

Armored Saint "Damaged"

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Loathsome
Glum is commonplace
Lonely
Longing for a face

Dwelling in the shadows
There's a darker side still
Once what was wide open
Is closed and unfulfilled

Acceptance
A need that I can't understand
Some uninvited guest
Is whispering demands
Damage

Private and off the beaten track
Bulwarked, so as not to get shellacked
As I sit in solitary confinement
Which I choose
Bewildered and stumped
By the many ways I lose

Some uninvited guest
Is tugging at my hand
Sap the energy and corrode
The order of the day

Pigeon feet touch the ground
Mind is disarray

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