



Charts & Lyrics

Conviction: Songs of Faith from Women in Prison

When I Was in Prison, God Visited Me

Ronda Singletary

Through the years, my tears became nonexistent.
Dried out by pain, replaced by strength I've gained
While I was in prison.

As an adolescent, I remember saying:
"When I grow up, I want to be a teacher."
I used to create an audience with my dolls
Fully attentive of their stares—

But what I didn't see lurking was the cruel intention
Satan had over my life.
I was raped as a child,
Self-destructed as a teenager,
And imprisoned two decades of my life.

Never did I expect the extent of preparation it took
To actually teach.
When you talk about God's Plan, "His Purpose,"
Destiny will lead you exactly where you're meant to be.

Trials and Tribulations was my journey
And through the life of experience,
I stand empowered by the Grace of God.

My wounds are transparent and I governed
The same punishment as Jesus.
I was denied, mocked, and eventually crucified.

The crown of thorns that was placed upon
My head reminded me every day that,
If I call on Jesus, I too will witness my true resurrection.

I shed those same blood and tears as Jesus and,
When I was nailed on that cross, Jesus saved me.
My God did not forsake me. He just prepared me to teach.

See, I was a chosen disciple.
The Lord is my almighty Father and what he has
Prepared for me, I shall not want —

He saved my enslaved soul from darkness
So that I can hear his voice.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of sexual abuse,
Mental wounds, and prison walls, I fear no evil.
My almighty Father was with me when I didn't
Know him and he still protected me.

He prepared a teacher within me
And reminded me of my adolescent dreams.

So, surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord—
Forever.

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While I was in prison.

Illiterate to the signs, "Blind Eyes,"
Unable to identify the fundamentals
Quoting the same prayer became a ritual.

Only convenient suitable to my accommodations,
Unanswered prayers didn't recognize his dedication.

Consciously apprehending a voice unfamiliar to me,
Self-conscious of the feeling I can't describe "knowingly."

Visions in dreams to be dissected of the revelations before me,
But all the while it was you, Lord, who was for me—

Trials and tribulations oppressed by the wrath of sin but again,
You wiped my tears, carried me, and stayed my friend.

Through songs "my heart began to long"
The testimonials I thought was too long, was I wrong?
Or too far gone? "Left alone" but I needed to be strong,
"And He still visited me."

Down on my knees I shout "JESUS!" No shame.
Tears streaming down my face
Lord, but I'm tired of this race.

I felt your presence and heard your voice clearly,
"Dear God, Help me seriously."
See, I was in prison while you visited me

Lord have mercy. You finally freed me!