Dolorosa

Tim Moore

It was in an olive garden
That we suffered our defeat
And the idea we lost our heart in
Now seems so sadly incomplete

It was a time of much confusion
Seems we were always on the run
Now we fall back disillusioned
Before our task is done

Dolorosa, do not hang your head
It is only sorrow, and do not lose the thread
Dolorosa, dry your weeping eyes
Mourning is for mourners
Those who can, must rise

I saw the hilltop sheathed in thunder
But his face was quite composed
And his eyes were filled with wonder
His life was folding like a rose

I can still see the clouds dispersing
There was a halo 'round the moon
Under their breath, the men were cursing
Even the dead, to get home soon

Dolorosa, these are merely scars
Do not lose perspective
of what we really are
Dolorosa, do not lose your faith
If he was so precious
Someday he will be replaced

Tears of outrage, tears of anger
Have vanished in the dusty street
Disaster settles into languor
All is white in the midday heat

A spot of shade under a gable
A handmade cradle for the head

A leather wine pouch on the table
How soon we all seem to forget

Dolorosa, ask your weeping heart
Would it cry so deeply?
Were you not still a part?
Dolorosa, people do forget
But we must remember
We can't give up yet

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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