Now that I'm left out on a limb,
I think that I'm left to my every whim;
But God has a plan for those who depend,
Like people at the bank have money to lend.

I now know I'm saved when I die, I live on,
To show what I've done an show all I've shone;
But dark is my heart in this world full of sin,
In need of the light and love from above to win.

I suffer and try and are really determined,
To identify and relate for people that seem detrimental;
But I must not give up on those who serve,
For there's the ear and heart, with raw nerve.

So when I'm dead, I'll know that I'm safe,
Because of the love of God with my faith;
But shadows fall on those, whose life may disposess,
For they hang on a thread, like the scent of a rose.

Signed

The nose knows