

Lack of Faith

Joy has been gone for a long time
Happiness something now never mine
Even contentment seems to me
A thing I see that will always be

A moving target

I have all the evidence
It does not translate to reverence
I am always on the fence
It seems I will forever be

The doubting Thomas

You turned water into wine
I am the branch, you are the vine
My whole life you have defined
What I am and try to be yet I am

The doubting Thomas

I shouldn't have to see the wounds
The scars from what they did to you
You are the thing to hold onto
Why is that something I can't do

You say you are the door
And I have gone through it before
Why am I outside anymore
What is all the struggle for

Lack of faith seems like a test
I'm not living out what I profess
Even though I know you know what's best
Why does this all seem like a guess

It's me
It's me
The doubting Thomas

Through all the things in which I fail
There is the hope that you'll prevail
Lift me up from my travail
And help me not to be
Maybe I don't have to be

The doubting Thomas

