

Portrait of Despair

Liege Lord

A worldly terror prys in the judgement of my mind
Disconcernment lowers me to the borders of insanity
Trifle battles remorse throw me off my own set course
May I seek a tactful find of the wisdom and the sagacious mind

Oh you are the mentor can you cure and lure me free
I have heard the tales of wisdom and your voice of pure integrity

I am traveling far and wide but you still persist to run and hide
Can you hear but just my voice I seek intellect for my own choice
Ill advised improper lies have taken all but my own life
Eccentric is my cry let your word lead me a cure inside

Oh you are the mentor for I need to know your course
See the rush of war surround me your cure is real and I must be long

Seeking out my sage in a course to cure my temper's rage
I see I'm coming near to where you teach and take the stage
Can you wipe the colors glare from my portrait of despair

Your word has just betrayed and tempers lies of all who stay
To hear the mentor's word and the potent cure to which we're lured