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Of Hope

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Of Hope
Tim Winterstein

My frustration always continuing
It overturns all of the peace I seek
Stress continually extenuating
It tends to make everything seem bleak

In the blindness of the darkest mid-night
When all is naught and the skies seem empty
Total depravity is what I fight
Hope and faith become insufficiency

One lives to steal the peace I long for-
To steal my eyes and cut out my tongue
These burdens kill me; my back is so sore
The pieces of my mind are so far-flung

But as long as I keep my eyes on You
I'll never lose sight of my narrow path
As long as my gaze is focused on You
I will always have a reason to laugh