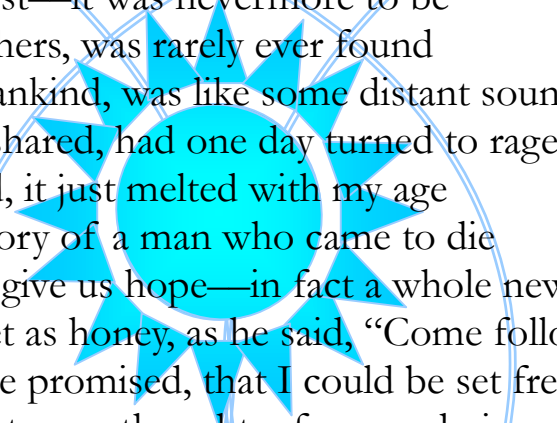


# PEACE AT LAST

*By Ben Alirez*



It used to be that life was rarely black and white  
It was childlike—it was carefree—it was filled with all things right  
And then there came the day, when truth would visit me  
My innocence was lost—it was nevermore to be  
The trust I had in others, was rarely ever found  
The faith I had in mankind, was like some distant sound  
The kindness that I shared, had one day turned to rage  
The smile I extended, it just melted with my age  
But then I heard a story of a man who came to die  
A man who came to give us hope—in fact a whole new life  
His words were sweet as honey, as he said, “Come follow me.”  
For in those words he promised, that I could be set free  
I struggled with the strange thought, of surrendering my will  
For how could I give up my reason for something that I feel?  
I bowed my head, I closed my eyes and softly spoke, “Lord help me,”  
“Please take this burden from my back, and I shall follow thee,”  
Suddenly I felt an ember, my heart was set aglow  
I smiled at that moment—for I saw mountains—I saw snow  
A thousand sun-filled flowers in a field came back alive  
The sun on the far horizon seemed to wipe out every lie  
I felt a strange new power—no prisoner of my past  
For now that I have tasted joy, my heart knows PEACE AT LAST