



# Terror and Dread

He was like a particle of dust  
That's who he seemed to be  
Meaningless, dirt, invaluable  
The iron shackles of fear  
Held him tight with the darkness below  
His courage waning  
Will there be an ending to this bitter torment?

Lost like a grain of sand  
In an endless labyrinth,  
Fear was waiting  
To take him quietly away  
And feed off of his happiness  
Will he make it through this day?