

# Extol, Lost In Dismay

All is lost  
My will to live was taken today  
The fire that used to burn  
My heart  
Blown out cold  
By winds too great  
To hold at bay  
All is lost  
Purpose and cause  
Betrayed  
Humility torn  
From my fingers  
Snatched  
Hope has turned  
And clouded grey  
Who will take the pain  
And shield me  
Shape my heart  
And never leave me  
Empty or invisible  
Who will take the pain away?