

## Tortured Soul

On the crest of a wave or crest of a slump;  
It don't matter anyway, its time to get drunk.  
When she's here I don't want her, gone, leaves a hole;  
No rest in this body for this tortured soul.

Last night was electric – who turned the lights off;  
Hide away this morning, my life's in a trough.  
Just one more bottle ought to do the trick;  
Take away my pain and put way the stick.

Tomorrow seems distant, just drink away the past;  
Facing yesterday's oblivion staring in the glass.  
Who's gonna hear me and who's gonna care;  
Looking in the mirror at my ghost standing there.

Death's a better option than living with this fear;  
Shaking every morning, because of yester-year.  
The invisible lady got a price I cannot pay;  
Cursing my misfortune in the bar room every day.

The predator in the bottle is my fatal concoction;  
Once the cork is popped, there is no other option.  
Eases into my bloodstream, numbs hurts and old pains;  
Clouding my mind and my unrelenting, tortured brain.

So there stands the glass with my obituary in draft;  
It's years since I remember a genuine laugh.  
God if you're out there, get me out of this hole;  
Intervene in the destruction of this tortured soul.

Eamonn Lynch July '04/revised Jan '06