centuries

My Epic

There are no nights now when I don't dream and wake in the darkness to find I've been weeping.
But it has been ages since I've cried while awake, 'cause centuries wear on the heart, they erode it away.
I'm still trying to record each word You spoke and if I finish I'll fill up this earth.
But the memory of Your voice leaves me empty, 'cause I've been banished and boiled alive and yet I remain and they still call me by my name, but they don't say it the same.
I watched all of my brothers become martyrs and die one at a time, but I often wonder if waiting for You is the harder sacrifice.
I'm still trying to record each word You spoke and if I finish I'll fill up this earth, but the memory of Your voice leaves me empty.
I may be feeble and barely alive, but I've yet to forget a single word that You said. If my voice breaks down and all of the strength gives out and I'm just a shell left breathing my last days out.
Let if be known that time is a thief who surely steals everything, but in my case it just cleaned out the waste for me.
Nothing has dimmed; You have simply eclipsed all that stood in the way.
I'd give 20 more lifetimes; it would all be the same.
In the end, I know I'll find You will come once again.
You'll come call me by name.

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