Smalltown Poets, Trust

so he sat behind his natural defencses
and there he wrestled with the song
he heard his name in every line, his life in every measure
faced with feelings he could not explain
there was hunger in his hollow hesitation
there was posturing for peace
but even where the spirit willed
the flesh was still maintaining
ground to give only for a sign
and the call went out again
take this bread, drink this cup
know this price has pardoned you
from all that's hardened you
but it's going to take some trust
he lost a heatbeat when he heard the testimony
another soul forsaking pride
and quickened bt the Spirit
he's so sure that he could hear it
Jesus his Saviour calling him to come

come every soul by sin opressed
there's mercy with the Lord
and He will surely give you rest
by trusting in His word