

## My Testimony

### Deep Insight

I fight the turmoil in my chest,  
what can I do to get a bit of rest?  
What's wrong with my heart,  
I don't understand the fights I start?  
As a child I was never afraid,  
always full of smiles and funny games.

Finally the battle wears me out;  
I'm lost without a doubt.  
I will wither, I will fade away,  
slip into my unconscious mind.

By now my wings were ripped apart,  
they would no longer carry me far.  
So I fell into a well, trapped by it's  
evil surroundings and smell.

Until a gentle softness surrounds my being,  
a touch of mercy and grace melt me within.  
Fresh energy so strong and meek delivered  
by a source unknown to me.