

At the Feet of an Angel

My love was a verse from a lonely song
On a tattered piece of my broken pride.
It was written in haste and sent adrift
In a bottle surrendered to the tide.

For ages it wandered the raging sea;
A ship with no captain to guide its way.
Patiently I sat on cold, broken shores;
Having set it free, I could only pray.

Forgotten and faded, it came to rest
At the feet of an angel kind and fair.
She was the lighthouse for this wayward soul,
A loving answer to my longing prayer.

I will love you forever.
-Chris