

'Twas you, who beat me down, oh world of mine,  
Whilst I stayed justifying your mistakes.  
Laid down in dream of sorrows mollified,  
As you bestowed your hardship and its aches.

Yet I, resilient as I am, stayed true,  
In awe of your allure, oh darling you.  
But time brings foibles into further light,  
And one begins to wonder cause of plight.

Oh love, how you abuse me: countless hells,  
As I perpend on means to tend your wounds.  
Our bond is timeless: self and all that's else;  
Yet parasitic be that 'twixt us two.

Still I, enchanted by your grace, endure:  
For I will tend your wounds till all is cured.