

-After the death of someone who represented the boy's only accurate depiction of a god that truly loves us, the boy begins to fear that he has been deserted and feels unloved.

My matriarch, my anchor
Was the only thing to give me grasp and connection
To what love was to me and what love could ever be.
Instead you decimate my thoughts of what a loving being I could
have been.
Now I will never reach that high.
She was the saint that had believed in me, Lord.
She was the only saint that I had eyes for.
You left me here, alone. What did I do?
I was starting to put my faith in you!
Could you not see that she was the only one that kept the single
golden thread
From being cut from truth?
Nothing stays gold, or so I am told
Now may I be so bold to say that this life is worth nothing!
I am only so young, God.
But you don't even flinch to take away my matriarch, my anchor.
Innocence is dead.
My matriarch, my anchor...is dead.