

The cross you wear
The lips that swear
The heart that tears apart
The do's and dare's
The troubled shared
The pain that causes want

The arm of flesh
The kiss of death
The infant sings of ressurect
Eyes that lust
Love waxed in rust
Finally rest in earth's sweet dust

Bless the ones who persecute
Love those who hate you
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Love those who hate you

Who are the enemies of the cross
Who finds it a stumbling block
Who can endure despising and shame
On the instrument of pain
Promises kept and as Jesus wept
All four corners have been swept
To each his own
We should have known
That father God would call his children home

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