Communion

Antipope

communion (luke 22:15-30)
(t. mccloud)
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
{chorus}

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