

Tandjent, I Remain

Crushing my hopes in silence
In a fit of maniacal rage
Displacing them all
With your cold malevolence

Smashing with stones of despair
Pour on molten mistrust
Testing the temper
Steel forged in blind devotion

I remain
I will remain
When your demons have passed
When hell is far away

Dignity torn, lacerated
With your ravenous strength
Pulled to shredded pieces
But not so divided

Spirit hurled to concrete walls
Shattering doom as fragile wood
Shocking blast of impact
But cannot be so splintered

I remain
I will remain
When your demons have passed
When hell is far away

Shrink, shrivel, drained
Eaten from within
Pale, palsied, frail
Writhing, weak, and wretched

Your will-less scorn has bore through my bones
But still I remain unbroken
Miserable yet unbroken