In the quiet of solitude
In anticipation of light
In the aching tears of loved ones
Comes the inspiration of sight.

Though living is losing,
Though bleeding is right,
Though darkness encompasses—
Be still—for Love shares its light.

Guilty thoughts, shaming thoughts, thoughts of defeat
Shall not linger long
Because trust and love
Shall make remembrances sweet.

Remember with trust,
Remember with conscience aright;
If dark casts its gloom—
Be still—for Love beams its light.

Perchance death takes the body,
But death can't defeat;
It can't reach the soul
And life will be sweet.