

Child of midnight,  
Birthed in fire,  
Bathed in moon light,  
Stands upon mire.

Eyes so frightening,  
Tongue of thunder clash,  
Will of lightning,  
Words bitter of ash.

They not for churches,  
Unsung for reason,  
Looked upon from perches,  
Pain of perpetual lesion

Unwelcome under steeple,  
We'll not have them in pew,  
Rejected of the people,