

Still Remains, Light Through Skin

Rays of light that pierce through leaves fall on our skin. We are allowed. We look skyward. His hands are glorious, maker of all. We are attached, to His every work. Wind, moves through our hair. Oh God, we feel Your spirit shining down on us. You're so beautiful. One chance to live this life. One chance to sacrifice. This treasure is wonderful. How could they be so numb. Rays of light that pierce through leaves fall on our bodies. We are allowed, we are skyborn. His hands are strong, Maker Of All. We attached to His every work. How could they be so dead not to love this. How could they love greed and not want his? How could they be so dead not to want this? How could they be so empty not to love this...not to love this precious life