

Imprison'd

Cocoon'd in Shatter'd glass, I've lived and learn'd to move so carefully.
More tolerance as a small child, I've grown and bled more frequently.

My eyelids closed so's not to blink nor turn my head for more to see.
Small shreds I get when eating scraps, Afford no smell's delicacy.

Nowhere to run, can not avoid scorn's bitter arrow'd cruelty.
Threadbare excuses bring no shelter. Pride has tried them desp'rately.

I dare not cry. The salt inflames. My lonely wounds heal futilely.
The pool of blood around my feet is growing, rotting silently.

Only a heart of magnitude
Extends beyond my fault to see
the life flow draining, seeping, straining,
helpless fool I've come to be.
The recompense that rules this dungeon
Will not last eternally.
The sentence served, the debt is paid
throughout courts in eternity.
For there's a God who spent His blood
to love me uncondition'ly,
Who counts my tears and gives me strength
and, in my shell, forgiving me.
Who wants me in His heau'nly home
Where I'll be good and I'll be free.