

Nehemiah

"Awaiting Eschiel"

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As remorse awakes, i reach these open arms out towards fulfillment, but again return with emptiness in this celestial cessation of time. Too soon this door was shut so tight. Bowing down to an untrue fate means a lesser existence. Arise the frustration from my thickened throat, where confusion etches it's mark straight into my chest. I can't fall again until you help me up. For far too long, i have searched for the beauty that you create. Lift this blanket of desperation from my heart to reveal my lost soul. On my bed of stone, i await your return.

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