

Redemption, The Origins Of Ruin

Hand on heart, head in hands
The light is fading now, it cannot pierce the darkness
Nothing left to build upon
Except the mounting fear that none of this was worth it

Hand on pen, pen to page
Focus though I may, my words have failed
Emptiness consuming me
The shadows of my broken hope play in the dying night

Tears in eyes, eyes wide open
Staring at the glass
The face I see knows everything
-words I've written
-letters never sent

only signposts marking out
The origins of ruin