

Blessed By A Broken Heart, Some kind of wonde

This weight on my chest is too much to bear
These ribs have collapsed
The pain is only made greater by these broken bones peircing through my heart
My breath can only escape through a heartbeat,
But it beats no more, and I choke
As I pluck these pedals from my marguarite,
I chant the song of hope of the broken hearted
"She loves me, She Loves me not"
Days go by, Flowers wilt.
Lord I'll call you joy through my trials,
Thorns have shed the blood of life,
While Roses shed tears
I will not follow crooked thorns that lead to dry & faded roses.
I'll walk on the mount of skulls.
As I pluck these petals from my marguerite I pray the she loves me...
but she loves me not
I'll live drenched in the blood of my king
I'll live drenched in the blood shed by a kiss
She loves me not... He loves me
[Psalm 34:18]