

What I Am

Ra

I see faces in the sky
Of sad forgotten souls.
Low-down, decaying joy,
No hope to keep me whole.

No breeze to comfort me,
No love to save my mood.
Sunlight present to me,
Unbranded solitude.

How many times can I ignore
The devil standing at my door.
How many times can I forgive
I want to die but still I live.

Too many thoughts demanding,
What's a man to do.
Too many pains of old
Call out the pains of new.

I squeeze my head so hard
To force the demons out.
Dark angels laugh at me
And all that I'm about.

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The devil standing at my door.
How many times can I forgive
I want to die but still I live.

I can't go on.
I hate myself.
I can't let go
Of what I am.

A poison mind corrupts
The fabric of my soul.
I rip apart the script
But still I play the role.

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