

# Atrox, Serenity

In a transparent myriad of men  
I stand, transfixed  
I am lost, searching

"Am I the Crestfallen?" I ask  
There is no light...  
"Am I the Blinded?" I ask  
...nor serenity

Redeem me, I yearn  
I yearn for an answer  
I am lost, searching

"Am I to vanish like water?" I ask  
The desert is my daily bread...  
"Am I to wither like trodden grass?" I ask  
...and tears of threefold my drink

Redeem me, I yearn  
I am lost, dear God  
Redeem me from this nothingness