

## Forgotten Wolves

Endwell

Abandon in hopeless droves  
were the forlorn ones/the sorrowful  
bereft of love/devoid of soul  
no chosen ones/we rise and fall  
we are the woes of thousands  
the desolate/depressionists  
low and behold/cold is your world  
walk with four walls around me  
cut off from all your scorn  
deprived of all but loathing  
this life's worth so much more  
all this will cease to be/my rage begins to peak  
no more pride choking APATHY  
now more alone that you thought you could be  
all my suffering/the lies that I live and breathe  
self-reproach for the darkness in me  
self inflicted catastrophe  
when the darkness no longer exists  
just the void caused by its excess  
soon the ground beneath starts to break  
feel your foundation growing weak  
the reality will soon set in/your fears have become your  
end  
when reflection is cloaked in despair  
and the end has never been more clear  
all the bridges that you've burned out of SPITE  
have left you stranded and on the wrong side  
now your joy fades into grief  
with everything in it's WRONG PLACE