

My Testimony

Deep Insight

I fight the turmoil in my chest,
what can I do to get a bit of rest?
What's wrong with my heart,
I don't understand the fights I start?
As a child I was never afraid,
always full of smiles and funny games.

Finally the battle wears me out;
I'm lost without a doubt.
I will wither, I will fade away,
slip into my unconscious mind.

By now my wings were ripped apart,
they would no longer carry me far.
So I fell into a well, trapped by it's
evil surroundings and smell.

Until a gentle softness surrounds my being,
a touch of mercy and grace melt me within.
Fresh energy so strong and meek delivered
by a source unknown to me.