

Digging Deep

Poor Old Lu

so now hold your breath
and set the stage
prepare yourself for the cynic's rage
is it a question still of who is man?
or how they feel and what i am

but digging deep i found a way
what more do i need to say

gone through life and death
and what remains
if any blemish hang your head in shame
like a fever that just keeps you down
would you simply let it stay around?

'digging deep' i guess i say
is more pridefulness of that day
in truth i know that it is clear
i was distant, God is near

in the goodness and strife
found and empty wanting life
though so long made no sound
with tears i bowed myself down

won't you greet this man
and hear his words
maybe an open ear would make him stir
could a closed heart have saved all man?

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