

Trauma

"Beaten"

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Tears drip down my swollen face
I blink my eyes and i try to embrace
What kind of mind
To do this sort of thing can it take
The very next day every thing that you do
Is a fake
You look in my eyes
And tell me all your lies
Smile at me
And promise me it's done
Blood drips down my swollen head
Waves of fear sweep over me in bed
Your cowardly hands commit crimes
And are covered in red
And then i ask
Remember dad what you said
What you need is salvation from your sin
Everyone that you love
You can't help, but hurt
Fall on your face
Rip your shirt
Call on Christ
He will forgive you

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