

I know pain personally,
Have seen it in the gaze of loved ones;
Have felt it in the gavel dropping
From the judge's hand.

Have seen death
In the eyes of strangers
Trying to survive, like me;
In the lost look of friends whose
Prayers were not answered;
Whose lives were no longer free.

It was here that fear greeted me
Like darkness on a moonless night;
From what I've seen
Or have yet to see;
From what I heard,
Or believe I heard;
From what I know
And believe will come
Where there is no 'light at the end...'

Twas here I thought all spirits bend
To hardened ways of forgotten men;
Days devoid of hope contended

'All I feel is pain,
The anger makes me numb.
All I see is red;
Red like the rising sun.'

That was life,
Days to years;
Lost in sorrow
Without shedding tears.

Still there lived a greater fear;
If no tomorrow,
What am I?

Morality, hanging by a thread,
Mediate about the soul when dead.

I am a sinner haunted
By this honest thought

-Fear ye more standing before heaven's lot
To hear the words "Who art thou? I know ye not!"