

# *One Wing* *for Etheridge*

*They took you  
From me*

*Like Vultures  
Laying claim  
To the strength of your bones*

*Scavenger's scent  
they wait  
To pounce on  
Old Dead Meat*

*There is no solace  
For those with Demon Eyes  
Who claim  
strength from bones*

*With out your strength  
They have  
only One Wing*

*And cannot fly*

*Until Tomorrow*

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