

My Darkness

Is it this moment, or is it this day, what is it I fear
Maybe it's a month or even a year
Why does this suffering so endure
It's God awfully dim, this darkness for sure
The hardship, the agony, makes live very dour
Is this what they call the darkest hour

Why must I suffer as no person should
The same thoughts, that preoccupy, as ever they would
Running me down, driving me insane
No respite can I see out the big window pane
Where I seek some solace, some relief from my pain

Most mornings it comes and it's so heavy to bear
I dread the arrival after a dream or nightmare
The torment, the horror, for loved ones such sorrow
How deep must it be
Before the end comes for me
One step off a ship, in the great North Sea

The torture, the indifference, makes life intolerable
Will I get a life back with my family so lovable
The waiting, the suffering, and all the injustice
What will it take for the truth to surface

Must never go back, no never again
As I'm not the same, after all that pain
I pray, hope and trust
That the end will be just
For the ones that I love, a better life, a must



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