

Picking On Me

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Why, Lord, is it me You are always picking on?
I don't think I am always doing something wrong.
Why can't I once in awhile get a break?
Why must something be wrong when I awake?
You know my hurts; why do You leave me this way?
They never cease, night or day.
You know I have always loved You.
Then why not come and something about this do?
Why, Lord, from me do You want to flee?
You know I am weak and frail compared to Thee.
This has been going on for so long, You can see.
So why is it taking so long to come to help me?
My troubles won't you just come and take?
I need help; won't You come just for my sake?
If not, then just let me be.
You no longer seem to care about me.
Won't You ease this pain if only for one night?
From my pain, why do You take Your flight?
Through Your stripes we are healed, just let that be?
And not forsake me?
Lord, these things keep persisting day after day.
Far away You seem to stay.
Won't You just let up for a little bit?
Won't You give me a little peace I need it?
Have I been wrong, it don't seem that way to me.
But if this was for another reason that I did not see, Then forgive me for looking at it this way.
I repent Lord, and ask for forgiveness today.