

## Hurt

Could anyone be so low? Tired and alone, want to go home  
A maelstrom swirling in your head, feeling neither alive nor dead  
Facing up to the test, battered, shattered, need a rest  
Apprehension, soul lies bare, all seems over and you don't care

Rain beats down upon the blackest night, and you wonder, will it ever be okay?  
but it's darkest before the morning light, the dawning of a brand-new day

Marching time, a closing door, joy is so fleeting but pain always seeps slow  
Fear and angst keep riddling each day, what ails the mind when hurt, at night, you lay?

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