

# The Broken Heart Of A Traitor

Hopesfall

will the waves of time wash away the pain in my heart?  
can i bury the knife that has pierced my soul  
or will i continue to turn it to remind me of my own blindness?  
because i find no touch of grace to surprise my eyes  
or rest my spirit  
and i have come to realize my good moments were forged in self  
deception  
and the question that plagues my mind  
is grace enough?  
to build a bridge once burned  
to fill what is hollow with the substance of virtue  
though the wings of a dove have wiped the tears from my eyes  
this tounge has fanned the flames of unforgiveness  
but love suffers long and rejoices in truth  
and this imperfect creation is shortcoming  
but striving none the less for that which is eternal