

FOOL'S PRAYER

In fear I hide dear Lord, my enemy is at hand.

I run for my shield only to see it melt before my eye's.

I stretch my bow and soon discover all my arrows are pointless.

I go to draw my sword but fail for it has no grip.

Left without my weapons I go on the defense.

Help me now my mighty Lord, it's you who saves.

I struggle with my breastplate, my helmet's so tight I can hardly see.

I cry out to my Lord and trmble in fear, I'm with my enemy
and now it's all clear.

I have found my enemy and HE is ME.

It's not the heartbeat that gives life, nor my greed and
all I think I need.

Compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness from above won't
mean a thing to us without love.

So let my life have but one goal, to love other's as I've been told.

All my praise I give to thee, for having LOVE for a fool like me.

Richard Steven Joseph

