

Human Frailtie's Grave

Extol

A life worn out by endless reflections
Has shattered every single last hope of rising again
Has defied your advise and counseling
The sinful nature causes a weak discipline
And drags me to the human frailties grave
Self inflicted wounds
Innumerable false steps
Unforgivable mistakes repeated to a frightening agree
Gradually growing conscious of the habit-forming addiction
Through me all actions fail
The human weaknesses
Are once again at force
In unrecognizable shapes
New structures each time
Fragile symptoms constantly show new characteristic sides
I myself am weak, am nothing
Uncontrolled line of thought color my manners
I know there is more to reach for
I know where strength is found
The overflowing, everlasting source
Within you my maker

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