

God I'm angry.

Angry at you.
with you.
for you.

I hate what I see.

I hate what I do not see.

Thank you for giving me your eyes but really?

I hate it.

I feel so small and helpless.

With your eyes my heart breaks.

While on Bangla road...

I want to collapse and weep.

It takes everything in me..

to stay strong.

The way I see satan being glorified.

I can see him laughing...

giving You the middle finger.

What can I do to shift this atmosphere of worship?

From him to YOU.

God my heart breaks for

the girls who have accepted the title of a prostitute.

Those who are so numb that they do anything

Who have accepted that this is their identity.

Most for the means to survive.

God the love of money runs the world.

Your Creation.

Lord my heart breaks for the girls I see up in the glass

Who are not there by choice.

The ghostly look in their faces

as thousands walk by nightly

Ignoring their silent scream for help.

God provide them a way out.

What am I supposed to do when there are evil people

watching our every move?

Wrap your huge arms around them.

God what about the "lady boys"

who have been taught and lied to since birth

that they are girls.

all the reconstructive surgeries they have had.

all the insecurities they face daily.

the lies that they can't be who you truly created them to be.

Give them rest.

I pray they will find their identity in you alone.

I pray for the young kids that sell the flowers and necklaces.

That are pimped out nightly.

that get "hit" if they don't sell 20 each night.

God I pray you will provide a way out.

I pray they will go home.

I pray for the sick men that think it's alright.

I beg you to change my heart to a righteous anger

not just a bitter hatred.

God take the images out of my head that I have seen.

The way the men look at these women as a

a simple toy.

instant gratification.

No commitment needed.

One night stand.

Easy pleasure.

Holy Spirit make these men physically sick