

What Can I Say?

What can I say that will make a small difference?
What can I do to make you believe?
What is the reason for your angry resistance?
Is it only myself that I'm trying to deceive?

The earth and the sky speak to all of His Glory.
The wind and sea balance each other in flight
The smells and the sights of this world are quite glorious,
But mere hints of the heaven that's hidden from sight.

Why can't you see Him? Why can't you hear?
What keeps the heaven so far, yet so near?
A whisper, a knowing, a vision unseen.
What is the purpose? What does it all mean?

To say there is life after death seems so feeble
To someone who's suffered a loved one who's lost.
To speak of a God who is caring and kind
Is to heap burning coals and is too high a cost.

And yet...
I've seen a place where your loved one resides.
The Light that surrounds them, the Love that abides.
Their birth into arms that receive and surround.
Their eyes slowly opening, looking around.

I know that you haven't yet seen this great sight.
And have no reason to believe what I've told you is right.
But what I have seen and all that I know
Is The Truth, and I swear on my soul it is so.