

Sevenfold Image, Childhood

From this nightmare,
A deep breath
Helps me to sympathize,
Surrounded, by my present darkness,
A slight turn
Catch a glimpse on the wall

Every night, I twist and hollar
Failing memories fading fast
Caught up, in the morning after,
Drawn back, tore back, paralyzed

Teardrops, fill all these lines
The wounded cry out to the vine
My hurting sins keeping me down
Falling faster spun to the ground

I will set nothing, wicked
Before my eyes,
I will not know, of your wickedness
Not at all