

JAMIE O'HARA

DREAM HYMNS

THE DESCENSION

The night grew black around me,
I was desperately alone,
My soul became a wasteland,
My heart carved bare as bone.
Cathedral walls were crumbling,
The ashes filled the air,
I cried out to the father,
But the father wasn't there.

Chorus: On the night of the descension
I met the wounded Christ.
He said all must touch the darkness
Before they touch the light.
On the night of the descension,
His face still stained with blood,
He said all must know the grieving
Before they know the love.

Stripped of all defenses,
No cunning, no deceit,
No wisdom for a weapon,
No prayers to deep the peace,
The demons mocked my knowledge,
My ambitions, hopes and dreams.
Magdalene caressed my hair
And said nothing's as it seems.