

# Bring Me Back by Logan Black



You knock on the door of my heart until Your  
knuckles bleed;

I'm in the corner trying to drown out the noise.

I know I'm in trouble; it's You I need.

But the deceiver still holds me, and I am his toy.

I cannot escape this hole I've dug; it's now much too deep.

But You are standing there and let down a rope;

I grab hold and climb, but fall for it's too steep.

And I am now, only now, beginning to lose hope.

I become content with the person I am;

No longer do I need You in my perfect life.

Across the river that flows into my soul, I build a dam

So that without You near me, I will not feel strife.

You plead and you cry for me to come back,

But still I reject with a turn of my face.

I can still feel Your presence, or the presence I lack,

So my feeling turns to total disgrace.

How can You plead and how can You cry?

I have been nothing but someone you should throw away.

But You came to this earth, You came to die  
So that I may enter Your glorious realm, on my last day.  
You do not care where I have been, or what I have done.  
You only care about what is deep inside.  
Never will You give up on me, till victory is won.  
And I deceive myself when I think I can hide.  
My heart starts to break like waves on a shore.  
With one mighty flash You destroy the dam.  
You forget about knocking; You break down the door.  
Into my heart is where You now stand.  
A fork in the road. Which way should I take?  
The left hand is narrow, the right wide and strong.  
If I do choose the narrow, again I may break.  
But You will always be there, to help me along.

Photo by Federico Stevanin *Old Door*  
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*Logan is a high school student in Indiana.*