

# Depravity

## A Plea for Purging

I am the sheep that got lost and there is no turning back. I'm  
as mad as  
Hell. There's no place to run. I'm without the One who made me  
though I'm  
Not sure I was ever with Him. There's no place to run. I'm with  
out the One  
Who made me though I'm not sure I was ever with Him. Oh God, oh  
my God. Oh  
God, where are You now. Oh my God, where are You now. Oh God, o  
h my God.  
Here's where I stand. Removed and cursed. Where is Your holy co  
mmunion now.  
There is no turning back. I won't be back. There is no turning  
back. I  
Won't be back.

Ending prayer:

I'm clinging loosely to prayers, that lately, I feel as if have  
fallen upon  
Deaf ears. Where are You? Where are You as my faith waivers? Wh  
ere are You  
In this blinding haze? And where were You? Where were You when  
I would seek  
To find joy in my trials and found no peace? Where were You whe  
n I did not  
Doubt Your love but could not feel it? And why won't You answer  
me?... Why  
Won't Your presence pierce this deafening silence I have been s  
creaming  
Through for so long. For so long my voice has grown weary in Yo  
ur absence.  
For where Your voice once spoke so clearly there are no words.  
The cup You  
Once filled so abundantly has run dry. And where Your light onc  
e led so  
Assuredly I feel so unguided. Still I press on. For I have felt  
You in the  
Past guiding me in my desire to change. Finding a path through  
falling  
Tears, it seems I have turned my back and walked away. Seeing m  
y reflection  
And not recognizing my own face, not knowing why You've allowed  
me to get  
Here. Though there was a time when the weight of Your reality b  
rought me to  
My knees. When my shame and my convictions found my heart cryin  
g out for  
Change. When trying times gave way to white seasons. And my fea

rs would  
Flee the resounding sound of Your heart beating within my chest  
. Your blood  
Coursing through my veins purifying and breathing life into thi  
s lifeless  
Body. It now seems as though I have let the sun set on that sea  
son. The  
World You freed me from now crushes me under it's heel. And thi  
s flesh your  
Spirit once cleansed is now crawling. Festering. Rotting from t  
he inside.  
Numb to your touch. Calloused. Closed off. I feel alone and ove  
rlooked. I  
Don't know if I'll ever find my way back.