

Canasta, Shadowcat

Jesus talks in red
To separate the things He said
Every night I read
And memorized the famous parts
Just before I'd go to bed

All the rest appeared in black
As the authors recalled
The best they could while looking back
So careful not to confuse
The difference between the two
Don't speak for Him
He won't speak for you

You can try, but you won't pin this on me
You were broken before we came to be
Don't you dare claim to know what He wants for you

You stopped by to talk
Suggesting that we take a walk
Then you delivered the news
The reasons that you gave amazed
I wished they'd heard the quotes you'd used

After all the time we spent
Dodging pressure to bend
How could this be heaven sent?
And the church we passed by
For three years I tried
But couldn't bear to set foot inside

Ten years on
I think the anger's finally gone
Since then I've learned
To separate the things He said
From all the phrases you have turned

Now it's clear that we just weren't meant to be
But not for reasons you gave me