## **Convictions And Contradiction**

Winds

In the beginning there came light from the darkness Then came the first day and a world had begun Without form and shape from the shadows deep Turning the wheels from the tide it had spun

A world where survival hoped for in being Is not as prevalent as the means to exist Where practice and theory don't go together Under the rule of an iron fist

With favor those who hold the conviction Produced by believing in things not seen Setting the pace for skepticism Doubt in all that is and has been

Natural creation and divine revelation Two methods for proving a false pretension Looking for evidence of proven infliction Waiting for someone to intervene