

## The Cry of the Forgotten

Homeless, oh homeless  
Living in the streets, no place to rest  
They brave the cold and the rain  
Their resilience, a sight to behold and sustain

With no roof over their head  
And no bed to lay on, they're often misread  
As lazy or worthless by society's view  
But little do they know of their struggle and value

They're not just numbers or statistics  
But human beings with dreams and logistics  
Their story is one of hardship and pain  
But their spirit remains unbroken, as they face it with grace and refrain

Homeless, oh homeless  
May your tomorrow be filled with progress  
For your strength is beyond measure  
And your worth, something we should treasure.