

## FADED SONG

I prayed for so long, I pled with God  
To give me the music to my fading song  
If HE knew my name before I was born  
Was he not able to count each thorn...that he was adding to my Crown?  
One thorn too many, how many more?  
One more nail clinching my already sore flesh to wood,  
My blood had run dry, it had stained my cross...  
And in my superficial strength, my strength was so misunderstood  
My cross...an invisible entity to this world!

An invisible entity because I carried it with HIS grace  
I prayed for so long...I pled with God  
To give me the music to my fading song  
If HE had set me apart in my Mother's womb  
Was that not reason enough to resurrect me from my  
Own cold, stoned tomb?

I needed the suffering to die; I needed my suffering to reach its end  
I needed to let out my too long held breath; you see I held it for too long...  
I needed to be so strong  
But now I needed God to add the melody to my fading song  
A taste of the God-given sweetness of Life would be the words to my new song  
God and his sweetness would be the melody of my new tune  
A melody, I now so longed to hear...  
Blow God; Blow your eternal breath in my ear  
It's a new melody, I wish to hear

For as your child, I was born to sing and dance to a beautiful tune  
But YOU GOD knew...  
Without my pain, my suffering so prolonged  
I'd never be able to bless the World with my new song  
And in my resurrection, I would now understand  
that faded songs are due to pass  
For as Winter naturally gives birth to Spring  
The resurrection was a consequence of painful suffering  
Faded songs birth new melodies

I was set apart to share my new tune.  
And as I sing, others can dance  
And as I share my tune, others will know  
That their own suffering are the words and melody of their new tune  
To which the Universe can dance...

For as we sing, we utter to the World, the teaching in our suffering...  
And as we dance, we celebrate our learning and HIS Greatness!

By Lynn Hill

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