

Confession Of Faith "What Seeks The Land"

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I think I'll hazard a guess that we're as feeble
As a cur, the land seeks to destroy
Where is the sinner who dares to call
Any transgression small
Be appalled my faint heart at the sight
When my sin eclipses the light
Do we sincerely think we will gain
Worth that shall always sustain
By allotting merit of import
To our lives with our hand
Reeking in pride saying I am so grand
Where is worth when we face Love with pride
Absent, in shame we deride
And sever all things tying us to Grace
With failure we do replace
Hope that accosts us every moment
That will come or that we have spent
Failing to hear the knocking or care
That it's Love that stands there
Longing for us to open the door
And speak enter

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