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Lord, if you don't help me I can't get through this.
I can't...
Lord, I'm too old for games,
Foolish wisdom...
And I'm tired of rhetoric, meaningless rhetoric that never changes th
ings...
Lord, just help me,
Just help me...
I was feeling god's pain and I've never had anything that's been any
worth to god,
In my fifty years that wasn't born in agony, never, never...
Dead empty...
And I know that sermons won't do it,
I know that revelation won't do it,
Covenant won't do it,
I know now, oh my god do I know it...
Until I'm in agony,
Until I'm in anguish over it,
I'm preaching sermons...
Oh god...
I broke down and I wept and I mourned,
Does it matter to you at all?
I can't handle this,
I can barely make it into here...
Little by little you're losing me, you're almost caught...
Love with Christ.
People I know that were my friends,
I've seen them go one by one, some of my closest friends...
You're changing from what you were,
You're CHANGING,
Little by little somethings happening to you...
Will he bring you to your knees?
That's all the devil wants to do take the fight out of you, and kill
it,
So you won't in prayer anymore,
So you won't weep before god anymore,
Go to HELL,
No weeping, not another pray, it's all ruined, no nothing
This is life and death - and the walls go down and ruin sets in...
Where's the tears?
Where's the mourning?
Where's the confessing?
The love of Christ?
The agony of gods heart...
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