

Confession Of Faith "Motion Still"

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What device does time instill
That strengthens my deadened will
Or is it just that it is time
And I the chooser of the rhyme

That chooses coarse till the end
Of Truth that seems a feeble trend
That harkens to mine ear so shrill
A tone that hastens motion still

What comes to be I see just what eternity means for me

And offers such a cup at length
That for the chooser, is whole in strength
Encompassed then in a veil of Grace
Where only Peace does touch that face

Hope in twain I am slain
Far behind what I could gain or even ascertain

It's shame I fear that begs me to stand
And present my life with sleight of hand
To you and hope my ideals you see
But that's just the fool's heart in me

Crawling, pining, breaking beneath the weight of Grace
For it's hard to accept the acceptance is the key

Far it goes
Entire pace slows
Truth where art thou
The road towards it flows
Foot after foot after foot after foot after foot

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