

ZAO, Times Of Separation

Once again to strive, to beat it out
Over and over again.
So worn, worked over
With the intention to kill.
To watch him die and smile
At his dismay,
His pain,
My deliverance.
My cleanliness a gift of freedom.
My walk purified.
My peace given by God.
What else is there
After slipping away,
When every thing is silent
And nothing else is around?
Alone.
Looking deep inside.
Hearing the echo of my soul,
No one can know.
In these times of silence,
These times of separation,
I find there is a void that rises up,
A peace that brings my tears,
A comfort that no one else can offer.
So why do people run away?
Why do they look elsewhere
An base their self on opinions
When the truth is so evident that this God of
Love is so constant?
Destruction and storms.
My Jesus stands to help.