There's a silent voice that surrounds me.

Is it above or is it below me?

It's something I can't see or feel, but I know it's real.

Touch me so I can see your power your, glory.

Show me lord my life's end, and the number of days I live.

You've made my life a mere handbreadth

and the number of years is nothing in your hands.

A man's life is but a breath

I think of all the times I've let you down

and all the times that I should have turned around.

There's so many I could never count them

so many times I should have turned from my sin.

But I was stubborn and thought I could live with it.

I should just swallow my pride and listen...