The Broken Heart of a Traitor

Hopesfall

will the waves of time wash away the pain in my heart? can i bury the knife that has pierced my soul or will i continue to turn it to remind me of my own blindness? because i find no touch of grace to surprise my eyes, or rest my spirit and i have come to realize my good moments were forged in self deception... and the question that plagues my mind... is grace enough? to build a bridge once burned, to fill what is hollow with the substance of virtue though the wings of a dove have wiped the tears from my eyes this tounge has fanned the flames of unforgiveness but love suffers long and rejoices in truth... and this imperfect creation is shortcoming but striving none the less for that which is eternal

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