

Scorned

October Tide

Ghost in corner
Reflecting a strong side of me
Flame is lost
I wish for once of difference

Lack of self-confidence
This scene grew fast
Still look for light
Everyone reliefs hate
I'm forced to walk among this creatures
The well of strength vaporized to dust

A new dawn comes sweeping in
Delivers a deep breath
Eyes faint open, body feels decrepit
I'm taking the same way as the days before
Ready to take some of the bruises, ready to be out to scorn
Will they ever stop