

Overseer

"Lost"

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When we stand at the edge of our lives, what will we see?
A world gone mad?
I'm trembling at the thought of the end.
Have I been lead astray?
I've been searching for the better part of me, a journey they say I can't make on my own.
It's not suppose to be like this.
I am lost and broken.
Hear our cry.
Let my eyes be opened.
Can we bring hope to the broken?
Why can't we see we can't do this on our own?
We are the wretched.
What will we see when we stand at the edge of the world?
A vessel so deep?
What will we see?

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