

## Living with Scars

Paradise Lost

It's death's intention  
We pass through the certain awaits  
Upholding the pleasures at hand  
God given traits

Living with scars

Through bleak accession  
We task through disaster we face  
In fear of rejection we stand  
God given grace

To live again  
Taken by the ones we force  
Without a solitary reason  
It's like solace from the shade

Don't see it any other way  
It's death's inception we must take

With dark intention  
A passing the certain awaits  
Withholding pleasures  
At hand all that gods given drained