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