

Repetition, words upon words
Seems our praise is nothing but spam
Where's the honest cry of a yearning heart?
Where's the passionate scream to honor our God?

Fed up with the lack of original praise.
All the words I can think of comes from someone
Else. And my own words are gone, still I long to
Be near you. So I enter your throne and I offer my
Worship of silence.

And in the end I guess I wonder
Which one of heart or lips give praise

Head bowed down and knees rooted to the
Ground while my hands are lifted towards the
Throne of the Holy One. I embraced this
Silent relation between man and God where
Heart reaches heart and we speak without words,
Where I forget all that is painful and hurts. And I
Dwell in the house of the highest of Gods, where
I'm always welcomes simply 'cos I am His son.