

# Cry Of The Afflicted, Tale Of A Soul

I stumble in the mist,  
My walk is bent,  
My strength drifts away  
It's drowning in the silt  
I bleed myself, I fall asleep;  
In waking all is lost, without the pain  
What will stanch the blood?  
I'm falling down  
All that I had, all that I am,  
Will stain the sand  
In darkness falls,  
The worst story I've ever told  
The tale of my soul  
Can you take me from the ground,  
Where my ghost was born,  
And your life found, carry me away  
And now I'm safe, my wounds will heal,  
I'll never return to this haunted grave  
Lift me up and soar  
I've gone away  
All that I had, all that I was,  
Has gone with the tide  
In sunlight's rise,  
The best story I've ever told  
The tale of my soul  
Do you recall, the poem, whispers on my lips,  
The things I wrote, keep them close