

Forlorn

(04/09/2018)

Lie awake within my bed,
Books beside are left unread,
Tears run hot across my face,
Pining for a warm embrace,

Drowning in the loneliness,
Sink into the black abyss,
Demons clinging to my back
Spirit has begun to crack,

Lying still until the dawn,
Walk through life like frightened fawn,
Friends and love I rarely had,
My frustration drives me mad,

Quiet whimpers are my plea,
Injured soul cries to be free,
Pain that follows night and day,

Nothing more that I can say,

All I have I'd gladly trade,

If the pain would only fade,

If you find what I have not,

Tightly hold what you have caught.