

mens rea

Irbisgreif

If you did a thing and you knew it was wrong,
If your guilt did sing out in a sickening tune,
A sin that atoning would just take so long
That you saw forming seeds of pure evil in bloom,

Your crime so severe that forgiveness is moot,
And all men revere would condemn you to hell,
Where even the sear of brimstone and soot
Wouldn't—you fear—clense you too well,

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Could it cleanse your soul to burn your mind?
Would that be the goal, an innocent brain,
To feel yourself whole and pure, to find
The guilt-depths a shaol, with no crime to explain?

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Well, what would you do, if you could forget
And soothe away every pain and regret?