



LENT

THROUGH THE LENS OF ASH WEDNESDAY

Forgive Them, Father

By Adrianna Ford

Forgive them father for they know not what they do
Their arrogance has cost them their inheritance
Their false sense of security has cost them their peace
They exchanged it in turn for lies

They think we are fatherless but they've lost sight of the father

They think we are poor but they don't have Love to give

Our pursuers fall into their own traps and blame us
for their pain

We've been slaves, we've been lost, we've been sold yet they are
the ones with lost souls

Have mercy O Lord as you place our queens back on
their thrones

As you give our Kings the ability to lead again

Have mercy on those who thought they won

Their battlefield is a child's playground and their battle plan is
a poorly drawn map

Redeem all that was lost and give them back their sight so they may again be our brothers and sisters

Bless them to see the pain they are inflicting, the opportunities they are missing and the knowledge they are forgoing

And bless us, with the courage, to receive them once again with open arms