

But Still There Is The Pit

Unquenchable Pain,
A searing desire,
Eyes of the Lion,
Twin daggers of fire,

The shadows of night,
The keepers of sin,
The Lion without,
The Lamb within.

But stand fast my soul
For the Lion comes,
Malicious intent,
Low ravenous one.

Fangs of poison pride,
Heart, thy heart hath lied.
Chains of hate inside,
Death, thy death hath died.

But still there is the pit.

Unyielding
Ungiving
Unborn
Yet living

But still there is the pit.

(Genesis 3:24)