

# Depravity

## A Plea for Purging

I am the sheep that got lost and there is no turning back. I'm as mad as Hell. There's no place to run. I'm without the One who made me though I'm Not sure I was ever with Him. There's no place to run. I'm without the One Who made me though I'm not sure I was ever with Him. Oh God, oh my God. Oh God, where are You now. Oh my God, where are You now. Oh God, oh my God. Here's where I stand. Removed and cursed. Where is Your holy communion now. There is no turning back. I won't be back. There is no turning back. I Won't be back.

Ending prayer:

I'm clinging loosely to prayers, that lately, I feel as if have fallen upon Deaf ears. Where are You? Where are You as my faith waivers? Where are You In this blinding haze? And where were You? Where were You when I would seek To find joy in my trials and found no peace? Where were You when I did not Doubt Your love but could not feel it? And why won't You answer me?... Why Won't Your presence pierce this deafening silence I have been screaming Through for so long. For so long my voice has grown weary in Your absence. For where Your voice once spoke so clearly there are no words. The cup You Once filled so abundantly has run dry. And where Your light once led so Assuredly I feel so unguided. Still I press on. For I have felt You in the Past guiding me in my desire to change. Finding a path through falling Tears, it seems I have turned my back and walked away. Seeing my reflection And not recognizing my own face, not knowing why You've allowed me to get Here. Though there was a time when the weight of Your reality brought me to My knees. When my shame and my convictions found my heart crying out for Change. When trying times gave way to white seasons. And my fea

rs would  
Flee the resounding sound of Your heart beating within my chest  
. Your blood  
Coursing through my veins purifying and breathing life into thi  
s lifeless  
Body. It now seems as though I have let the sun set on that sea  
son. The  
World You freed me from now crushes me under it's heel. And thi  
s flesh your  
Spirit once cleansed is now crawling. Fester. Rotting from t  
he inside.  
Numb to your touch. Calloused. Closed off. I feel alone and ove  
rlooked. I  
Don't know if I'll ever find my way back.