

# Portrait of Despair

## Liege Lord

A worldly terror prys in the judgement of my mind  
Disconcernment lowers me to the borders of insanity  
Trifle battles remorse throw me off my own set course  
May I seek a tactful find of the wisdom and the sagacious mind  
Oh you are the mentor can you cure and lure me  
free  
I have heard the tales of wisdom and your voice of pure integrity  
I am traveling far and wide but you still persist  
to run and hide  
Can you hear but just my voice I seek intellect for my own choice  
Ill advised improper lies have taken all but my own life  
Eccentric is my cry let your word lead me a cure inside  
Oh you are the mentor for I need to know your course  
See the rush of war surround me your cure is real and I must belong  
Seeking out my sage in a course to cure my  
temper's rage  
I see I'm coming near to where you teach and take the stage  
Can you wipe the colors glare from my portrait of despair  
Your word has just betrayed and tempers lies of all  
who stay  
To hear the mentor's word and the potent cure to which we're lured

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