FIRE

O blackened hull of brick and wood!
You slew your master where he stood,
And 'ere your reddened fingers crept
To murder his children as they slept.
Yes, you whose dwelling was their home
Reduced to ash their flesh and bone.

O blackened hall of fiery doom!
You sent each one to fill the tomb,
And like the true courier of death
You stole their life from every breath.
The cries of pain you put aside,
And every plea for mercy denied.

O blackened memories of flame!
To take their lives was just a game;
And every mortal only true
To kindle smoldering embers anew.
O fiery pyre, how deeply cruel
That bones and timber are equal fuel.

E. Roebuck