

# Belief

Evil can root in the vengeful-hearted  
And that I believe is how it all started.  
Belief. Huh! That word still sounds really odd  
From someone who thought they'd abandoned their God  
Or more precisely that God turned away  
Though I prayed as I cried through many a day  
My mother was dying of cancer's embrace  
And everyone saw the deep pain on her face

She'd been given a month, or maybe just two  
And that was too long for what she went through  
My Dad prayed with me, at first for respite  
But soon for a merciful end to her fight  
But a month became six, then stretched to a year  
God wasn't listening that much became clear  
So the torture continued for her and us all  
As we watched her decline as sure as a fall

And haggard and frail, she lingered between  
The bones now emerging and the woman she'd been  
So God died for me as my mother lived on  
My hope and belief forever was gone  
Replaced by a rage that I'd been so deceived  
I resented the God I no longer believed  
With that myth exposed, what's life after death  
Except for the bugs in your very last breath?

It was never the same with Mum at last gone  
But somehow we coped and we just carried on  
Dad went away and soon found a new wife  
And left me to just get on with my life  
But I'd lost more than Mum as I very soon found  
I was lost and in limbo with no solid ground  
When I did sleep I had the most horrible dreams  
Awakening to Mum's mixed with my own screams

I longed to remember her healthy and well  
Instead in my dreams she re-lived all that hell  
But this time it wasn't disease she must fight  
It was demons with fangs and a terrible bite  
They clawed at her flesh making her scream  
Such was the subject of all of my dreams  
And I did try to help, but what help could I be  
All it did was to bring their attention on me

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In each new dream as I ran from their claws  
They chased, getting closer, with never a pause  
And each time there grew such a terrible smell  
That I knew they were chasing me straight down to hell  
But what could I do? There was no escaping  
The terrors ahead or the sounds they were making  
At last I broke down having no other choice  
And that's when I heard my Mum's own sweet voice

What are you doing? She said clear as day  
These are your nightmares and they won't go away  
'Till you learn to forgive what you can't comprehend  
I'm fine now and happy. It worked out in the end  
God isn't cruel, neglectful or blind  
Or whatever you thought in your desperate mind  
His purpose is something we cannot conceive  
It's human to doubt but you have to believe

Belief is the cloak that you have to unfurl  
To protect you from evil at large in the world  
God and the Devil are real and at war  
In the battle for souls as each try to win more  
When bad things happen it's not always God's plan  
But the Devil at work with what mischief he can  
Blame the Devil, not God for what we endured  
Else the Devil is winning of that you're assured

As my mother was speaking she appeared in white light  
And I knew in my heart what she'd said was all right  
That tested by evil, I'd taken the bait  
And allowed my belief to be turned into hate  
But then as her image just faded away  
The demons grew closer, all anxious to play  
I had to do something but couldn't think how  
Whatever it was, it had to be now

The smell was revolting as the demons appeared  
With red eyes ablaze, they drooled as they neared  
Their big sharkish mouths twisted into a grin  
Enjoying the thought that their fun could begin  
Then out of the blue, and still on my knees  
I shouted aloud "God, help me now please!"  
"Forgive the mistakes I was foolish to make"  
The next thing I knew, I was safe and awake.