

Extol, Lost In Dismay

All is lost
My will to live was taken today
The fire that used to burn
My heart
Blown out cold
By winds too great
To hold at bay
All is lost
Purpose and cause
Betrayed
Humility torn
From my fingers
Snatched
Hope has turned
And clouded grey
Who will take the pain
And shield me
Shape my heart
And never leave me
Empty or invisible
Who will take the pain away?