

👣 🏰 Beyond Towers and Shadows 🧡 🏠

In towers high and cities wide,
A name moves strong, with steady stride.
Trump—a call that stirs the air,
A shadow cast, a whispered prayer.

He walks through halls of power's hold,
Where voices praise and tales unfold.
Yet power fades, and towers lean—
Lord, grant him sight of what's unseen.

Teach him the strength in mercy's way,
The grace to lead, the will to stay.
For every road holds light and dark,
And in each heart, a hidden spark.

O Lord, who shapes both king and clay,
Guide those who lead and those who sway.
For wealth will fade, and kingdoms fall,
Yet only love outlasts them all.

When triumph's loud or battles wear,
Remind us, Lord, of what is rare—
A life not built on shifting sand,
But held secure within Your hand.

May he who bears the weight of might
Find peace in You, in darkest night.
And may we all, both proud and small,
In faith and grace, rise strong and tall.

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