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Alone and Broken

Alone and broken I once again am ,yet I'm trying to make my last stand .

Alone and broken I once again seem to be still I'm trying to understand what it is I can't seem to see ?

What is it that makes me so open to pain and dispare still with no one beside me to care.

Alone and broken I was once before with my soul lost and my heart torn, still I managed to climb back up that steep cliff I fell, just to get knocked back down again.

For what purpose does my pain seem to have besides to tare me apart ?

How come I'm cursed with this burden alone ?

When will someone save me from all my ghosts, all my memories and nightmare and help me back in to the light ?

Darkness is all that is around me, it consumes me drains me of my will to continue this fight, still it feeds my hunger.

A hunger I once thought was lost still it has been revived , the hunger itself is like a thorn at my side it drives me to things I didn't think I was capable of still there it is guiding my hand to do its bidding.

It's taking over that I can not deny , for every day that goes by less of me there is to be saved.

No once cares no one but me, cause no one seems to see that my burden is changing me.

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