

Immanuel

Anthony Evans

No decorations

No tree with tinsel moonlight this year at home

The rooms are silent, no carols playing for the first time she's all alone, but what a wonder she says there's comfort

Immanuel are God is with us, yes he's with us still

Immanuel he has not left us and he never will

They maybe next door

Maybe the next room, but there's someone with a heartache

they face the season the happy greetings with no joy in this holiday for all the broken here in this moment

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