

## Your Memorial

### "Seasons"

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Come one come all this is the truth or so they say  
The image is more important than, it's more important  
than the being  
The truth is this message is a dissimulated depiction of  
what is reality

They have become a wounder, a wounder of the  
healers  
Rather than a healer of the many wounded

Come one come all this is the truth not what they say  
Without grace how can any of us make any progress  
We all have sinned and fallen short  
But if we let that hold us back we would be nothing at  
all

Personal responsibility has replaced personal response

This is the final straw  
You are dead to me  
Your actions prove nothing  
You are dead to us

There is a season for everything  
What will you take from this what will you make of this  
There is a season for everything  
What will you take from this what will you make

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