

One life, one chance, perhaps a matter of ignorance,

Persecution, suffering, the cost of a chance glance;

Believing in yourself, like there is no-one else around;

Being pig headed and people want you in the ground.

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Ignorance, a possibility of indulgence to beat others,

Thinking your superior and that no-one else matters;

Like there is no-one else in the world beside yourself,

As if it only means just how much I can make myself.

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Maybe I'm a big shot, to bring down one from on high,

Like flying around in heaven with hell below the sky;

The sin of the son is the sun with enough awareness,

Which is ignorance to the self, seeming to care less.

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Perhaps I might find one to show some affection to,

One of the opposite sex, who is passionate for you;

But ignorance directs you to some unwanted cause,

If your silly could lead to criminality and such laws.

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God grant I may find another kind of consciousness,

If servant hood or stewardship is conscientiousness;

I think that belief in a leaf is life, not in paper or tree,

So I will try not to let the ignorance all overcome me.

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Impudence or arrogance are both another possibility,

Instead discovering the truth in being a good apostle;

In a marriage where ignorance is all banned by love,

Where God has the reigns of the carriage from above.

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**Signed,**

**Please say please.**