

# **"Dying Heart"**

by David McDougald

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**I could never express the feelings I had inside myself  
The hurt and pain inside my heart seclusion in itself  
Left without its love as food to die cold and all alone  
No sun of warmth or light of day to brighten its lonely home**

**A dying heart without its love a rose without its red  
Sun and rain after fact cannot bring back the dead**

**Emotions of the yearning heart are the first things to die  
Once they're dead the mind and soul could never ever survive  
As your life it fades away and your body begins to crack  
No material earthly possessions could ever bring you back**

**A dying heart without its love suicide comes to mind  
With all the walls closing in no hope can I find**

**You can understand this now I looked within myself  
As deep into my darkest room controlled by mental health  
In somewhere that I've never been as lonely as that night  
I found the strength way down in my depth  
it moved me to the light**

**A living heart without its love a living heart with pain  
To live and suffer just enough but not to die in vain**