
Fire and Faith - Robert Toney 2025

When fury burns like untamed fire,
And words rise up, sharp with ire,
My hands are clenched, my heart beats fast,
How long, O Lord, will tempests last?

The world provokes, the wounds run deep,
Injustice mocks, it steals my sleep.
I cry for truth, for wrongs made right,
Yet darkness lingers in the night.

But in the storm, Your voice is near,
A whisper cutting through my fear.
"Be still, My child, release the fight,
Let faith, not wrath, become your light."

I long to strike, to stand my ground,
To raise my voice, to shout aloud—
Yet in my soul, You plant a seed,
A call to love, a call to heed.

For justice walks in steps divine,
Not ruled by wrath, nor bound by time.
The fire fades, my hands grow still,
I yield my heart, I trust Your will.

So teach me, Lord, to wait, to trust,
To turn my anger into dust.
For though the world may rage and roar,
My faith in You will rise once more.
