

Few Left Standing, Fruitless

repentance
I am weak in myself
separated from faith
comfortable complacency
my crutch has fallen
break my pride
mend my soul
break my heart
brokenness
temptations become my desires
no sign of conviction
as a dog returns to his vomit
I return to my inequities
chords of death entangle me
torrents of destruction fall upon me
chords of the grave coil around me
snares of death confront me
in my distress I call out to God for help
die to your ways
You're the victim of you
my eyes have seen
I have tasted the truth
but everyday remains the same
fruitless