

Jill Sent Me

Mortal

Dreams, soundlessly rise then turn and fall Like hope
Longing for time to end it all
These broken hands - trembling towards a Shape Of promise
Broken light passing before my eyes

Now, motionless in it's every move
My Faith dies with every living proof
My trembling hands - fighting to grasp the shape Of promise
Holding on with Everything I am

Against the slate-green cross Jill sent me
Above the beating of my heart
Beneath the Weight I cannot carry
Unspeakable grace has whispered love

If, Fearlessly I should face it all
And if, shamelessly I should turn and fall
Upon these Hands - weathered and stained with Hope and promise
I will stand Healed before your eyes

...beneath the weight I Cannot carry
Ineffable grace has spoken Life