

# Where Do Dark Times Come From

By Mark Edgemon

Where do dark times come from  
A whispered remembrance of sad times long since forgotten  
A chilling touch of evil's beckoning call  
A destructive image that I'd rather keep restrained

Where do dark times come from  
When my faith is low and my spirit is weak  
When the pain in my body vexes my soul  
Or I see a moment limited without joy

Where do dark times come from  
When I approach a hill I do not want to climb  
Or I see myself in my last day's wanton  
With no one to hold my hand

Where do dark times come from  
When I fail the ones I love  
When my carnal state is standing in front of me  
And I cannot see the mirror for his presence

Where do dark times come from  
When I reach for what is not  
Or imprisoned in self-absorption  
Chained in lengths forged by pride

My own self is from where the dark times come  
When my eyes are within instead of without  
There is no strength in my mortality  
But only from the Source of Creation

Darkness comes with each wrong choice  
Hammering out my will my own way  
Dig deep and you will find a reservoir of joy  
With the whole hearted acceptance of Truth