Innocence Lost

Fresh paint covers
Where bloodshed lost
Sorrow and sadness
All happiness gone
Fear struck through
As bullets rang out
Some innocence fell
Some innocence lost
Alone stands a man
No longer a boy
No guilt or remorse
How could this be so?
Yet, how can we hate?
This young boy now forced to be a man
He could have been your son, my brother, our friend
How would we have known?
The only guilt we should see
should be our own
Sometimes we don’t listen
Sometimes we can’t see
the silent crying out
until one day
all innocence is lost