

Dear Pain,

O pain in my heart do soothe,
I know what it is that you yearn,
To go and spend your youth,
In a place with no return.

To be close with your dear Beloved,
In vicinity and in heart,
Your eyes in tears, and lowered,
By the distance that holds you apart.

You wish to know Him more,
Read all about His grace,
To make the ache less sore,
By picturing His Blessed Face.

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I wish for You to visit my dreams,
But why should You be the one to travel.
Call me to You in the Land of peace,
My visits to You will be ample.

They ask why I'm sad, why I ache,
They don't know the battle inside,
I only want You, yet I keep going astray,
When will this heart abide?

What a pain this pain is, the pain of Your Love,
The cure of which is the pain itself.
What prayers do I make to my Lord Above?
It's a pain which I wish would drown my whole self.



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