

The Missing Wife

Showbread

Should you hurt yourself or simply sleep?
I shall collect myself after i weep,
A garb myself in ocean blue,
With no method of goodbye for you,
Should the marsh render a crane to cry?
And should the sea suspend it's gulls to fly?
I lend myself under their wings,
And hear the voice of Jesus sing,
No wish for he whose whimsey does soar,
No wish to sleep forever more,
No eye shadow as thick as paint,
No pigment pleads unto the faint.

Forgiveness like a blanket of snow,
Whispers like the wind does blow
Beckoning unto the deep, offering unto the meek
And there you lay in Jesus' hands,
Resting there beside the lamb,
There will not be a circular piece to drive into a Square shape
d keep,
No hands to hold within my own,
No second soul inside our home,
We'll walk beside the crystal sea,
Myself for my love, and my love for me