

PTSD

Falling into Heaven

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Salvation from my dreams
All the war's not glory and
still far from what it seems.

Oft lost to here and now and wander the wilderness of tangled past; locked in
never ending what-ifs where dirt is not cheaper than life.

I shall not be slain by the night claws of a fury...fangs that draw me down into
misery-wounds time can never heal...I look up
and fall into heaven.

