

Symphony In Peril, The Quotidian Succession

your face has cascaded down like leaves in autumn's sequence.
i see you have grown fainthearted,
famished by the quotidian succession.
the savor of the vine has left your tongue of communion,
for your wineskin has not been preserved.
you have been drawn away led astray by frivolous desire,
but this deterrent will not hold you down, nor hold you back.
lift your chin and open your eyes, for the sky is falling on you.
for in your wanting you have been found.
in your search His eyes have not turned.
return to your first love and shatter this daily cycle.