

the night is darkest just before dawn, so we search for brighter days. trudging fields of deceit. this will be the day of amelioration. if we are granted a clear sky. where we can look up and admire all that you are without a storm in the way. there's been so many storms as of late. i know nothing but rain. dry up our eyes. dry up our lives. dry up the rain. the storm is inside me. with so many storms around me, it's no surprise that when i see the sun i begin to squint my eyes. i can't handle it all at once, so i let it in slowly. and bask in my saving grace. (i need Your sun to dry up the rain.)