

The way to find our selves is in the fires of our
sorrow
Do we look around, expect to see the wind?
Could we prevent the trials that we face with each
tomorrow?
Can't we see this is the world were living in?

When suffering restores us, burns away the empty
shallowness
And softening the heart,
To be broken bread and poured out wine.
When it rains it pours, turns a life into a chalice;
There to nourish every soul one at a time.

We do wrong should we refuse to listen to the Master
Who went on before that we walk in His steps?
Before too long we run away...and running even faster,
We fail to see the promise that He kept.

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There to nourish every soul one at a time.

To love is to be broken, but to love nothing and no
one,
We must close our own selves up, shut all the doors
And let no one in.
Locked within ourselves where it's safe and dark and
motionless
Where love will cease to be
And all the while the air is wearing thin...
...chalice

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One at a time.