

In a transparent myriad of men
I stand, transfixed
I am lost, searching

"Am I the Crestfallen?" I ask
There is no light...
"Am I the Blinded?" I ask
...nor serenity

Redeem me, I yearn
I yearn for an answer
I am lost, searching

"Am I to vanish like water?" I ask
The desert is my daily bread...
"Am I to wither like trodden grass?" I ask
...and tears of threefold my drink

Redeem me, I yearn
I am lost, dear God
Redeem me from this nothingness