

The Search

A Past Unknown

The time is now, hear His voice whispering your name. Seize the day as a chance for a new beginning and an end to the burdens strangling, taking the air you breathe. The search will be over to fit in, to belong, hope is knocking. Say yes to the call replaced with a hole, wanting objects to fill that will never fill enough. There has to be more than the brokenness, more than the dead ends. We are longing to be more than used for nothing. This is now, a time to find where I fit in, time for a change, sick of the same thing over and over again. Why go in circles that are useless, a never ending path of failure and disappointment. It doesnt have to be like this. You are wanted by someone whose love never ends. Hear His voice whispering your name, seize this day as a chance for a new beginning. Wake up! It doesnt have to be like this, it doesnt have to be this way. It doesnt have to be like this.

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