

# 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 grasp  
Dei 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 finem I 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 drought  
The 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.

Lyrics provided by  
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