

The chapel

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As she roved out to this lonely road, like she knew where to go

This chapel, comfort for her grief

Then I watched her, she sat on her knees

Her hands folded in prayer

She wrote down her story, left the pain there for mother Mary to
hear

With her unassuming lowly voice, didn't know how to say

Let my son die a death without pain

I know I have to let him go, and I know you'll take good care

But lay him down gently before, to present him to the Lord,

My child

He will fear no fears, he will cry no tears

He will live forever without pain

He will play, he will song a lot

He will sing his own song

He will dance a dance of life

But will he remember me?