

Reconcile

Haste the Day

Your boat lies
On choppy seas as the waves crash down
Spilling over the side
Like holy water
A chance to purify
To wash away the fight
To reconcile with everyone you've failed
Your wife, your daughters, your son
As you sink into the deep
And as the water fills your lungs
Let it take the place of longing
And sink down into a better life
Free from all your woes
Free from all your failures
As you hear the words
Oh, my son
Be reconciled
Oh, my son
Be reconciled

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