

December 11, 2007

Choose

Are you the one who made me ill
Or am I source again?
I'm now addicted to deadly pills
And looking for a friend.
Poor pity put upon soul,
Try to figure out.
Left in a lurch
Rejecting church.
Accept it,
Pout,
Or shout.
Now I must turn my mind to higher ground
And think up happy thoughts.
Before a miracle is lost or found,
I pray to God,
He's all I've got.