

Convictions And Contradiction

Winds

In the beginning there came light from the darkness
Then came the first day and a world had begun
Without form and shape from the shadows deep
Turning the wheels from the tide it had spun

A world where survival hoped for in being
Is not as prevalent as the means to exist
Where practice and theory don't go together
Under the rule of an iron fist

With favor those who hold the conviction
Produced by believing in things not seen
Setting the pace for skepticism
Doubt in all that is and has been

Natural creation and divine revelation
Two methods for proving a false pretension
Looking for evidence of proven infliction
Waiting for someone to intervene