

## Damaged

## Armored Saint

Loathsome  
Glum is commonplace  
Lonely  
Longing for a face  
Dwelling in the shadows  
There's a darker side still  
Once what was wide open  
Is closed and unfulfilled

Acceptance  
A need that I can't understand  
Some uninvited guest  
Is whispering demands  
Damage

Private and off the beaten track  
Bulwarked, so as not to get shellacked  
As I sit in solitary confinement  
Which I choose  
Bewildered and stumped  
By the many ways I lose

Some uninvited guest is tugging at my hand  
Sap the energy and corrode the order of the day  
Pigeon feet touch the ground, mind is disarray