

The horror of all my own reality of self existence all is nothing all is dust truly nothing in this sphere can be real apart from the everlasting But what can I say to the one who knows my name are you able to see my life for what it could be worth there must be more than every horrible chain around my wrists and this blade to my throat made alive in the face in the mirror must I stay me, must I stay me. But what can I say to the one who 's ripped all these horrible choices from me. Holy One I know your face Holy I know your name. Holy I know my place in this existence. Holy set me free Holy release me Holy let it be me. A desperate man in the depths of need. I'm hungry, I'm so hungry for meaning. If there could be thirst in the dead let it be me. And let nothing satisfy but more need. But what can I say to the one who knows my name, and what can I say to the one who knew my name, who ripped all my horrible choices from me. Holy One . King of Kings. They see the valley of death cast it's shadow I see my last breath before real existence and I scream to the battered and bloodied the hopeless and used be broken and come forth be claimed and set apart as the faithful and true. The faithful and true.