

Torment  
by Nishaun Smith

The demons torment me as I am alive.  
My paths are made weaker.  
Now my life is made harder.  
As I struggle I am ensnared farther.  
They compel me to suffer and nothing else.  
The cancer of sin is about me, I cannot breath.  
A thought is stolen so a choice, lost.  
Freewill can be taken, so where does the blame fall?

My space is stolen by some unseen hand.  
Has my faith gone too far to reach?  
Where is the Lord of whom they preach?  
Confusion is in my tongue and my words are confounded.  
There is not a day that I do not suffer.  
How much longer will I suffer to be tempted.  
I am clothed in my substance, I am covered with shame.  
Who has stolen my true covering, who will take the blame?

The intruder is come in to undo deeds.  
I am impatient for safety and a place to rest.  
Who was the liar who trapped me hear?

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