

The hope of the heart of is to know you lord,
All that you do and comes true through your word;
The power of the knowledge and love that's within,
In the grace and the victory of deaths beaten sin.

Picking up pieces of a life in constant pain,
The battle for the truth and battle to stay sane;
The life of loving God in the course of human hope,
The heart to climb the mountain beyond the pinnacle slope.

And the chance of coming cleaner in the risen lord of life,
Is the purpose and the challenge of victory over strife;
So now we see it clearer this change of constant fear,
To the vision and completion of God's heavenly idea.

And there's no further way of knowing what will go beyond,
The gold and crimsoned sunset reflecting beauty ever fond;
As the majesty and power of a broken life relives,
The answer becomes quite obvious that the sinner learns to give.

So where there nowhere other than the hope that's in the heart,
The place to look is centred on the mind becoming smart;
Because the purpose and the beauty of a never ending faith,
Is found in one another in the course of the human race.

Now the hope that's in the heart will never be left behind,
But travels and lingers softly in a heavenly state of mind;
And there's no place left to go that hasn't been before,
But the infinite space and time of what's beyond heaven's door.

Signed,

We have a hope