

Altar

by luvsev

A woman's struggle to find hope before it is too late.

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Chapter 1 of 1

A woman's struggle to find hope before it is too late.

In the house of fallen angels she kneels
With eyes heaven toward
She cries and she prays
Silently waiting for a way to be found.
She whispers words of hopes long dashed
Of things, of people, of places passed
All cast aside and bound in the casualty of life.
Days and nights slip by
Each passing quicker than the blink of an eye.
She prays for one blessed day
A day that she can be free.
Free from the pain
Free from the sorrow
Free from the chains that bind
What is left of her soul.
With tears falling to the altar of her broken life,
She continues to walk the thin line between

Her prison-like hell and that of the otherworld.
Every heavy footed step she takes plunges her
Deeper into the ever-consuming darkness.
The charming and bedeviled thief
Lures her with false promises.
And the closer she comes,
The more of her soul's blood is spilt on her altar.