



The Covenant Man

*In a world with pain
There is a dust covering of flesh
Some rest in high stature
Others lie in a heap of misgivings
All pay the irreversible price
It is a vast and lonely departure
Even for those of greatness
That thought their glitter
Would attain longevity
But the covenant man
Knows earth is not his home
He is not swayed
By a vacuum of mixed emotion
He has clothed himself
In an array of faith*

-James Collins