

# 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.  
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I buried my hope in the ground.  
Drowning, with no one to pull me out, sinking inside my head.

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