

The Struggle of Flesh

In the heart my life, in the depth of my soul
There's an emptiness found, a God-shaped hole
And inside of my emptiness, pain and remorse
Rebellion is borne, as I set my course
And inside my rebellion when I take time to see
I stand disillusioned by all that's in me.
I'm forced to admit there's an end to the game
My restless pursuits give birth to my shame
In the midst of my pain, in the darkness of night
Will I die in despair or surrender the fight?
Despair or surrender, hope or dismay
The darkness of night or the light of today.

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