

Open Letter

My Epic

What kind of G-d makes a world like this, lost in the dark?
How's it good news that we're all born damned right from the start?
I tried escaping, I quit believing, and left Him behind.
Freed from His judgment, who could condemn us or cast us aside?
But in that light I stood in the silence and found that the darkness was growing inside.
What kind of father offers up his son for his enemies?
How is it right that He just forgives such awful things?
I tried explaining because I still want to live in a world full of grace.
But who gets acquitted when all men are felons and victims the same?
I just can't say how mercy and justice can still be consistent and both have their way.
Sometimes the truth feels more like a person and maybe I'd love You if we ever met.
G-d if you hear me, I'm giving up now because I'm out of answers and I've got nothing else.
If You come to visit I'd sit and listen.
I won't disagree, You can speak for Yourself.
Just speak to me!
Reign here Good King and I'll not be afraid.
Speak Living Word, I have nothing to say.
Come Comforter, lay your hand on my head.
Stay with me Father and I'll be content.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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