

# In My Own Way

By Mark Edgemon

I wait; as I desire to be a champion!  
I sit back, while others decide my fate.  
I delude myself into wasting my time,  
Running out the clock, so I will no longer  
Need to deal with the things that I fear.

Another day older and not one wit wiser.  
Who am I kidding? Nothing will get better  
Without making it so. If God did it all for me,  
I would be weakened for all future attacks...so  
I need to deal with the things I fear.

The good ole' days that I will look back on  
Are today, for better, or worse.  
It is in the power of my hands  
To pray through the risks, overcome the fears,  
So my conscience will be clean at the end of my days.

The End