

With Broken Wings, May We Not Forget Grace

recite a prayer
look up towards heaven with shame
feel those tears stream down your face

in true irony
we are all good
where will we stand
when the doves begin to make their way (up towards the heavens)

let us gather
and listen to the sweet voices of the angels
oh what sweet and sincere sound they bring

set yourself aside from those
who are drowning in their losses
may we not forget grace
let us not forget our faiths