

NO GREATER LOVE

Love one another,
Such a simple thing to ask.
But when it comes to action,
Few fulfill their task.

They criticize each other,
They tease the quiet ones.
They say, "It doesn't matter."
"He knows it's just in fun."

There's a reason why he's quiet.
He's been hurt too many times,
By people he considered friends,
Just to find that they had lied.

He takes the knife that's in his hands,
And lifts his eyes to God.
"How could you do this to me?"
"Do you like what I've become?"

"You made me in your image."
"And in my mother's womb,"
"You formed me and you made me."
"Then you bore me to this tomb."

"I tried to live life your way."
"I turned the other cheek,"
"And what do people think of me?"
"They think that I am weak."

He holds his wrists before him,
And with a trembling hand.
He drains the life from his body,
He spasms, then is dead.

As people gather 'round him,
They ask each other this...
"How could he end his life this way?"
"There's so much that he missed."

Perhaps they should have loved him,
And shown him, he had friends.
Simply Love One Another,
It's upon what life depends.