

Spectrophobic Dementia

Tourniquet

I feel a piece of my life escapes me
With every rising of the sun
Subtle thoughts assuring me that I'm not well
Asyndesis, mind undone

Was it me?
Was I there?
No way to tell memory cast farewell
Will I live?
Am I dead?
Somebody said, "He's getting worse"

1943 inside, outside it's yesterday
God, please help me
Lacramation down my face
Voices, strangers from my past
The people that I love
Worried smiles across the room
It's me they're thinking of

You don't know how lame it is to wonder who you are
Losing touch with everything, and everyone's so far
Give to me the dreams my brain and mind will not recall
Give to me the dignity of knowing me at all

Here alone inside, please comfort me before I die
And I can only be restored by your hand

He who hears the Word and turns
To do not what it says and learn
Is like the man who gazed into the mirror
For an honest view
And saw himself and walked away
Forgot the sight without delay
This fate could be for me or you
So seek the Lord in grace and truth