

## Never Ending Storms

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The storms of life have beaten me down. And they continue to pound and pound.  
And the storms of time have taken their toll on me.  
Surely Lord all this can't be hid from Thee.  
The waters are getting so high, And from me You go and hide, why?  
How much more of this can I take?  
I know I am not dreaming; I am wide awake.  
The storms just keep coming.  
And the sound of more keeps rumbling.  
Won't the time ever come when these storms end?  
Tell me Lord, on whom but You can I depend?  
Lord, is there ever going to be a moment of relief?  
I will take it even if it is very brief.  
I wonder if it is worth even being alive.  
Because I don't know if I will survive.  
Oh how I wish these storms would cease.  
Every day they just seem to increase.  
There seems to be no let-up to them at all.  
Lord, somewhere did I miss Your call?  
Give me the strength to continue while these storms beat.  
And to face them, never retreat.  
The storms that lie ahead that I still must face.  
I pray if only one day at a time You will give me grace.  
If I go to be with You before these storms end, A helping hand I know You will lend.  
I know for me You have always been here.  
When I thought You were far away, You were always near.