

# Bride, Love Hate

The cross you wear  
The lips that swear  
The heart that tears apart  
The do's and dare's  
The troubled shared  
The pain that causes want  
The arm of flesh  
The kiss of death  
The infant sings of resurrect  
Eyes that lust  
Love waxed in rust  
Finally rest in earth's sweet dust

Bless the ones who persucute  
Love those who hate you  
Bless the ones who persecute  
Love those who hate you

Who are the enemies of the cross  
And who finds it a stumbling block  
Who can endure despising and shame  
On the instrument of pain  
Promises kept and Jesus wept  
All four corners have been swept  
To each his own  
We should have known  
That father God would call his children home

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