

As I Wither

In Vain

I wither like an oak with dead roots.
Leaves falling of...
Never to return. There is no spring in sight.
As I seek suppression and grace, I'm falling down again...

Left behind! Rage descended from bitterness.
Still the old bonds hold me. My feet stuck in the anger.

Years filled with sorrow and pain. Has hardened my heart.
Tearing my soul in pieces. My life slowly fades away.

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Falling...

As I grasp for the utter palm. All that is left is misery.
Dragging me down. Only to feel despair again.

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Feel the rain as it floats on by.
Rain washing clean all the sins.
Feel the smell of morning.
Before you putrefy and decay.

Vanish the absence of emptiness!
Glorify life and release.
Perish the syndrome that haunts me!
Before it drags me away...

Falling down again...

On my way into the shadows. Still the air is calm.
No longer keeping me searching. As my life fades away...

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