

Church

Where others find comfort
With cool voices pooling in the air,
I cannot help but feel unnerved,
Where is the place this melody takes me to?
And where do I find the door...
To relieve me from this uneven heartbeat
That puts my mind at war

The place is a shelter -
Sanctuary to some.
There are none, though, who I've met
Not stripped of their own godliness.
But my mother's eyes are fire,
And her nails dig deeply into my palm
And force me to stay as a liar.

Forced to stay for a crescendo to silence
Followed by sudden high pitched
Voices as if from empty rooms,
Where winter gloom stains glass windows
And statues line the walls,
And a man implores me to be humble
And believe I am nothing at all.