

## For when you lose hope

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Sometimes I don't want to believe in God.  
I lay in warm sheets asking why,  
Over and over again just waiting for a reply.  
Waiting for a voice only to hear my own sighs  
As my eyes have grown puffy,  
in need of disguise  
From the pain that lays beneath them, and the pain  
That will always lie.  
I open palms of my hands up in need of redemption  
To cry less, feel more, feel less. And on my skin  
I am ashamed of the scars, Sin  
Fills words with shame and then  
All I carry is baggage with no room for amends.  
And I hope one day I'll be able to run again.  
And I hope one day I'll feel the way they say his love truly is.  
Because they say it's not hard to believe in  
But believe me, I tried and tried again.  
Yet realized,  
Sometimes I don't want to believe in God.  
Because I want this pain to be his silence  
But I know it's only mine.  
And I know it's only in time  
When he will show just why  
We are all alive.  
And though I ask why  
And wait for a reply  
His silence is louder than a sound and  
warmer than a touch. And though  
Sometimes I don't want to believe in God,  
everyday,  
all the time,  
I will always try, just as much. .