

## In Your Wake

Conjurer

Taking heed; we tread  
Losing ground with every step  
Lest we stray too far  
T'ward the paths less worn

I lift my gaze from the trail  
Reaching for your absent hand  
To guide me through the briar  
Only to find you've left me behind

To drift through the dust in your wake  
Blinking, choking; I'm breathing in the debris

Discarded shell  
Abiding in the shadow  
On familiar ground  
A failure abhorred  
An attitude taught  
Unbroken mold

Thus I am shunned

Taught to fear, taught to doubt  
Through lack of trust  
In your flaws, I see my own glaring back

I've no convictions to stand by  
I have no vestige to trace

This wheel turns, never progressing  
It bears old marks of neglect

Discarded shell  
On familiar ground  
This failure abhorred  
An attitude taught  
Unbroken mold

Thus I am shunned  
Thus you are shunned