

The Origins Of Ruin

Redemption

Hand on heart, head in hands
The light is fading now
It cannot pierce the darkness
Nothing left to build upon,
except the mounting fear that none of this was worth it
Hand on pen, pen to page
Focus though I may, my words have failed me
Emptiness consuming me
The shadows of my broken hope play in the dying night
Tears in eyes, eyes wide open
Staring at the glass
The face I see knows everything
Words I've written
Letters never sent
Only signposts marking out the origins of ruin