

Light of the Tenth Circle

This life I lead is not serene,

Scars from a battle long lost,

Not all casualties are seen,

Bleeding hope is the harsh cost.

Mourn the loss of a life never seen,

Every day is a battle in the war,

Demons chant all that's never been,

Willing to sell your soul to settle the score.

Live in the dreams of brighter lights,

Always so broken and scarred,

So weary of the forlorn fights,

Break the old chains of joy barred.

Exist on fleeting moments of worth,

Some days are so hard to live,

Still you fight for more days here on earth,

Feel there's nothing left to give.

Cries echo for the heavens to feel,

Condemned here with all the pain of hell,

On this last line love does steal,

This broken spirit where hopes still dwell.

