

Whatever You May Believe

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Just a poem I typed up. Came from the depts of me mind. Cheers to those who choose to read this poem.

0. Whatever You May Believe

As angels of stone
They stand there strong
Protection against pain
Their mouths open in sweet silent song

As angels of ice
Formed of frigid frost
A beauty of nature
Yet forever coldness was the cost

As angels of the skies
They soar through the air
Pristine white wings
Flutter soundlessly in synchronized pair

Many say that these angels
Are there just for show
A false sense of security and comfort
Is why they say, but what do they know?

Yet some still say
That these angels are really there
That they really do help
And they really do care

Whatever you believe
Decides what you see
Whether it be
Unbelieving and disagree
Or comfort and wonderful glee