

Seasons

Your Memorial

Come one come all this is the truth or so they say
The image is more important than, it's more important than the
being
The truth is this message is a dissimulated depiction of what i
s reality

They have become a wounder, a wounder of the healers
Rather than a healer of the many wounded

Come one come all this is the truth not what they say
Without grace how can any of us make any progress
We all have sinned and fallen short
But if we let that hold us back we would be nothing at all

Personal responsibility has replaced personal response

This is the final straw
You are dead to me
Your actions prove nothing
You are dead to us

There is a season for everything
What will you take from this what will you make of this
There is a season for everything
What will you take from this what will you make