

# A Kind Satanist

I fell down one day  
Just like I had done all those days before  
But this day was different from every other day  
I thought I would not ever get up again  
Like my legs were made of the very last straw

Then a strange man  
Extended an open hand  
My eyes fixed onto his  
Looking for tricks or lies  
But I found nothing but this:  
A man filled with kindness

He helped me back onto my feet  
And said, "We were meant to meet"  
Again I looked at the man's hands  
Definitely no strings attached, still the same  
Helpful hand  
Of a kind  
Strange  
Man

As he winked his eye he gave me his card  
And then he said, "Life doesn't have to be hard"  
Printed on the card nothing but this:  
'A Kind Satanist'  
I looked back and he was walking away  
Something said I shouldn't call him, but rather do the same...

I don't fall down anymore  
Because hours after our meeting I went to a mall  
Found an automatic business card machine  
Dropped plenty of coins into it – firmly standing on my feet  
Made myself a few dozen cards with nothing but this:  
'A Kind Satanist'