

# The Battle Rages

My mind was so distracted  
By worries of my life.  
I went to fight the battle  
But it only brought me strife.

I stood up for right causes,  
I vocalized my needs.  
But the garden I had planted  
Was being choked by weeds.

I planted seeds of honor,  
I sowed the seeds of pride.  
Something's missing from this garden,  
I knew it deep inside.

I asked the Lord to show me  
Why my work had come to naught.  
He told me of my praylessness  
His will I hadn't sought.

"Your eyes can't see the battle  
That rages in the air  
Your work becomes a vanity  
When I'm no longer there."

He taught me what's accomplished  
When I fall upon my knees.  
His work is done in heavenly realms  
Where only His eye sees.

Strongholds of Satan break their chains.  
The hearts of kings are changed.  
Pieces of one's broken life  
Are now by God arranged.

If I could see with eyes anew  
The working wrought by prayer  
The striving of my flesh would stop,  
My burden now He'd bear.

My view is through a clouded glass,  
I walk by faith, not sight.  
The battle is fought not by my work  
But by His power and might.

What happens in Heaven I do not know  
When in faith I bring my request.  
But I know the One who's brought me  
thus far,  
His love will keep me at rest.

'Cause I like to work very hard on my own  
As if I am good inside,  
I tell you the truth, He allowed me to see,  
It all boiled down to pride.

My deeds are all right when the  
Father's in sight,  
Then my steps He will guide on the way.  
But my plans have no power in of themselves  
If I've neglected to pray.

Jesus teach me to pray  
As you taught Your dear friends.  
I'll depend upon You  
For Your love never ends.

Please impress upon me and others to see  
Our need for dependence on You.  
For a single prayer that is uttered in faith  
Will change our point of view.

Time spent with you is never in vain,  
My heart has been touched by Your care.  
My situation remains unchanged,  
Yet Your ultimate peace I feel there.

For Your throne is the place for  
believers to rest  
And there the soul finds peace.  
My steps He will guide by  
His Spirit inside  
Then finally my labor will cease.

"Take My yoke upon you, for I'm  
gentle in heart."  
My Jesus, my friend implored.  
His saints have a weapon unequalled in power,  
When we pray in one accord.

Lori Travers (given by the Father)