

Fatherless

For Today

Here's to my desire to remember what he left.
But, there was no time for sentiment as he took his final breath.

I was not too broken to hope for a helping hand, but I had to fight to find it.

Eight years old is too young to become a man; I left my hope behind me.

I was just another angry kid, growing up without a dad.
So I sold my soul for the highest bid, to get the love I never had.

Tell me who I am.
A kid that turned to the world for identity.
I can hardly stand.
Trying to find myself, I confined myself.
Now I've come to see, it was never "me" I was looking for...
It was always Him, it was always Him.

Born from a broken home.
When my father died, I was left to find my way through life alone.
Left on my own, I put my pain on display as I fought with hatred and rage.
No son should ever have to face the world without the love of his father.
I faced the world alone.
I had no one to run to, and everything to run from.
I had no one to run to, and everything to run from.
I buried my hope in the ground.
Drowning, with no one to pull me out, sinking inside my head.

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