

Becoming The Archetype, Endure

This life is an open wound that will not heal
I cry out to God with all of my strength
Desperately I reach for Him in the night
This misery keeps my eyes from closing
Keeps my mouth from being able to speak
Is this as far as the arm of God extends
Has the fire burned itself out
There is no profit in this way of thinking
I must escape this frame of mind
And when I think of all He has done
When I consider all that He is
I am complete