

Judgment proclaims
that blood must be shed,
Wrath is a flame,
periphial of red.
Holiness can gaze,
only with righteous eyes.
Worship and praise
continually rise,
in twain they are covered,
by feathers of Light.
forever to hover
in the realm of His Sight,
Terrible Vision
that can strike you blind,
split-second decision
that will melt your mind.
Caught in the storm
created for Pleasure,
their wings will keep warm
their most adored Treasure.
Angelic beings
with godlike desire.
Drawn from the dreams
of Elijah's fire,
whispers of nightmares,
birthed from stray stars.
Never seen anywhere
machines made for war,
Hiding each awful face,
from a Most Holy Throne,
from Adonai's Secret Place
He trusts in them, alone.
No human could conceive
their purpose or plan;
And I choose to believe
they feed from His Hand.
My weakened eyes may not can behold
my King's work of art,
but you cannot purchase with silver or gold,
the weight of His Worth in my heart.
and all that He has given to me,
in this veiled disguise,
cherubim can't see what I see
His Reflection, in their eyes..