

The Missing Wife

Showbread

Should you hurt yourself or simply sleep?
I shall collect myself after I weep
Then garb myself in ocean blue
With no method of goodbye for you Should the marsh render a crane to cry
And should the sea suspend it's gulls to fly
I'll lend myself unto their wings
And hear the voice of Jesus sing No wish for she whose whimsy does soar
No wish to sleep forever more
No eye shadow as thick as paint
No pigment pleads unto the faint Forgiveness like a blanket of snow
Whispers like the wind does blow
Beckoning unto the deep
Offering out unto the meek There you lay in Jesus hands
Resting there beside the Lamb
There will not be a circular piece
To drive into a square shaped keep No hands to hold within my own
No second soul inside our home
I'ma walk beside the crystal sea
Myself for my love and my love for me

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