



Let It Be Gone

Let it be gone – the days of pain,
The dark nights of despair,
The hours of fear that nothing
gained
But the grief that we must bear.
Let it be gone – the bitter strife,
The endless empty ache,
The heart that's broken, torn with
life,
The soul that cannot wake.
Let it be gone – the lonely road,
The burdens we must bear,
The crushing load that we have
sowed,
The wounds that will not repair.
Let it be gone – the tears we
shed,
The memories that we keep,
The restless nights that fill with
dread,
The sorrows that run so deep.
Let it be gone – the pain we feel,
The void that's left behind,
The empty place that will not
heal,
The search that we can't find.
Let it be gone – the darkened
room,
The shadows on the wall,

The silence that engulfs the
tomb,
The weight that's felt by all.
Let it be gone – but not the love,
The memories that we share,
The hope that's sent from up
above,
The comfort that's found in
prayer.



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