Twilight is fast approaching

Going downhill

With a cry so shrill

The trying begins

Loss of the will

The sun is gone

There is no one

Now I am broken

Cries of change

Cries of hope

The little weakling in the hand of blood

Leers and grimaces cast upon

The chains fast latch on

The spawn of shame

The light of dawn

The rising sun

Hope

For the rants turn to hum

Not now beaten like the drum

Not at the mercy of the cruel, not mistreated

No longer chained

No longer breaking

I am free, but

rejoice not in glee

For time is always changing

Now it -