

Cloudy Sea

Fog settles around the rooftops, of the buildings of the city,
cushioning, caressing, comforting, the many.
A lone spire sticks up, beckoning to me,
The cross of Christ is calling, from across a cloudy sea.

The steeple of an old church, high on a hill,
poke's though the blanket of fog, that there lying still.
The sunlight glistens off, the cross making it glow,
enhancing that one spot, of the lone spire in the snow.

Nothing else shows through, nothing else around,
just a cross, floating, on a sea of white fluffy mounds.
Glistening, sparkling, calling to me,
that one lone cross, from across that cloudy sea.

God's son hung on a cross, two thousand years ago,
He hung there, died there, paid my penitence you know.
He paid the price, the penitence, the toll if you will,
To wash the stain of sin away, and cleanse my soul still.

That cross is there to remind me, of the price he paid for me,
That day he died upon that cross, on a hill called Calvary.
The love he showed me by his death, washed away my sins,
But the glory of the risen Lord, allows them to be, forgiven.