

The Scary Little Room

A land of shadows

Hidden secrets

Deeds unseen

Revealed to our closest intimates

In revelry and fun

Guarded and shielded

In the presence of white vestments

So ashamed

Yet deeply wishing to tell

So scared

Yet so hoping to share

Oh the tension, the pull, the daily weight

The secrets

That we dare to bring to light

Healing we know comes in front of the pane

The man in white

We must talk to

Yet something about him sends us trembling

We crumble at the very thought

A million excuses send us defeat

So we go on

We go on in misery

Half alive, half dead

*The Church all glorious
Attracted we are
Yet deeply dismayed*

*For the rules, so tough
They cannot be obeyed
Our weakness prevents us.*

*We want to be good
Yet we cannot help but be bad
The tension, the conflict, the daily divide*

*But we come to a point
A point clear as day
A point as dark as death*

*A clearness and an opaqueness
That reveals and that blinds
We are stunned and condemned*

*We see the only way
We must visit the box that brings such a scare
The box that has repelled us
Is now drawing us near*

*We come full of tears
Arms are a shaking
Quaking and stammering
We come full of fright*

*Its been years, Its been ages
We feel like a child
Where's Mommy, where's Daddy
Oh dear here he is
The man in white is there in the front*

*He smiles, we tremble
He says hi, we mumble
What is he thinking, what should I do
Oh I must turn back*

*But then I am in
And he starts with a prayer
I quake yet I speak
I shed my last tear*

*A sudden light comes upon me
A grace, a brilliance, a love
I am befuddled and amazed
Crying and weeping*

I am new