

WILL YOU SING ME A LULLABYE BEFORE I GO?



Will you sing me a Lullabye before I go? Dear Mom & Dad; I want to know! My young heart is beating...my eyes fill with tears. I pray that your love will conquer your fears.

God knit me here, you are my Lifeline...Will you sing to me, sweet Mother of Mine? If you do not want me, please give me away. There are loving arms waiting that want me to stay.

You will think of me each day of your life, and the doctor who tore me from you with his knife. Why would you want us to suffer this pain? If I'm lost forever, what would you gain?

My Daddy, Listen, can you hear my screams? Help Me! I cry for you in my dreams. A farewell Lullabye please sing to me, Dad. The pain is so great, and I am so sad!

My heart aches to see, to feel, and to touch! The Mom and Dad whom I love so much! Will I never run, or sing, or play; or hear the kind things that mothers say?

I would love to see my Grandmom and play with toys; and hug my Daddy like most girls and boys. To money and things my parent are draw. But when their arms long to hold me, I will be gone.

The tears of the Angels flood Heaven today. As I join fifty million souls who perished this way! We are crying our hearts out and trembling with fears. But our screams for mercy fall on deaf ears.

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Does anyone out there have compassion for me? When you were sown in her womb, your mom let YOU be! I am being tortured in this home that I know. Will you sing me a Lullabye before I go?

A stranger prays and sings on the street, for all the children they never will meet. Someday in Heaven, I'll find you to say; Thank You for praying and singing that day. As I lay dying, I saw you weep. With a sweet Lullabye you sang me to sleep.

The Angels will carry me home when I die. With millions of infants who pray in the sky! All praying for parents they yearned to kiss. Who never will know the babies they'll miss. My Savior awaits my arrival today; "Vengance is Mine," I heard the Lord say.

Your souls, Mom and Dad, you have defiled. Oh, beg for God's mercy for killing your child! The Angels sing Lullabyes at Heaven's door; and play with the Babies, our tears shed no more.

Written by Catherine Walsh



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