

The Struggle

Steven Malcolm

Even though it doesn't show
Sometimes my shoulders get sore
From carrying what feels like the world
But I thank God that I'm alright
No one else can carry the load
That's why I never gave into
The struggle

Yeah, Lord give me strength for this cross
Through this forgiveness with every day that I lost
Mind full of the evil that people against you be lovin'
I'm filled with the corruption of sin, sick, and destruction, yeah
So many skeletons my mind's become a grave site
Spirit so afflicted it's been hard for me to pray at night
Bring into perfection a sinner that lay with the lies, filled with the pride that cast Lucifer out of the sky
My mind lust-driven
Can't keep it off these women
They hittin' my seven on the daily to come and get it
Mailin' in every day I wake, attacked by all the bigotry
Praying for the fruit of the spirit but need a bigger tree

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At the end of the day I'm just a broken vessel
Tired and stressed out looking for an escape route
And for the longest there was nights filled with fornication - even wives givin' into my affirmation
I tried to mask it prayin' it don't ever reach the surface
I look at my choices and often question: was it worth it?
The fact that I still question that's crazy to me
I lowered my core values knowin' none of that garbage was funny
Got me feelin' bummy
They came to steal and kill
And I ain't lyin' when I tell you that the struggle's real
Hands together, prayin' daily for holy ambitions
And the pure heart fully up to God's vision

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