

# why I Pray



## Why I Pray

Lift me from my shallow and sorrow burdened knees  
Fill, with your heavenly glory, the space between my ill-fated  
palms  
Straighten my back, my load which keeps me hunched  
Raise my head. The crown you placed on it has fallen  
Breathe fresh air into my mouth that asks for forgiveness  
Open my eyes. Yes these eyes I keep shut to block out the sun  
Answer my call. I have been on hold for so long  
Speak to me. I loathe having empty conversations  
Carry me through my worries. I cannot bare them any longer  
Take my life from me. I have misused it

Forgive me father. I am a sinner.

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