

Weep Now Dear Saints

Weep Now Dear Saints

By : Mistress of Word Play

For the world a lesson to be shared and taught.



Published on
Booksie

[booksie.com/Mistress of Word Play](http://booksie.com/Mistress%20of%20Word%20Play)

Copyright © Mistress of Word Play, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Weep Now Dear Saints

Weep now dear Saints for the lost
for the wages of sin pay dear the cost.
Yield never to the dark side.
Watch overhead as storm clouds form.
Bow your prideful heads, time to reform
and take refuge here inside.

Evil rides the north wind hard.
It extracts the pellets, each cold shard
and flings them to the earth.
Come now the tempest that killing storm.
Yet, You are here to keep my spirit warm
and spare me Satan's mirth.

Let me rest here in this harbor safe.
Shield me, love me, Your tender waif
until this storm does abate.
Fill this, Your vessel with Your tender love
and shower me with blessings from above.
Let You, my longing sate.

Weep Now Dear Saints

Weep Now Dear Saints

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-02-27 01:02:54