

Geoff Moore

"Threads"

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There is a thread
Running between
The first and last
Breath that we breathe

And in this strand
Of flesh and bone
Resides the hopes
And dreams we call our own

There's a hand
That sews the threads together
Around one strand
Of saving scarlet thread

Come as you are
Weary, worn and tattered
Come and take
Your place among the threads

There is a thread
Sometimes unseen
Moving through life's tapestry
And when this strand
Enters a soul
It's woven to the One that makes
Us whole

And there's a hand
That sews the threads together
Around one strand
Of saving scarlet thread

Come as you are
Weary, worn and tattered
Come and take
Your place among the threads

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