

looking at life.
it's easy to see.
the things.
that break me.
I know a lot of people.
but only a few get to know me.
I love to sleep.
eat.
and have fun.
live the life.
not letting life run me.
I have a heart.
but I choose when to use it.
I like to help people.
but refuse help when I need it.
I want to give it up for God.
but yet again.
and again.
I stop myself.
I cower in the corner.
when people ask.
who I am.
what I believe.
It's so important.
so passionate.
and yet it hides.
deep inside.
where only those who I choose.
can get to see it.
I allow the evil.
Bad.
sin.
grip me.
I let it hold on.
to drag me down.

In a pit of flaming sulphur.
So again.
and again.
I turn to you.
I run to you.
the almighty.
the biggest.
the best.
the greatest.
the holy one.
and I fall down.
on my knees.
weeping.
at your feet.
where I see the scars.
that caused the pain.
that set me free.
at the foot of the cross.
I cry out to you.
and I ask.
forgive me.
and again.
and again.
you say.
yes.
my child.
I forgive you.
then I walk.
away.
thinking.
of the grace you have.
and yet again.
and again.
I choose to hide it.
that is the thing.

