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