

*Angels Voices in the Night*

*Shhhh! I hear the voice, deep in the night*

*I lay quietly for fear of what might*

*As always no one in sight*

*To help me get rid of this fright*

*Walk away and run is what my head wants to say*

*My heart feels differently so I lay*

*Wishing my feet could take me away*

*Hush, says the voice as the footsteps grow near*

*I wonder, is it only me who hears*

*I close my eyes paralyzed with fear*

*Maybe if I pretend to sleep,*

*Close my eyes not make a peep*

*My feeling of isolation that runs deep*

*Like a valley of loneliness I keep*

*Will not feel like a mountain I climb so steep,*

*It won't be another night to lie quietly and pretend*

*As the steps draw closer and closer to the bed*

*I pray to God I die instead,*

*My Father hears the prayer in my head*

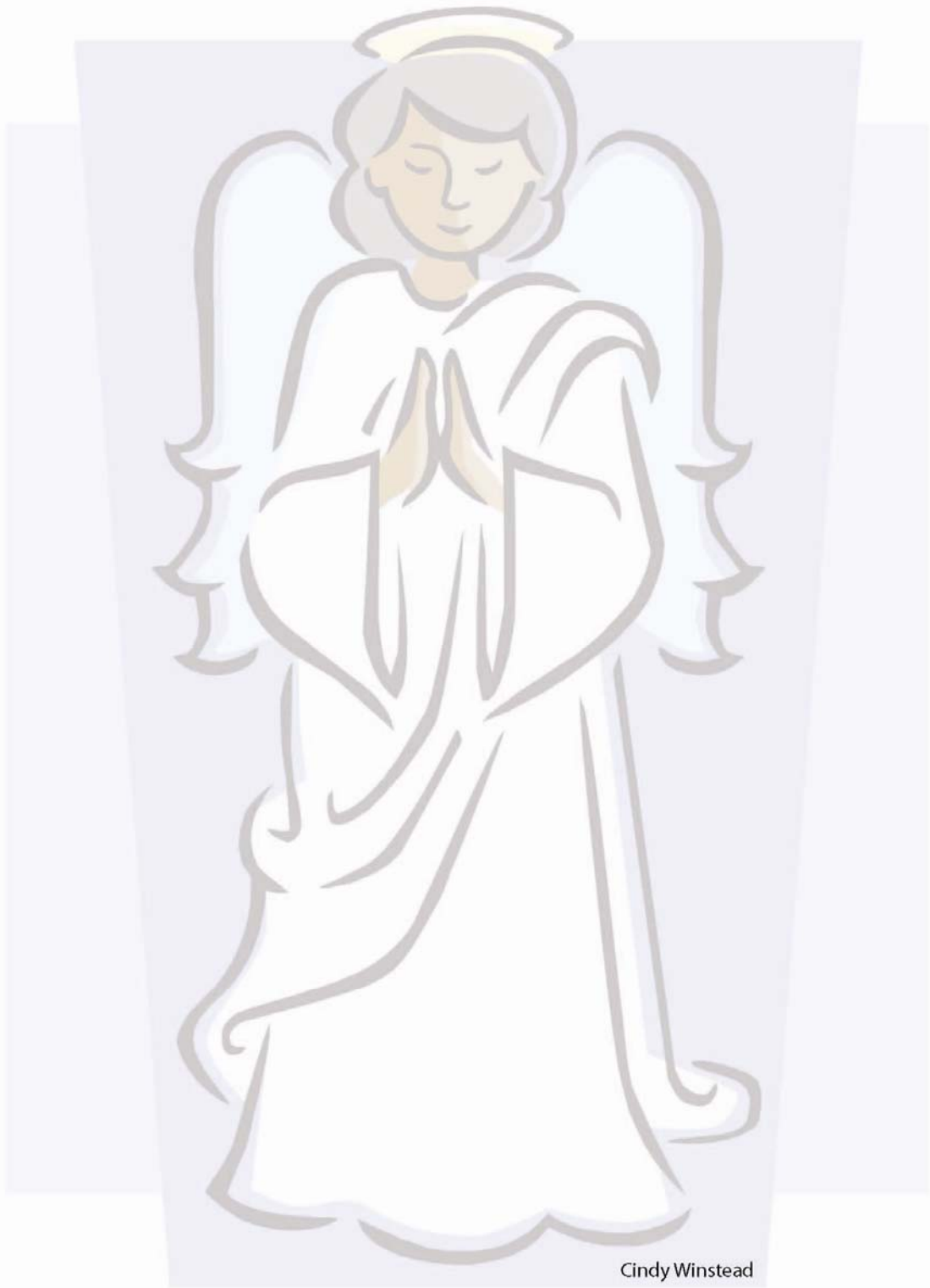
*And gives me wisdom, courage, strength like a friend,*

*I wake up to reality, the beginning, not the end*

*Cindy Winstead*

*I don't make a sound, I run*

The first step of my journey has just begun.



Cindy Winstead