

Moss And Flowers

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Daylight coming up so soon
mourn the loss of a quarter moon
blackbird bares his blood torn wings
no solace here for he will bring
a lonesome death on frost bit leaves
blessed moss and flowers for all who grieve

As winter pleads it's fleeting end
at fall's decay, returns again
the soul withdraws, the body stays
a stone shall lay upon the grave
a narrow cage without reprieve
blessed moss and flowers for all who grieve

Stand in good stead as grace receives
prayers for souls willing to believe
in thorns and nails between two thieves
blessed moss and flowers for all who grieve

Darkness burning up at last
redemption's tears for misdeeds past
flesh betrayed anoint still eyes
no breath here for we will lie
in darken ground till heaven retrieves
blessed moss and flowers for all who grieve