

## Communion

Stephen Speaks

I've this sinking feeling I'm before Your throne  
And these songs I have been singing well they're empty in my throat  
As this plate comes by I realize I'm close to the fire but I'm still cold  
And what once was juice and crackers now becomes my only hope  
(this cup is not enough I must be washed in Your sweet blood  
And stale bread it just won't do tonight  
Oh and in my unworthy state I kneel before Your loving grace  
And wish that I could see Your face in mine)  
I am reeling, realization I'm before Your throne  
And deserving condemnation You make mine your own  
Could this be my true communion You and I here face to face  
If I'm dreaming let me dream, oh let me never ever wake