

Declared, Bannered

Anathallo

I could not look Him in the face, so I stood revarnishing the floor with my eyes. He stared into them with this love so offend and profound. He tore the center of my shirt and red ws bleeding through from underneath the white clothes that I wore. The fire of devotion was only an ember. Alarmed at this sign of decay, my legs gave out because there was no self left to stand on. Thus, my heart was grieved, vexed in my mind, still Your banner over me was love. My walls are ever before You, still Your banner over me is love. But it was Your kind arms cradling me, a criminal. But it was your kind arms cradling me, a criminal. Oh wretched worm of a man that I am, on Thy kind arms I fall.**
I'm just a man. I'm just a criminal.

**From the gravestone of William Carey, reading only, "A wretched, poor, and helpless worm, On Thy kind arms I fall"