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## **oceans**

in the beginning oceans were created  
nature was flowing like rhythms of life  
hope of peace were everywhere awaited  
the heavens had come to bring its lawfully bride

but crawling from the earth, there was hatred  
thunders of roar came crashing every peace  
the oceans turned into a storm of its fated  
the hope of humanity, waiting for its release

the cold  
the beat  
the breeze

we find our peace in the storm of the ocean  
where trust is glimmering like a shield of faith  
we learn to swim like a new creation  
and the hope of the heavens can still remain

this is where faith becomes the evidence of things unseen  
when instead of sinking, we chose to swim

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