

## **“A Child Who Is Broken”**

by Steve Hale

I'm a child who is broken and hard to mend,  
With pain running deep and needing a friend.  
Dad says he loves me, but I know better.  
He never calls, not even a letter.

He broke my heart and stole my worth.  
He never even came to see my birth.  
I didn't ask to be born, but now I'm his kid.  
He's angry with me, but there's nothing I did.

They blame me for their messed up lives,  
But I'm the one who's been deprived.  
They scream and tell me that I'm real bad,  
And I'm the reason they all get mad.

The pain keeps coming and I want it to end.  
I fake a little smile and try to pretend  
That in the near future better days are ahead,  
But I cannot deny that I wish I was dead.

Reality's replaced with lies and false dreams,  
I'm waiting for the day when I turn eighteen.  
That's when I'll start my search for real truth  
And leave behind the pain of my youth.

But who am I kidding? It's just an excuse  
To get out of the house and forget the abuse.  
I'll take it with me wherever I go  
Whether to Vegas, L.A., or Mexico.

Trapped inside is all this pain.  
Nobody will listen for me to explain.

I'm hurting, world, can you not see?  
And where are you, God, for me to believe?

Survival right now, that's my aim.  
I'm not even sure about my name.  
I'm named after Dad, but my step-father, too.  
How am I supposed to know what to do?

An identity crisis I guess you could say.  
Would somebody please just show me the way?  
My emotions, my spirit all need healing,  
To leave this numbness and get some feeling.

I've turned to the bottle and need sobriety,  
'Cause how can I function in a high-tech society?  
See, there's a child within crying to get out  
Filled with anger and spiritual doubt.

The journey is lonely; will you walk with me?  
I promise to be good and let you lead.  
I'm becoming an adult and it's a bit scary  
To leave behind Santa and the good ol' Tooth Fairy.

As strange as it sounds I cut my skin  
To find relief from the pain within.  
People would laugh if they knew the truth,  
But I'm just one of millions of youth.

We're broken within and needing a plan  
To pick up the pieces if we possibly can.  
Winning for us means living guilt-free.  
Is that asking too much for a kid like me?

I need a new beginning or else I'm doomed.  
Please give attention to this horrendous wound.

Just tell me the truth and be my friend.  
I'll be loyal to you to the bitter end.

I'm broken, scarred, and damaged goods,  
Feeling forsaken and misunderstood.  
But I look to the Cross and there I see  
A Savior who died and felt like me.

Lord, here's my life. You understand.  
I'll walk with You daily, hand in Hand.  
'Cause You're the best friend I could ever find.  
So take Your Word and renew my mind.