

Sick Of Me

***Sick of me. Oh so sick of me.
But not out of some wrong motive, such as self-pity.
It's more the contrast of Him and me.***

***It's when I'm in the Word. I see His nature there.
The beauty; the self-giving; the wonder of His care.
My only hope; my only prayer.***

***When will I... finally decrease.
When will the pain... the shame finally cease.
When comes His reign - Oh Prince Of Peace.***

***My hope now turns from me to others.
I look with hope towards my brothers.
The path, the future is now another's.***