

## Medieval "A Wilted Remnant"

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My skin bleeds grief,  
The future seems a rotted ass,  
self tormented,  
The future seems a rotted ass.  
I lie detached,  
sorry for myself  
Depression is my life.  
Suffering at my own will,  
a tool to overcome,  
the long for your touch  
A fragile shell,  
a hairline crack,  
border for insanity.

I hunt, thorn tears me apart  
Driven Down Deep  
I search,  
an emotional response,  
but come up short,  
words to express,  
need not be said,  
The pain shows in my face,  
My skin bleeds grief,  
The future seems a rotted ass,  
self tormented,  
The future seems a rotted ass.

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