

## THE BRIDE OF CHRIST

Her flesh in vice-like grips  
Of demon claws,  
She struggles up but slips  
On broken laws:  
False promises of life lived full.  
She feels the damning pull,  
The bitter, damning pull.

She struggles up once more  
And runs to hide  
Behind the darkened door  
Where fears reside.  
Dread echoes from the rotting sin.  
She's self-condemned within,  
Condemned by light within.

Then Christ knocks at the door:  
"I don't condemn,  
My child, go sin no more."  
She bows to Him.  
Hope penetrates her hurting heart:  
He makes the healing start,  
She feels the healing start.

Set free from dark despair  
And cleansed inside,  
What's this He asks? To dare  
To be His Bride!  
"I'm Life," He says, "Come follow Me.  
I came to make you free,  
My Bride, and keep you free."

— *David L. Hatton, 9/25/1991*