

The Roots Within

Fit for a King

The roots have dug themselves deep. Grounded down by the weight of my coated flesh. What is this that I've become? What have I become? A broken man with no regard for this life I sit here and rot behind these broken walls. I use my faith as a simulation, I use it to get me by. I must progress and give everything. I am a slave to the darkness. A slave to myself. I've dug this grave for myself, and day by day its getting deeper. My fingers are worn from trying to surface. I turn to you, this light in my chest. Oh God is it too late to pull me out of this? And then I heard your voice. This is where it ends! I will rise from the ground, from my resting place.