

Coptic Rain "Lured Appeal"

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To you, oh Lord
I'm stretching my hands
with this aching body
I'm dealing between life and death
No long days to suffer,
no sharpened knives
and no sleepless hunger
Remember that my lost condition
caused dear Lord thy mortal mission
spear my soul, that day's perdition
No more sorrow, no more tears
a fading tomorrow

pale white lights expecting to hug me
dressed in shadows and lost I roam
to you I turn to
to you I turn to
to ease my destiny
I seek.

All my prayers deserve thy spurning
yet thy eyes of pity burning
with the ship of my salvation
and thy rise be my station
in this awful separation

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