

# Travail, Weakling

Boldness escapes me.  
Cowardice seems so easy.  
If only I could be more like the one I see.  
I've failed you I've lied to you.  
Yet you forgive and let me live.  
Please God help my weakness.

Father I need strength. I'll go to any length.  
On my face, on my chest, on my knees.  
God help me please.  
My spirit is willing but my flesh is weak.  
I've got these beats raging thru my head.  
Someday soon this body of mind will be dead.  
No more crying or laying on no death beds.  
No more tears or fists across my head.  
Only escape from hate and ill fate.  
Bring me down.  
Making me look like some kinda clown.  
Receive my crown, lay it at Christ's feet.  
Only then do I get my DHD.  
My devil hating degree.  
My courage growing, the wicked I'm throughing.  
Disgust for hate ever growing. on my face, in my heart, in my soul.