

All This Hell

Written by Philip C. Vinson
Wednesday, 09 July 2008 16:53 -

Why does life have to be so much hell?
If there is a reason, won't You come and to me tell?
This sure must be what they call hell on earth.
It has come against me for all it is worth.
Have you been through my hell?
Then how can you say all will be well?
If you do not understand,
How can you say on your feet I know you will land?
These years of hell, is there nothing You will do?
It seems not even You I can turn to.
Won't You come and show me You care?
When I call why do You not hear?
Why Lord don't You answer my prayer?
This burden, won't You come and help me bear?
Why are You waiting so long to help me?
All this hell can't You see?
These many years; how many more must there be, Before You come down to take a look and see?
Isn't it time there was a break from this for me?
Why are You continuing to let this be?
Over the years in my hell I know I did complain.
My friends tried hard to explain.
I know they prayed and did their best.
Maybe they are now praying when they need to rest.
Things are now getting better I can see.
The light at the end of the tunnel is waiting for me.
It is losing its hold that has been my hell.
And I do believe soon I also can say all is well.