

## Moss And Flowers

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Daylight coming up so soon  
mourn the loss of a quarter moon  
blackbird bares his blood torn wings  
no solace here for he will bring  
a lonesome death on frost bit leaves  
blessed moss and flowers for all who grieve

As winter pleads it's fleeting end  
at fall's decay, returns again  
the soul withdraws, the body stays  
a stone shall lay upon the grave  
a narrow cage without reprieve  
blessed moss and flowers for all who grieve

Stand in good stead as grace receives  
prayers for souls willing to believe  
in thorns and nails between two thieves  
blessed moss and flowers for all who grieve

Darkness burning up at last  
redemption's tears for misdeeds past  
flesh betrayed anoint still eyes  
no breath here for we will lie  
in darken ground till heaven retrieves  
blessed moss and flowers for all who grieve