

Crimson Thorn

"Withered"

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I am the true vine
My Father is the gardener
He cuts off every branch in me that bears no fruit
He prunes the fruitful branch so it will be more fruitful

If anyone does not remain in Me, He's like a branch
that's
Thrown away and withers
Thrown into the fire and burned

I am the vine, you are the branches
If a man remains in Me and I in him
He will bear much fruit
Apart from Christ you can do nothing

As the Father has loved me
So have I loved you
Now remain in My love

If you obey my commands
You will remain in My love
Just as I've obeyed my Father's commands
And remain in His love

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