

## Coins And Promises

Margaret Becker

I should know better  
I should believe You  
But leaves are falling  
And I am crumbling in brittle pieces

I should remember  
How well You warmed me  
But I'm standing in the browns and greys  
Of a season's ending

They say everyone must toss the coin of fate  
I think it's such a cold, cold comfort for comfort's sake

So I take these coins and promises  
And I hold them in my trembling hands  
One is chance, one is rest  
One I toss  
The other I live

I fear the forecast  
I know it can move me  
Still I close my eyes and try to remember  
The sweet words You told me  
I am simply so unprepared  
So weak and frightened by the whole affair

I cannot stand  
But I will not fall  
Without Your promises  
Nothing makes sense at all  
So I dig them in  
And I dare my soul to believe