

Blessed By A Broken Heart, Somekind Of Wonde

This weight on my chest is too much to bear for me

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

"The LORD is close to the broken hearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit"

[-Psalm 34:18]