

## Solitude

A new day brings nothing but anxiety  
For when I wake up, my mask is waiting for me  
I must put it on so I hide my own face  
My own thoughts and feelings I now must erase.

I must be whoever they want me to be  
I hide my opinions so they will not disagree  
All that they love, I now must love, too.  
And I cannot fail to do all that they do.

But when I am allowed to again be alone  
I take off the mask and my heart can be shown  
And I open up the Spirit of love  
The One who knows all that my heart is made of.

When I am happy to stillness I retire  
To let Him share the glow of my soul's joyful fire  
And when I am weakened by hardship and sorrow  
He quietly shows me the hope of tomorrow

And even when solitude brings loneliness  
I am gently reminded with great tenderness  
That in this hard world with a heart cold as stone  
He will always be with me and I am not alone.

"Come to Me, weary ones," the Son of God said,  
"I hold in my hand the tears that you've shed."  
So, Lord here I come to give my grief  
For only in You can I find true relief

So whether in sorrow, whether in glee  
O God, I express my whole self now to Thee  
Your love is my water, Your Word is my food  
From You I gain strength in solitude.

And now that your hand is firmly in mine  
I will not wear my mask, through myself You will shine.

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