Time Will Tell

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Time, effort, and stress to waste
Leaving behind a bitter taste
A forthcoming yet to be told
A hopeless future spent alone

With no idea of where to go
The nights pass fast, the days are slow
How long will I live this hell
Only passing time will tell

Overwhelmed with such frustration
Questioned with my own creation
Each breath is a gift of grace
Or a waste of life, a waste of space

Looking up into the sky
Weeping, sobbing asking why
Bruised and broken on my knees
Yet this is the best place to be

For during times of intense pain
Feelings of solitude and disdain
This is when we need to trust
He'll be our wings and fly for us

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