

# 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