

The Song of Rahab

She, who the woman was not in accord
Bleeds anathema to the town in gloom
She'll tell a saga of the scarlet cord
Bound to a window of the darkest room
She stared at the imminent holocaust
Inevitably, she tried not to cry
Thinking what a dreadful nightmare the most
Her eyes were vivid under the dull sky
While her hair was loose and blown by zephyr
Her thoughts drifted to a pledge of mercy
Living at the edge of novel river
Aimed for the fountain of love never see
Empyrean opened for a disgrace
The warmth of Phoebus covered her new face

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