

Armored Saint, Damaged

Loathsome
Glum is commonplace
Lonely
Longing for a face
Dwelling in the shadows
There's a darker side still
Once what was wide open
Is closed and unfulfilled

Acceptance
A need that I can't understand
Some uninvited guest
Is whispering demands
Damage

Private and off the beaten track
Bulwarked, so as not to get shellacked
As I sit in solitary confinement
Which I choose
Bewildered and stumped
By the many ways I lose

Some uninvited guest is tugging at my hand
Sap the energy and corrode the order of the day
Pigeon feet touch the ground, mind is disarray