Metamorphosis of Love
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This lady with me who can she be?
I don’t need some one new for that some one is you.
And the changes we see, aren’t to flower or tree,

I don’t know and neither does she.
But One who gave Himself for us.

You’re the wife of my youth, when I was uncouth, who be.
As we are more like Him, subjugating our whim, He comes.

That fascinates me so or am I seeing you truly the very first time?
I don’t need some one new for that some one is you, in a metamorphosis of love.