**The Buried Prayer**

I hear the words, but can't reply,  
A distant echo, a silent cry.

I am here, but I am not,  
A soul lost, a life forgot.

My dream that doesn't end,  
A shadow I can’t break or bend.

I touch light that slips away,  
Lives in the darkness, my lost pray.

Too scattered to be shattered,  
A soul too worn to feel mattered.

Broken into pieces, pieces to dust,  
I wait to bleed, in void and disgust.

Fading like the echoes of my screams,  
Deafened by the silence of my dreams.

A fallow heart that can't bear a root,  
Where hope once whispered, now mute.