

## Silence

### Grave Declaration

Repetition, words upon words  
Seems our praise is nothing but spam  
Where's the honest cry of a yearning heart?  
Where's the passionate scream to honor our God?

Fed up with the lack of original praise.  
All the words I can think of comes from someone  
Else. And my own words are gone, still I long to  
Be near you. So I enter your throne and I offer my  
Worship of silence.

And in the end I guess I wonder  
Which one of heart or lips give praise

Head bowed down and knees rooted to the  
Ground while my hands are lifted towards the  
Throne of the Holy One. I embraced this  
Silent relation between man and God where  
Heart reaches heart and we speak without words,  
Where I forget all that is painful and hurts. And I  
Dwell in the house of the highest of Gods, where  
I'm always welcomes simply 'cos I am His son.