Lost in Thought

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Was this the purpose,
Men ever were created for.
How mean they made
That ever was exalted.
Not faith but dogma,
Designed to aim that,
Barely fertile, caring.
Piety shown, character frail.
Money and wealth ever,
Accompany the class.
Tends towards the crass.
Walls created of bigot,
Hatred shown to distance.
Changing minds with attempting lies.
Faith turned to devil’s cause.
Away from thy blasphemy,
Stuck where thou stand.
The wings have expanded.
My eyes could see,
The fresh life gifted,
Thou art damned to wrath.