

# Clergical Reprise

I cannot recount why this is happening to me.

Beseech a marvel.

Love is to know pain as far as I can blithely see.

Exalt the harmful.

How I wish I wasn't so attractive, even today I know I am calefactive.

The depth of my belief is something that I cannot deny.

The sanctity is lost should I ever go awry.

The public will decry.

The laity in chagrin over what is justified.

Inadequate responses, a clerical reprise.

It's not the past, I'd not wish to deny the staid truth.

It's not the reason I'm without my chastely virtue.

Sometimes I wish I had never have known.

Corrupting my senses with what I was shown.

Something I should have never allowed.

All the portending, to be so condescending.

All the cajoling, lies and heartache for the sake of a vow.

Someone unkind cost me my conscious sanity.

All my life I've known nothing but the ways of the deaconry.

Maybe life is forlorn, while temperance is sworn.

Now I know the reason, I can only try to grow

All my thoughts and emotions, it was never my fault.