Lord, when I am in the valley and the waters begin to rise, Let this not be the day of my demise.
When I should rejoice on the mountain top so high, Even there my soul seems empty and dry.
Can't You see what's happening to me?
Is this the way You want it to be?
You can see what a turmoil my life is in, And You know it is not because of sin.
Lord, I know there is no one like You.
Why must all these things I continue to go through?
Can't there be a little joy also along the way?
Are my troubles going to be worse tomorrow than today?
Can't You see what is going on down here?
Don't You any longer care?
In my eyes is there left one more tear?
So when Lord my cry are You going to hear?
You said for us to draw near to You. That is what I have been trying to do.
But when I seek You, You seem to get farther away.
Won't You help me, or in heaven are You going to stay?
Lord, where did Your love go?
I wish You would tell me; I sure would like to know.
I wish You would come to my rescue.
Do You even know how much I need You?
In Me you have made your abode, And down life's path we both have strode.
Don't worry about those things you will face.
I will be there with all My power and grace.