# ANGEL of FORGIVENESS

I saw an Angel on a post card playing a lute

I loved that angels’ truth I heard that angels song

so I took my angel home

Angel carry me home see me through I want to be closer to you

So I painted that angel electric blue but I left it when I moved

and with me through the rain I carried that post card in a dollar glass frame

I hung it on an empty wall besides a yellow dress

the faithless ray of hope from a lovers past

some one needed to be blessed I confessed ~

So I packed it up and left.

**I had been beaten sick and alone I felt defeated no where to go**

**Angels carry me home~ see me through I want to be closer to you**

*He was the orphaned soul of an angry young man who could not find love still*

*With it right in his hand.*

*So facing more demons from Gods genuine ways*

 *I left around midnight for the streets of the brave.*

**I had been beaten sick and alone I felt defeated no where to go**

**Angels carry me home~ see me through I want to be closer to you**

So I called up my father a stranger in my past he had no idea I’d be there

I met him on 6th Ave and I asked him for a bed

I have nothing to give you his faith always said

but

With the spirit of Life so much stronger than death

He then eagerly handed me a large plastic bag

I prayed to the heavens and sighed a deep breath

How could this gift help me on my path on my back

on my back to my nowhere while searching for home

And there within my arms was my angel my angel with the Lute but it was Antique Gold and bigger too