

Oh yee of little faith do not believe,  
Of all the earth your heart can conceive;  
To move a mountain with your faith in God,  
Is seldom seen now, but is not rarely odd.

Faith you see is to be all I can be,  
To have in my mind what my heart dares to see;  
To own in my soul whatever I choose,  
That one day I win, and to you I'll lose.

Faith is that majesty and Grace left in time,  
To what can be imagined and conceived in a rhyme;  
It must be withheld to those times of need,  
But open and plentiful to those who will read.

Faith is the magic that lives in a breath,  
Until one day I die and face fate in my death;  
Faith is the knowledge of what must come true,  
Like knowing gods hand in one moments hue.