God Send

Enchantment

With grace my mother can you play the harp
Like an angel to a saint
I feel so lonely the loved falling far from graspDei gratia,
heal the wounds that cut so deep
To never cease feeling such misery, so real
To utter with a lisp, so subtle
Ab initio ad finemI kiss your forehead
You clasp to my palms
The uterus from which gave birth
Stares withered and sopine
Hide the cries you so hear
Stripping you so naked
Wipe the sweat from your brow
Weeping to a given droughtThe shrouding of the light
Death is your god send
Upon your final breath the skin upon my arm rigours
Deus misereatur de profundis quantum libet
Taedium vitae esto perpetua

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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