

Communion

Stephen Speaks

I've this sinking feeling I'm before Your throne
And these songs I have been singing well they're empty in my throat
As this plate comes by I realize I'm close to the fire but I'm still cold
And what once was juice and crackers now becomes my only hope
(this cup is not enough I must be washed in Your sweet blood
And stale bread it just won't do tonight
Oh and in my unworthy state I kneel before Your loving grace
And wish that I could see Your face in mine)
I am reeling, realization I'm before Your throne
And deserving condemnation You make mine your own
Could this be my true communion You and I here face to face
If I'm dreaming let me dream, oh let me never ever wake