

BY KYLE BURTON

## **By Kyle Burton**



The screams lull him to a place in his mind

A sweet escape from the frigid chill of reality

Far from the alcohol on the breath of a soul resigned

Carried away from the nights of his father's brutality

To a place where love reigns and peace is easy to find

... Leaving him screaming at the sky, "Oh God I am all but lost"

By Kyle Burton

# Published by SpiritDrivenLeadership.com



Spirit Driven Leadership is a project of Ministry Management Seminars

Grace © Kyle Burton All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by an electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the publisher and or author, except by a reviewer, who may quote brief passages in a review. Published by Spirit Driven Leadership, a project of Ministry Management Seminars.

©2015 Spirit Driven Leadership project of Ministry Management Seminars 1400 NE 136th Ave. Suite 201 • Vancouver, WA 98684 • U.S.A. • +1-360-356-3784

### by Kyle Burton

THE SCREAMS LULL HIM TO A PLACE IN HIS MIND

A sweet escape from the frigid chill of reality

Far from the alcohol on the breath of a soul resigned

Carried away from the nights of his father's brutality

To a place where love reigns and peace is easy to find

DAWN COMES WITH A STALE REMINDER OF INNOCENCE LOST

As cracked glass bleeds into the song of his past

Slowly his heart grows harder like metal caked with frost

Until all that's left is a hollow shell, an empty cast

Leaving him screaming at the sky, "Oh God I am all but lost"

FAKE SMILES AND DECEPTIVE REPLIES CREATE A SPARKLE IN HER EYES

A shallow lie whispering softly to a heart desperately in need

Disguised as love promising to silence her endless cries

As he leads her to give up her purity for the sake of his greed

In this counterfeit place where lust reigns and peace is led to its demise

# DAWN COMES WITH A STALE REMINDER OF INNOCENCE LOST As her seared conscience bleeds into the song of her past Slowly her heart grows harder like metal caked with frost Until all that's left is a hollow shell, an empty cast Leaving her screaming at the sky, "Oh God I am all but lost!"

I am the father you have been searching for

Come and see, I am the lover of your soul, Sink softly into my embrace

In the shadow of my wings you'll find refuge from this war

Come and I will give you rest, here you'll find only grace



### by Kyle Burton



**Kyle Burton Spirit Driven Author** 

©2015 Spirit Driven Leadership project of Ministry Management Seminars 1400 NE 136th Ave. Suite 201 • Vancouver, WA 98684 • U.S.A. • +1-360-356-3784