

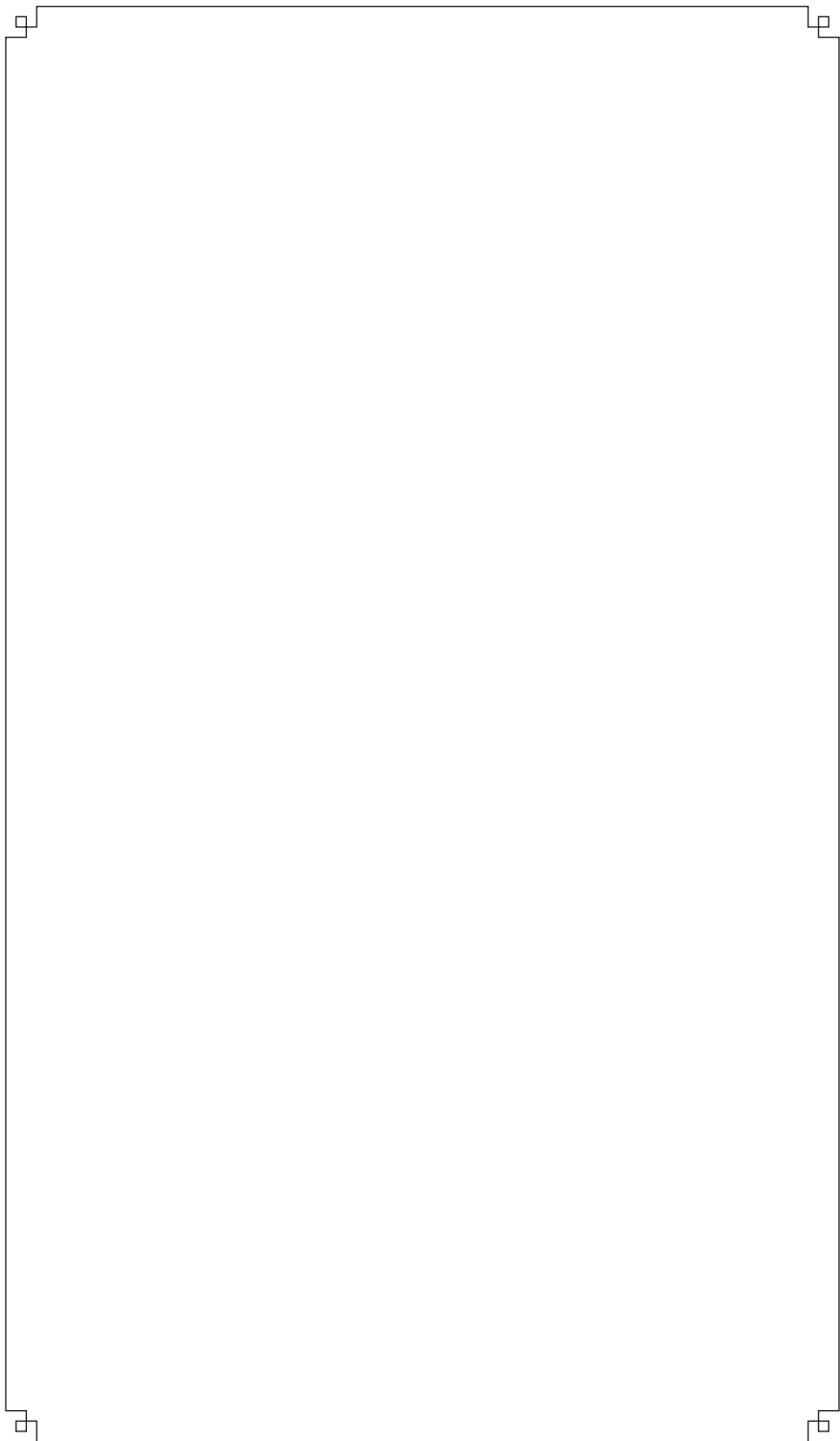
The Song of Solomon

The Passion Translation (TPT)

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ABOUT SONG OF SONGS

The first book translated in The Passion Translation was the Song of Songs (also known as the Song of Solomon), my favorite book in the Bible. I have fallen in love with this sweetest song of all the ages. We see the Shulamite's breathtaking journey unveiled in this amazing allegory. It is the path every passionate lover will choose. But this divine parable penned by Solomon also describes the journey that every longing lover of Jesus will find as his or her very own.

By translating this portion of the Word of God, the Song of Songs, I have attempted to translate not only from a scholarly or linguistic perspective, but also from the passion of a heart on fire. Love will always find a language to express itself. Fiery love for Jesus pushes our thoughts out of hiding and puts them into words of adoration. This articulation, out of the deepest places of our hearts, moves God and inspires each of us to a greater devotion. Everyone deserves to hear and feel the passion of our Bridegroom for his radiant and soon-to-be-perfected bride.

The inspired Song of Songs is a work of art. It is a melody sung from the heart of Jesus Christ for his longing bride. It is full of symbols, subtle art forms, poetry, and nuances that the translator must convey in order to bring it forth adequately to the English reader. This is what I have attempted to do with this project.

Some of the cultural symbols that conveyed rich texture of meaning to the Hebrew speaker nearly three thousand years ago have become almost impossible to leave in their literal form, since the English speaker of today has little or no connection to those symbols. This requires that much of the hidden meanings locked into the Hebrew text be made

explicit. That is why I have chosen to make this a dynamic equivalent translation—transferring the *meaning*, not just the *words*, into a form that many will find refreshing.

So be prepared to see yourself in this journey and hear his lyrics of love sung over you. Invest the time to read this through in one sitting. Then go back and read slowly and carefully, pondering each verse and praying through each love principle revealed in this translation. I think you may be shocked to read some of the things spoken over your life, considering them almost too good to be true.

May heaven's glorious Bridegroom, the Beloved of your soul, come and manifest himself to you in a wonderful fashion as you read Song of Songs in The Passion Translation. My prayer is that you will be as thrilled with what you read as I have been in translating it.

—Song of Songs, Divine Romance by Dr. Brian Simmons

SONG OF SOLOMON

CHAPTER ONE

¹ The most amazing song of all, by King Solomon.

THE SHULAMITE

² Let him smother me with kisses—his Spirit-kiss divine.

So kind are your caresses,
I drink them in like the sweetest wine!

³ Your presence releases a fragrance so pleasing—
over and over poured out.

For your lovely name is “Flowing Oil.”
No wonder the brides-to-be adore you.

⁴ Draw me into your heart.

We will run away together into the king’s cloud-filled
chamber.

THE CHORUS OF FRIENDS

We will remember your love, rejoicing and delighting in you,
celebrating your every kiss as better than wine.

No wonder righteousness adores you!

THE SHULAMITE

⁵ Jerusalem maidens, in this twilight darkness

I know I am so unworthy—so in need.

THE SHEPHERD-KING

Yet you are so lovely!

THE SHULAMITE

I feel as dark and dry as the desert tents
of the wandering nomads.

THE SHEPHERD-KING

Yet you are so lovely—
like the fine linen tapestry hanging in the Holy Place.

THE SHULAMITE TO HER FRIENDS

⁶ Please don't stare in scorn
because of my dark and sinful ways.
My angry brothers quarreled with me
and appointed me guardian of their ministry vineyards,
yet I've not tended my vineyard within.

⁷ Won't you tell me, lover of my soul,
where do you feed your flock?
Where do you lead your beloved ones
to rest in the heat of the day?
Why should I be like a veiled woman
as I wander among the flocks of your shepherds?

THE SHEPHERD-KING

⁸ Listen, my radiant one—
if you ever lose sight of me,
just follow in my footsteps where I lead my lovers.
Come with your burdens and cares.
Come to the place near the sanctuary of my shepherds.

⁹ My dearest one,
let me tell you how I see you—
you are so thrilling to me.
To gaze upon you is like looking

at one of Pharaoh's finest horses—
a strong, regal steed pulling his royal chariot.

¹⁰ Your tender cheeks are beautiful—
your earrings and gem-laden necklaces
set them ablaze.

¹¹ We will enhance your beauty,
with golden ornaments studded with silver.

THE SHULAMITE

¹² As the king surrounded me at his table,
the sweet fragrance of spikenard
awakened the night.

¹³ A sachet of myrrh is my lover,
like a tied-up bundle of myrrh resting over my heart.

¹⁴ He is like a bouquet of henna blossoms—
henna plucked near the vines at the fountain of the Lamb.
I will hold him and never let him part.

THE SHEPHERD-KING

¹⁵ My darling,
you are so lovely!
You are beauty itself to me.
Your passionate eyes are like gentle doves.

THE SHULAMITE

¹⁶ My beloved one,
both handsome and winsome,
you are pleasing beyond words.
Our resting place is anointed and flourishing,
like a green forest meadow bathed in light.

¹⁷ Rafters of cedar branches are over our heads
and balconies of pleasant-smelling pines.

CHAPTER TWO

¹ I am truly his rose,
the very theme of his song.
I'm overshadowed by his love,
like a lily growing in the valley!

THE SHEPHERD-KING

² Yes, you are my darling companion.
You stand out from all the rest.
For though the thorns surround you,
you remain as pure as a lily,
more than all others.

THE SHULAMITE

³ My beloved is to me
the most fragrant apple tree—
he stands above the sons of men.
Sitting under his grace-shadow,
I blossom in his shade,
enjoying the sweet taste of his pleasant, delicious fruit,
resting with delight where his glory never fades.

⁴ Suddenly, he transported me into his house of wine—
he looked upon me with his unrelenting love divine.

⁵ Revive me with your raisin cakes.
Refresh me again with your apples.
Help me and hold me, for I am lovesick!
I am longing for more—
yet how could I take more?

⁶ His left hand cradles my head
while his right hand holds me close.
I am at rest in this love.

THE SHEPHERD-KING

⁷ Promise me, Jerusalem maidens,
by the gentle gazelles and delicate deer,
that you'll not disturb my love until she is ready to arise.

THE SHULAMITE

⁸ Listen! I hear my lover's voice.
I know it's him coming to me—
leaping with joy over mountains,
skipping in love over the hills that separate us,
to come to me.

⁹ Let me describe him:
he is graceful as a gazelle,
swift as a wild stag.
Now he comes closer,
even to the places where I hide.
He gazes into my soul,
peering through the portal
as he blossoms within my heart.

THE SHEPHERD-KING

¹⁰ The one I love calls to me:

Arise, my dearest. Hurry, my darling.
Come away with me!
I have come as you have asked
to draw you to my heart and lead you out.
For now is the time, my beautiful one.

¹¹ The season has changed,
the bondage of your barren winter has ended,
and the season of hiding is over and gone.
The rains have soaked the earth

¹² and left it bright with blossoming flowers.
The season for singing and pruning the vines has arrived.
I hear the cooing of doves in our land,
filling the air with songs to awaken you
and guide you forth.

¹³ Can you not discern this new day of destiny
breaking forth around you?
The early signs of my purposes and plans
are bursting forth.
The budding vines of new life
are now blooming everywhere.
The fragrance of their flowers whispers,
“There is change in the air.”
Arise, my love, my beautiful companion,
and run with me to the higher place.
For now is the time to arise and come away with me.

¹⁴ For you are my dove, hidden in the split-open rock.
It was I who took you and hid you up high
in the secret stairway of the sky.
Let me see your radiant face and hear your sweet voice.
How beautiful your eyes of worship
and lovely your voice in prayer.

¹⁵ You must catch the troubling foxes,
those sly little foxes that hinder our relationship.
For they raid our budding vineyard of love
to ruin what I've planted within you.
Will you catch them and remove them for me?
We will do it together.

THE SHULAMITE

¹⁶ I know my lover is mine and I have everything in you,
for we delight ourselves in each other.

17 But until the day springs to life
and the shifting shadows of fear disappear,
turn around, my lover, and ascend
to the holy mountains of separation without me.
Until the new day fully dawns,
run on ahead like the graceful gazelle
and skip like the young stag
over the mountains of separation.
Go on ahead to the mountain of spices—
I'll come away another time.

A PRAYER OF HOPE

2.10-15

Arise, my dearest. Hurry, my darling.

Come away with me!

I have come as you have asked
to draw you to my heart and lead you out.

For now is the time, my beautiful one.

¹¹ The season has changed,
the bondage of your barren winter has ended,
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For they raid our budding vineyard of love
to ruin what I’ve planted within you.

Will you catch them and remove them for me?

We will do it together.

CHAPTER THREE

¹ Night after night I'm tossing and turning on my bed of travail.
Why did I let him go from me?
How my heart now aches for him,
but he is nowhere to be found!

² So I must rise in search of him,
looking throughout the city,
seeking until I find him.
Even if I have to roam through every street,
nothing will keep me from my search.
Where is he—my soul's true love?
He is nowhere to be found.

³ Then I encountered the overseers as they encircled the city.
So I asked them, "Have you found him—
my heart's true love?"

⁴ Just as I moved past them, I encountered him.
I found the one I adore!
I caught him and fastened myself to him,
refusing to be feeble in my heart again.
Now I'll bring him back to the temple within
where I was given new birth—
into my innermost parts, the place of my conceiving.

THE SHEPHERD-KING

⁵ Promise me, O Jerusalem maidens,
by the gentle gazelles and delicate deer,
that you'll not disturb my love until she is ready to arise.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD

- ⁶ Who is this one ascending from the wilderness
in the pillar of the glory cloud?
He is fragrant with the anointing oils
of myrrh and frankincense—
more fragrant than all the spices of the merchant.
- ⁷ Look! It is the king's marriage carriage—
the love seat surrounded by sixty champions, the mightiest of
Israel's host,
are like pillars of protection.
- ⁸ They stand ready with swords
to defend the king and his fiancée
from every terror of the night.
- ⁹ The king made this mercy seat for himself
out of the finest wood that will not decay.
- ¹⁰ Pillars of smoke, like silver mist—
a canopy of golden glory dwells above it.
The place where they sit together
is sprinkled with crimson.
Love and mercy cover this carriage,
blanketing his tabernacle throne.
The king himself has made it
for those who will become his bride.
- ¹¹ Rise up, Zion maidens, brides-to-be!
Come and feast your eyes on this king
as he passes in procession on his way to his wedding.
This is the day filled with overwhelming joy—
the day of his great gladness.

THE BRIDEGROOM-KING

CHAPTER FOUR

- 1 Listen, my dearest darling,
you are so beautiful—you are beauty itself to me!
Your eyes are
like gentle doves behind your veil.
What devotion I see each time I gaze upon you.
You are like a sacrifice ready to be offered.
- 2 When I look at you,
I see how you have taken my fruit and tasted my word.
Your life has become clean and pure,
like a lamb washed and newly shorn.
You now show grace and balance with truth on display.
- 3 Your lips are as lovely as Rahab's scarlet ribbon,
speaking mercy, speaking grace.
The words of your mouth are as refreshing as an oasis.
What pleasure you bring to me!
I see your blushing cheeks
opened like the halves of a pomegranate,
showing through your veil of tender meekness.
- 4 When I look at you,
I see your inner strength, so stately and strong.
You are as secure as David's fortress.
Your virtues and grace cause a thousand famous soldiers
to surrender to your beauty.
- 5 Your pure faith and love rest over your heart
as you nurture those who are yet infants.

THE SHULAMITE

⁶ I've made up my mind.
Until the darkness disappears and the dawn has fully come,
in spite of shadows and fears,

I will go to the mountaintop with you—
the mountain of suffering love
and the hill of burning incense.
Yes, I will be your bride.

THE BRIDEGROOM-KING

⁷ Every part of you is so beautiful, my darling.
Perfect is your beauty, without flaw within.

⁸ Now you are ready, my bride,
to come with me as we climb the highest peaks together.
Come with me through the archway of trust.
We will look down
from the crest of the glistening mounts
and from the summit of our sublime sanctuary,
from the lion's den and the leopard's lair.

⁹ For you reach into my heart.
With one flash of your eyes I am undone by your love,
my beloved, my equal, my bride.
You leave me breathless—
I am overcome
by merely a glance from your worshiping eyes,
for you have stolen my heart.
I am held hostage by your love
and by the graces of righteousness shining upon you.

¹⁰ How satisfying to me, my equal, my bride.
Your love is my finest wine—intoxicating and thrilling.
And your sweet, perfumed praises—so exotic, so pleasing.

¹¹ Your loving words are like the honeycomb to me;
your tongue releases milk and honey,
for I find the promised land flowing within you.
The fragrance of your worshiping love
surrounds you with scented robes of white.

¹² My darling bride, my private paradise,
fastened to my heart.
A secret spring that no one else can have are you—
my bubbling fountain hidden from public view.
What a perfect partner to me now that I have you.

¹³⁻¹⁴ Your inward life is now sprouting, bringing forth fruit.
What a beautiful paradise unfolds within you.
When I'm near you, I smell aromas of the finest spice,
for many clusters of my exquisite fruit
now grow within your inner garden.
Here are the nine:
pomegranates of passion,
henna from heaven,
spikenard so sweet,
saffron shining,
fragrant calamus from the cross,
sacred cinnamon,
branches of scented woods,
myrrh, like tears from a tree,
and aloe as eagles ascending.

¹⁵ You are a fountain of gardens.
A well of living water springs up from within you,
like a mountain brook flowing into my heart!

THE SHULAMITE BRIDE

¹⁶ Awake, O north wind!
Awake, O south wind!

Breathe on my garden with your Spirit-Wind.
Stir up the sweet spice of your life within me.
Spare nothing as you make me your fruitful garden.
Hold nothing back until I release your fragrance.
Come walk with me as you walked
with Adam in your paradise garden.
Come taste the fruits of your life in me.

THE BRIDEGROOM-KING

CHAPTER FIVE

¹ I have gathered from your heart,
my equal, my bride,
I have gathered from my garden
all my sacred spices—even my myrrh.
I have tasted and enjoyed my wine within you.
I have tasted with pleasure my pure milk, my honeycomb,
which you yield to me.
I delight in gathering my sacred spice,
all the fruits of my life I have
gathered from within you, my paradise garden.
Come, all my friends—
feast upon my bride, all you revelers of my palace.
Feast on her, my lovers!
Drink and drink, and drink again,
until you can take no more.
Drink the wine of her love.
Take all you desire, you priests.
My life within her will become your feast.

THE SHULAMITE BRIDE

² After this I let my devotion slumber,
but my heart for him stayed awake.
I had a dream.
I dreamed of my beloved—
he was coming to me in the darkness of night.
The melody of the man I love awakened me.
I heard his knock at my heart's door
as he pleaded with me:

THE BRIDEGROOM-KING

Arise, my love.

Open your heart, my darling, deeper still to me.

Will you receive me this dark night?

There is no one else but you, my friend, my equal.

I need you this night to arise and come be with me.

You are my pure, loyal dove, a perfect partner for me.

My flawless one, will you arise?

For my heaviness and tears are more than I can bear.

I have spent myself for you throughout the dark night.

THE SLEEPING BRIDE

³ I have already laid aside my own garments for you.

How could I take them up again

since I've yielded my righteousness to yours?

You have cleansed my life and taken me so far.

Isn't that enough?

⁴ My beloved reached into me to unlock my heart.

The core of my very being trembled at his touch.

How my soul melted when he spoke to me!

⁵ My spirit arose to open for more of his touch.

As I surrendered to him, I began to sense his fragrance—
the fragrance of his suffering love!

It was the sense of myrrh flowing all through me!

⁶ I opened my soul to my beloved, but suddenly he was gone!

And my heart was torn out in longing for him.

I sought his presence, his fragrance,
but could not find him anywhere.

I called out for him, yet he did not answer me.

I will arise and search for him until I find him.

7 As I walked throughout the city in search of him,
the overseers stopped me as they made their rounds.
They beat me and bruised me until I could take no more.
They wounded me deeply
and removed my covering from me.

8 Nevertheless, make me this promise, you brides-to-be:
if you find my beloved one,
please tell him I endured all travails for him.
I've been pierced through by love,
and I will not be turned aside!

JERUSALEM MAIDENS, BRIDES-TO-BE

9 What love is this?
How could you continue to care so deeply for him?
Isn't there another who could steal away your heart?
We see now your beauty, more beautiful than all the others.
What makes your beloved better than any other?
What is it about him
that makes you ask us to promise you this?

THE SHULAMITE BRIDE

10 He alone is my beloved.
He shines in dazzling splendor yet is still so approachable—
without equal as he stands above all others,
outstanding among ten thousand!

11 The way he leads me is divine.
His leadership—so pure and dignified
as he wears his crown of gold.
Upon this crown are letters of black written
on a background of glory.

12 He sees everything with pure understanding.
How beautiful his insights—without distortion.

His eyes rest upon the fullness of the river of revelation,
flowing so clean and pure.

¹³ Looking at his gentle face, I see such fullness of emotion.

Like a lovely garden where fragrant spices grow—
what a man!

No one speaks words so anointed as this one—
words that both pierce and heal,
words like lilies dripping with myrrh.

¹⁴ See how his hands hold unlimited power!

But he never uses it in anger,
for he is always holy, displaying his glory.
His innermost place is a work of art—
so beautiful and bright.

How magnificent and noble is this one—
covered in majesty!

¹⁵ He's steadfast in all he does.

His ways are the ways of righteousness,
based on truth and holiness.

None can rival him,
but all will be amazed by him.

¹⁶ Most sweet are his kisses, even his whispers of love.

He is delightful in every way
and perfect from every viewpoint.

If you ask me why I love him so, O brides-to-be,
it's because there is none like him to me.

Everything about him fills me with holy desire!
And now he is my beloved—my friend forever.

A PRAYER OF ADORATION

5.10-16

THE SHULAMITE BRIDE

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without equal as he stands above all others,
outstanding among ten thousand!

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And now he is my beloved—my friend forever.

BRIDES-TO-BE

CHAPTER SIX

- ¹ O rarest of beauty,
where then has your lover gone?
We long to see him too.
Where may we find him?
We will follow you as you seek after him.

THE SHULAMITE BRIDE

- ² My lover has gone down
into his garden of delight,
to the flowerbeds of spices
to feast with those pure in heart.
- ³ I am fully devoted to my beloved,
and my beloved is fully devoted to me.

THE BRIDEGROOM-KING

- ⁴ O my beloved, you are lovely.
When I see you in your beauty,
I see a radiant city where we will dwell as one.
More pleasing than any pleasure,
more delightful than any delight,
you have ravished my heart,
stealing away my strength to resist you.
Even hosts of angels stand in awe of you.
- ⁵ Turn your eyes from me; I can't take it anymore!
I can't resist the passion of these eyes that I adore.
Overpowered by a glance, my ravished heart—undone.
Held captive by your love, I am truly overcome!
For your undying devotion to me
is the most yielded sacrifice.

- ⁶ The shining of your spirit
shows how you have taken my truth
to become balanced and complete.
- ⁷ Your beautiful blushing cheeks
reveal how real your passion is for me,
even hidden behind your veil of humility.
- ⁸ I could have chosen any from among the vast multitude
of royal ones who follow me.
- ⁹ But unique is my beloved dove—unrivaled in beauty,
without equal, beyond compare,
the perfect one, the favorite one.
Others see your beauty and sing of your joy.
Brides and queens chant your praise:
“How blessed is she!”
- ¹⁰ Look at you now—
arising as the dayspring of the dawn,
fair as the shining moon,
bright and brilliant as the sun in all its strength—
astonishing to behold as a majestic army
waving banners of victory.

THE SHULAMITE BRIDE

- ¹¹ I decided to go down to the valley streams
where the orchards of the king grow and mature.
I longed to know if hearts were opening.
Are the budding vines blooming with new growth?
Has their springtime of passionate love arrived?

□¹² Then suddenly my longings transported me.
My divine desire brought me next to my beloved prince,
sitting with him in his royal chariot.
We were lifted up together!

ZION MAIDENS, BRIDES-TO-BE

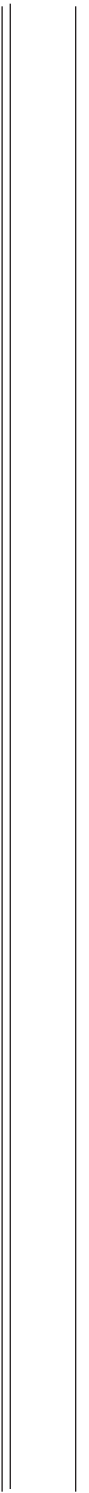
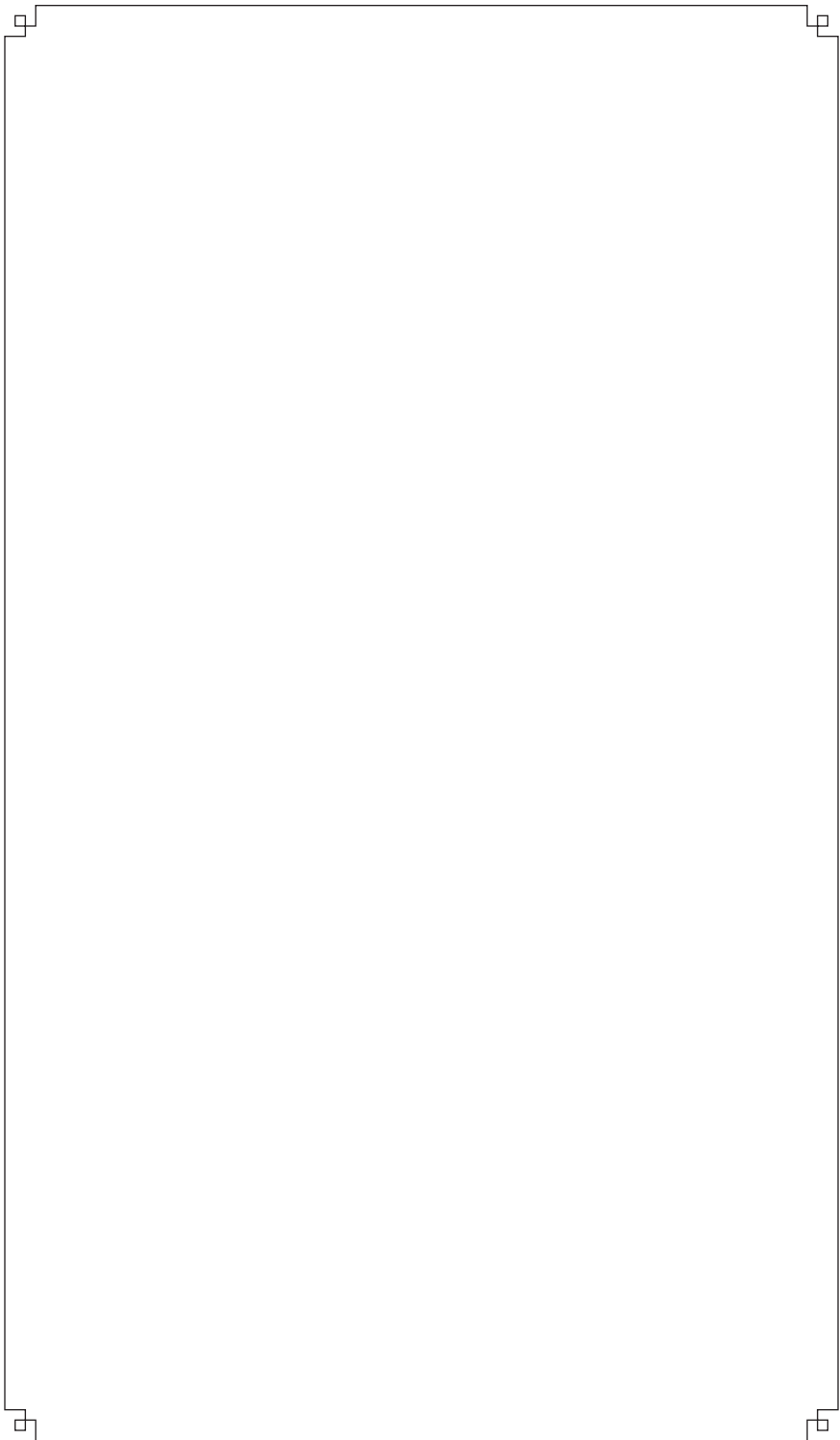
¹³ Come back! Return to us, O maiden of his majesty.
Dance for us as we gaze upon your beauty.

THE SHULAMITE BRIDE

Why would you seek a mere Shulamite like me?
Why would you want to see my dance of love?

THE BRIDEGROOM-KING

Because you dance so gracefully,
as though you danced with angels!



CHAPTER SEVEN

- 1 How beautiful on the mountains
are the sandaled feet of this one bringing such good news.
You are truly royalty!
The way you walk so gracefully in my ways
displays such dignity.
You are truly the poetry of God—his very handiwork.
- 2-3 Out of your innermost being
is flowing the fullness of my Spirit—
never failing to satisfy.
Within your womb there is a birthing of harvest wheat;
they are the sons and daughters
nurtured by the purity you impart.
How gracious you have become!
- 4 Your life stands tall as a tower, like a shining light on a hill.
Your revelation eyes are pure, like pools of refreshing—
sparkling light for a multitude.
Such discernment surrounds you,
protecting you from the enemy's advance.
- 5 Redeeming love crowns you as royalty.
Your thoughts are full of life, wisdom, and virtue.
Even a king is held captive by your beauty.
- 6 How delicious is your fair beauty;
it cannot be described
as I count the delights you bring to me.
Love has become the greatest.
- 7 You stand in victory above the rest,
stately and secure as you share with me
your vineyard of love.

⁸ Now I decree, I will ascend my palm tree.
I will take hold of you with my power,
possessing every part of my fruitful bride.
Your love I will drink as wine,
and your words will be mine.

⁹ For your kisses of love are exhilarating,
more than any delight I've known before.
Your kisses of love awaken even the lips of sleeping ones.

THE SHULAMITE BRIDE

¹⁰ Now I know that I am for my beloved
and all his desires are fulfilled in me.

¹¹ Come away, my lover.
Come with me to the faraway fields.
We will run away together to the forgotten places
and show them redeeming love.

¹² Let us arise and run to the vineyards of your people
and see if the budding vines of love are now in full bloom.
We will discover if their passion is awakened.
There I will display my love for you.

¹³ The love apples are in bloom,
sending forth their fragrance of spring.
The rarest of fruits are found at our doors—
the new as well as the old.
I have stored them for you, my lover-friend!

CHAPTER EIGHT

- 1 If only I could show everyone
this passionate desire I have for you.
If only I could express it fully,
no matter who was watching me,
without shame or embarrassment.
- 2 I long to bring you to my innermost chamber—
this holy sanctuary you have formed within me.
O that I might carry you within me!
I would give you the spiced wine of my love,
this full cup of bliss that we share.
We would drink our fill until . . .
- 3 His left hand cradles my head
while his right hand holds me close.
We are at rest in this love.
- 4 Promise me, brides-to-be,
by the gentle gazelles and delicate deer,
that you'll not disturb my love until he is ready to arise.

THE BRIDEGROOM-KING

- 5 Who is this one?
She arises out of her desert, clinging to her beloved.
When I awakened you under the apple tree,
as you were feasting upon me,
I awakened your innermost being with the travail of birth
as you longed for more of me.
- 6 Fasten me upon your heart as a seal of fire forevermore.
This living, consuming flame
will seal you as my prisoner of love.
My passion is stronger
than the chains of death and the grave,

all consuming as the very flashes of fire
from the burning heart of God.

Place this fierce, unrelenting fire over your entire being.

- 7 Rivers of pain and persecution
will never extinguish this flame.
Endless floods will be unable
to quench this raging fire that burns within you.
Everything will be consumed.
It will stop at nothing
as you yield everything to this furious fire
until it won't even seem to you like a sacrifice anymore.

THE SHULAMITE BRIDE

- 8-10 My brothers said to me when I was young,
“Our sister is so immature.
What will we do to guard her for her wedding day?”

THE BRIDEGROOM-KING

We will build a tower of redemption to protect her.
Since she is vulnerable,
we will enclose her with a wall of cedar boards.

THE SHULAMITE BRIDE

But now I have grown and become a bride,
and my love for him has made me
a tower of passion and contentment for my beloved.
I am now a firm wall of protection for others,
guarding them from harm.
This is how he sees me—I am the one who brings him bliss,
finding favor in his eyes.

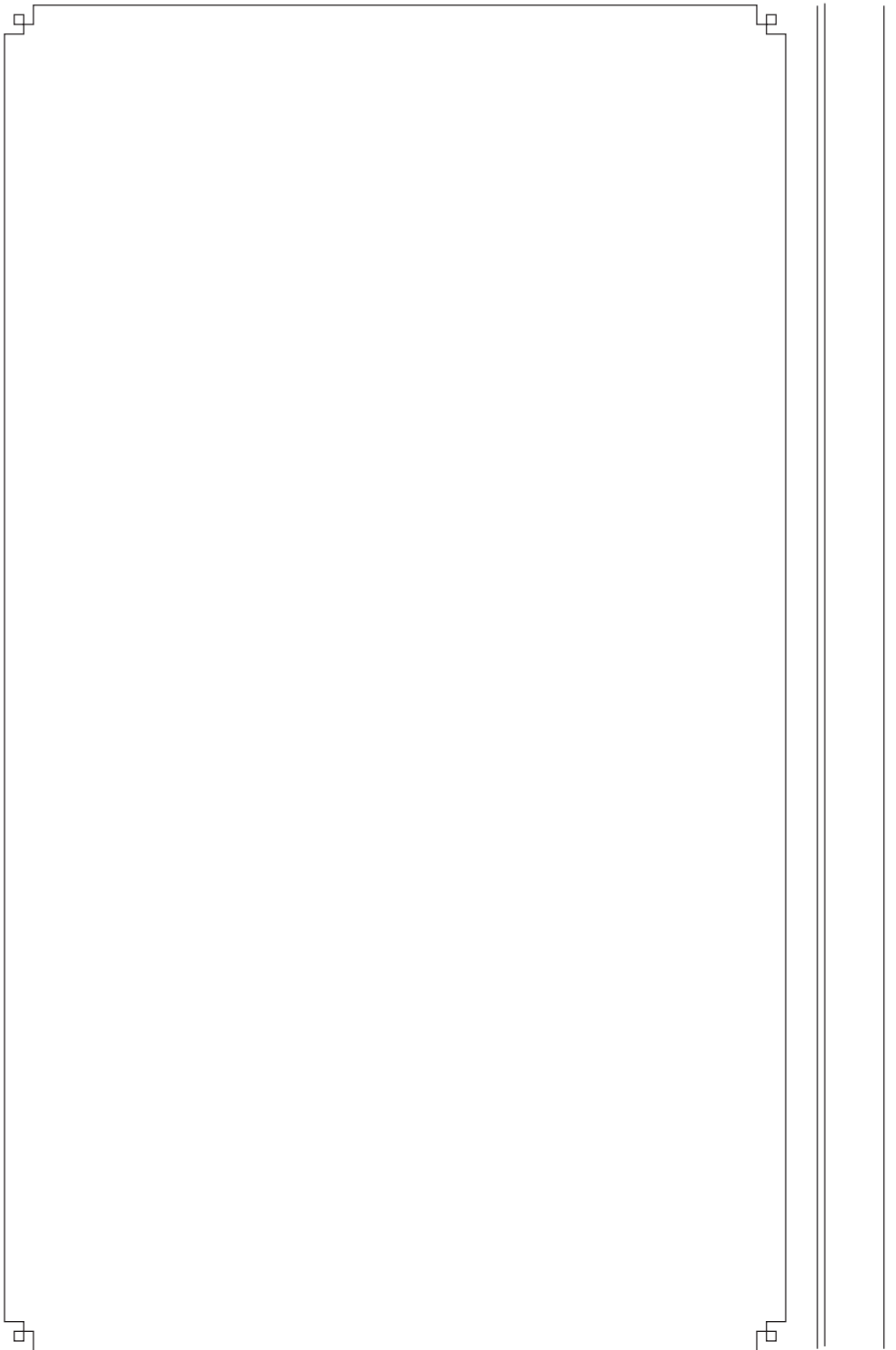
¹¹ My bridegroom-king has a vineyard of love
made from a multitude of followers.
His caretakers of this vineyard
have given my beloved their best.

¹² But as for my own vineyard of love,
I give all the glory to you.
And I will give double honor
to those who serve my beloved
and have watched over my soul.

¹³ My beloved, one with me in my garden,
how marvelous that my friends, the brides-to-be,
now hear your voice and song.
Let me now hear it again.

THE BRIDEGROOM AND THE BRIDE IN DIVINE DUET

¹⁴ Arise, my darling!
Come quickly, my beloved.
Come and be the graceful gazelle with me.
Come be like a young stag with me.
We will dance in the high place of the sky,
yes, on the mountains of fragrant spice.
Forever we shall be united as one!



A PRAYER OF PASSION

8.6-7

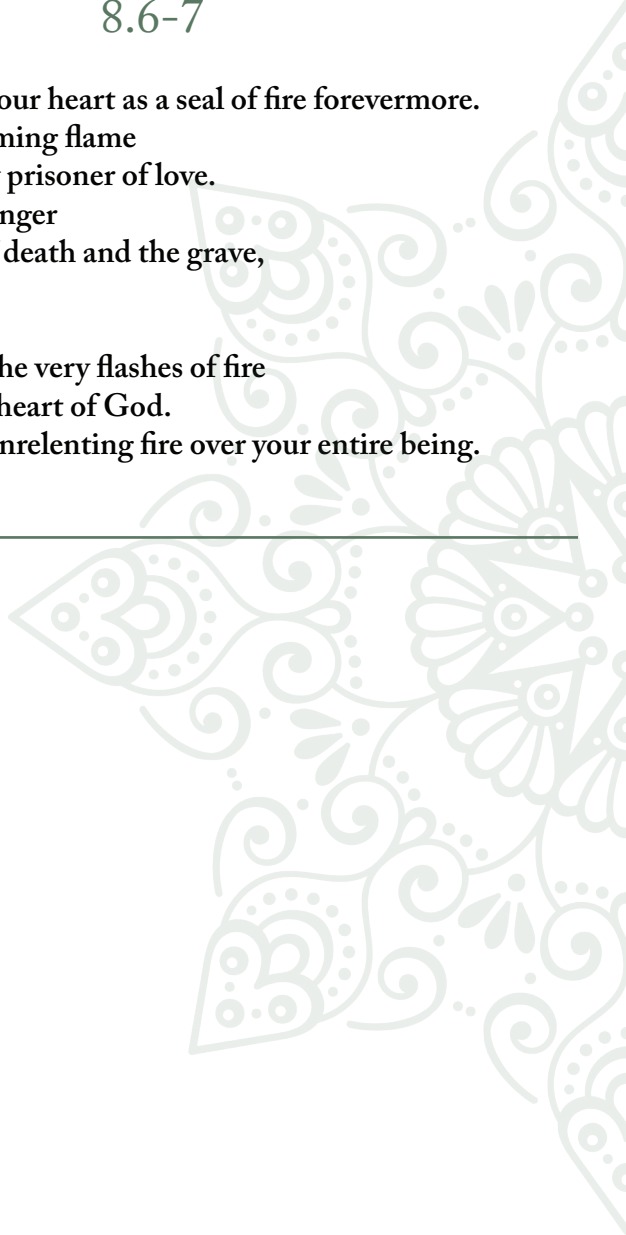
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