

When clouds cover the moon,
And the dark night creep close,
Draw your teary eye to the candle,
Darling come near to the flame,
And watch the light break in your tears.

I am the you cape wrapped or His body,
The royalty and reverence of mockers,
Caked in blood and contempt.
And I am the love that kept the course.
I am Violet.

I am the waves you would not walk,
The ones which faithless you ran from!
Which lay between you and your catch.
And I am the faith that draws you still.
I am Blue.

I am the crushed garden's grass,
The place where His knees trembled,
Where you could not stay from sleep.
And I am the wind to rouse you.
I am Green.

I am the gold in the rich man's pocket,
The coins which shuttered to be separate.
That weight in your pockets as you run.
And I am the light to guide wise men.
I am Yellow.

I am the fire with which He spoke!
The passion that raced from His tongue!
That your ears refused to hear.
And I am the voice, still calling in the streets.
I am Orange.

I am the blood of holy hands pierced!
The flow that washes sinners still today!
Which you've taken for granted.
And I am the hope holding you regardless.
I am Red.

Darling, in your night,
Draw near to the candle,
That a promise might flash,
Through your tears.