

Compassion

written by Redletters

Winter breaks forth,
Spring rains,
Summer's scorching heat set ablaze,
And autumn returns.

The seasons and years go by
As my heart hurts,
It breaks,
It aches.
Hear us.
In our pain.

Mend the broken,
Heal the depth of these wounds.
For I carry enough scars.
Pain has dug far too deep at the roots.

In suffering, I cry for the new day.
My Lord, you who died and who rose
In order,
For the pain to be wiped away!

But those who falsely wear His name –
Who profess godliness but whose heart
betrays –
They who refuse to listen,
For their heart is closed to compassion.
CŪŪŪ - "Reherahé"

They can never stand nor
Do they understand the heart for
the Father of the hurting.
But the Lord is not silent.
He is at work, even in the waiting.
He declares:

"For the oppression of the poor, for the
sighing of the needy,
Now I will arise," says the Lord;
"I will set him in the safety for which
he yearns."
(Psalm 12:5)

As we march out of misery
As we yearn for the promise
We hold onto His every word.

"The Lord will fight for you, and you
shall hold your peace."
(Exodus 14:14)