

MEMORIES

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Memories are the ordinances against us
And stand before judgment we must.
Memory records personal histories
The secrets and unsolved mysteries
All our works both good and bad
Memories we wish we never had
Oh, but why did we learn so late
Not to make memories we hate
The voice that fell on deaf ears
Was wisdom all those years
Now, with no place to run or hide,
thank God that Jesus came and died.