the homeward dove.

With indecision she made her choice
To disregard the Father's loving voice.
Crumbling beneath the weight of her debt,
She lies in a pool of crimson regret.