

Living with Scars

Paradise Lost

It's deaths 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 deaths inception we must take

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