

Holding Me

The road was dark and dreary,
My eyes were getting weary.
I could not see,
my hand in front of me,
But I felt your hand holding me.

The conditions grew so bleak,
that I could hardly hear you speak.
The winds blew like a monsoon,
and I wondered if relief would come soon,
But I felt your hand holding me.

While my eyes grew ever dim,
fear boiled over the brim.
I cried out in shame,
and turned to you with the blame,
But I felt your hand holding me.

I wanted to turn back,
as my temperance began to crack
~~But I knew that~~ But in my heart I knew,
I had crossed the Rubicon with you
But I felt your hand holding me.

You said that you had a plan,
but how could you use such a sinful man?
You said I was able,
my mind said I was unstable
But I felt your hand holding me.

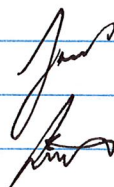
Your words brought be back alive,
like a musical reprise
My heart beat again,
My mind no longer thoughts of sin
But still I felt your hand holding me

The path did not get lax,
and left me no time to relax.
The Evil one tried to tear us ~~apart~~,
throughout the midst of the thunder.
But still I felt your hand holding me

The road's end was drawing near,
and my eyes began to tear.
I finally saw that glorious City,
and had no ^{room} for my unholy self pity
But still I felt your hand holding me

My heart skipped a beat,
as I went dancing down the street.
I was finally in this wonderful place
that was full of your mercy and grace!
At last I saw you, face to marvelous face...

Your hand had held me the whole way.



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