

The Silent Pope

Paul N. Dion / Allen M. Dion

They say I am a silent pope, but what do they want to hear from me?
The war will soon be here, my friend. The people show their fear to me.
And why would I not comfort them and ease their minds, as well as mine.

They say I don't care I'm misinformed,
But I am aware, and I have a heart filled with hope, my friend.
That God will show his hand and bring back peace and fill this world with love.

Every turn I make, doubts always cloud my way.
Though my intentions are to do my best each day.
I fear I lack the strength to carry out my role,
And with the trauma of each turn, each day begins to take its toll.

Am I the best many for the job? Perhaps it's time I resign.
I know successors wait in line, hoping for the votes.

There are things I cannot change. It's a troubled world these days.
Evil men take control, and they're likely to succeed.

The times of peace are gone for good.
I'm urged to speak, and I know I should.
And I wish I could, but I can't find the words.

Every step I take, fear walks alongside me.
I want to be the man I've been ordained to be.
I need to show the strength to carry out my goal.
But as a priest, I wasn't told the job provides a heavy load.

If I'm the best man for the job, God will present me with his plan.
Will he speak to me tonight? And will I understand?

The world awaits my condemnation.
The pressure builds from every station.
Words are out of reach.
Your guidance I beseech.

I cannot find the words.
Out of reach.
Please help me find the words.