

A Servant For God

A woman has come to see you Lord,
she left us the other day.
Before you sit and judge her sir,
there's some things I'd like to say.

The cross she carried was heavy sir,
as she walked life's path for you.
Never giving a second thought,
to the chores she had to do.

She worked real hard to make ends meet,
which was no easy chore.
And when she thought her work was done,
well Lord you would give her more.

Working hard to see her children raised,
at times with trembling hands.
Never getting or expecting praise,
or the sounds of marching bands.



At times when the food was scarce,
and the little ones were in need.
She never thought about herself,
for it was her that didn't feed.

With her husband called unto your gates,
alone she tread in snow.
Doing all that her will could take,
to see her children grow.

Tired and worn she carried on,
praying to you up in the skies.
Sitting alone beside her bed,
I often heard her cries.

So when she kneels before you Lord,
as a servant waiting to start.
Tell her she has to do no more,
and hold her to your heart.

Phillip William Allen

The Penman

Long after the penman's hand is stilled,
might his words be ever known.
Well into another life,
will their content be ever shown.

Just tiny characters he spread in fashion,
telling others his thoughts in rhyme.
Displaying his soul with words reborn,
may they find a place divine.

To someone covered in a veil of gloom,
he hopes to brighten this person's day.
For two lovers who have divided souls,
may he help them go on their way.

To someone lonely may they be a friend,
and show that someone cares.
To help fill that worried void inside,
as they climb life's frightening stairs.

For those whose heart has been cast aside,
might his words help reel them in.
Delivering them from loves dark waters,
and help brighten their lives again.

With his tiny pen in hand,
he prays he may bring some laughter.
And fill a heart with love and hope,
that will last forever after.

A penman to some is useless no doubt,
and his words will settle upon deaf ears.
For others they will bring new life,
and an eye that's slightly teared.

A penman's words do a lot of things,
they give dreams and remove forlorn.
Just remember their words come from the heart,
because penman aren't made they're born.

Phillip William Allen

My Life And That is All

My love I'll be your shelter
when miseries rains begin to fall
I'll be the voice that answers
when for help you scream and call

I'll be the arms that hold you
when comfort is your need
The bandage for wounded sorrows
if ever your heart shall weep and bleed

Fear not your inner demons
they'll be slain with honors sword
Worry not about deception
your faith I will restore

Cold shall never touch you
shivers no longer will course your spine
Your soul I'll warm with tenderness
your life will be my shrine

Worry not of darkness
my eyes will help you see
If life's road becomes uneven
in these arms I'll carry thee

When skies are frightfully darkened
and storms of worry fill your mind
I'll save the day in a sunny way
and be the easement that you will find

You may wonder my dedication
when you're trapped against life's wall
With sadness I admit I can't give much
my life and that is all

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Phillip William Allen



Call On Me

When life bestows you darkened skies
and sight is by feeling hands
A beacon of fire I will become
for a guiding light call on me

When you're afraid, or too lonely
and the world seems a beast
I'll be there to guard you
for a guardian call on me

When your doubts cause you worry
and direction is your need
Outstretched hands will hold some options
for a concerned one, call on me

When mistrust is all surrounding
and you're cornered full of fear
I'll help you stand and battle it
for a warrior call on me

When sadness invades your loving heart
destroying you from within
With laughter I will chase it out
for a clown call on me

If your pride is ever trodden
and esteem falls beyond your grasp
With devotion I will recover it
for a rescue call on me

If your heart becomes all shattered
pain screaming from deep inside
With loves glue I'll comfort you
for repairs you can call on me

If ever you're ill or slightly weak
and standing becomes a fall
I'll be there a pillar strong
for strength you can call on me

When confusion clouds those pretty eyes
and the truth cannot be seen
With sincerity I will blow them away
for honesty call on me

If a gentle kiss will lighten your heart
or making love will please your day
For two arms to hold you close
to be your lover, call on me

Phillip William Allen



I Give You Paradise

I offer you a special gift
should you lie aside any evil ways
a reward for a righteous life
freedom from all malaise

No it's not a mountain rising high
laden with pleasures of jewels and gold
or minds mirror where you can sit and stare
at the self beauty you love to behold

I offer more than a stylish home
filled with items life will keep
eventually these you'll leave behind
and see their value is rather cheap

And that car you drive so nice and sleek
paid for by others neglect and sweat
will only cause you sorrow here
and add to your life's debt

There is no feeling of betterment here
color and origin has not a place
spite is not a dish I serve
desert is not disgrace

The cripple here will walk again
those blind will surely see
them who struggled will find their ease
and beggars will no longer plea

The choice is solely yours my child
I don't confuse you or deceive
paradise is awaiting you
if in me you will believe

Phillip William Allen

Will I Miss You

You ask if I will miss you,
to be honest it's hard to say.
Do the trees miss the coming rays,
of another sunny day.

Would a grown man miss his younger days,
to romp and run as a child.
Would a lion miss its awesome roar,
that told all that it was wild.

Would a Dove miss its lonesome cry,
while locating another who will care.
Would a child miss a friend that's gone,
and the toys they once shared.

Would a heart miss the joyous laughter,
that helped to make it feel complete.
Would a piece of candy filled with taste,
miss the sugar that made it sweet.

To explain how much I'd miss you,
would be a great endeavor.
I think I'd miss you only once,
and that would be forever

Phillip William Allen

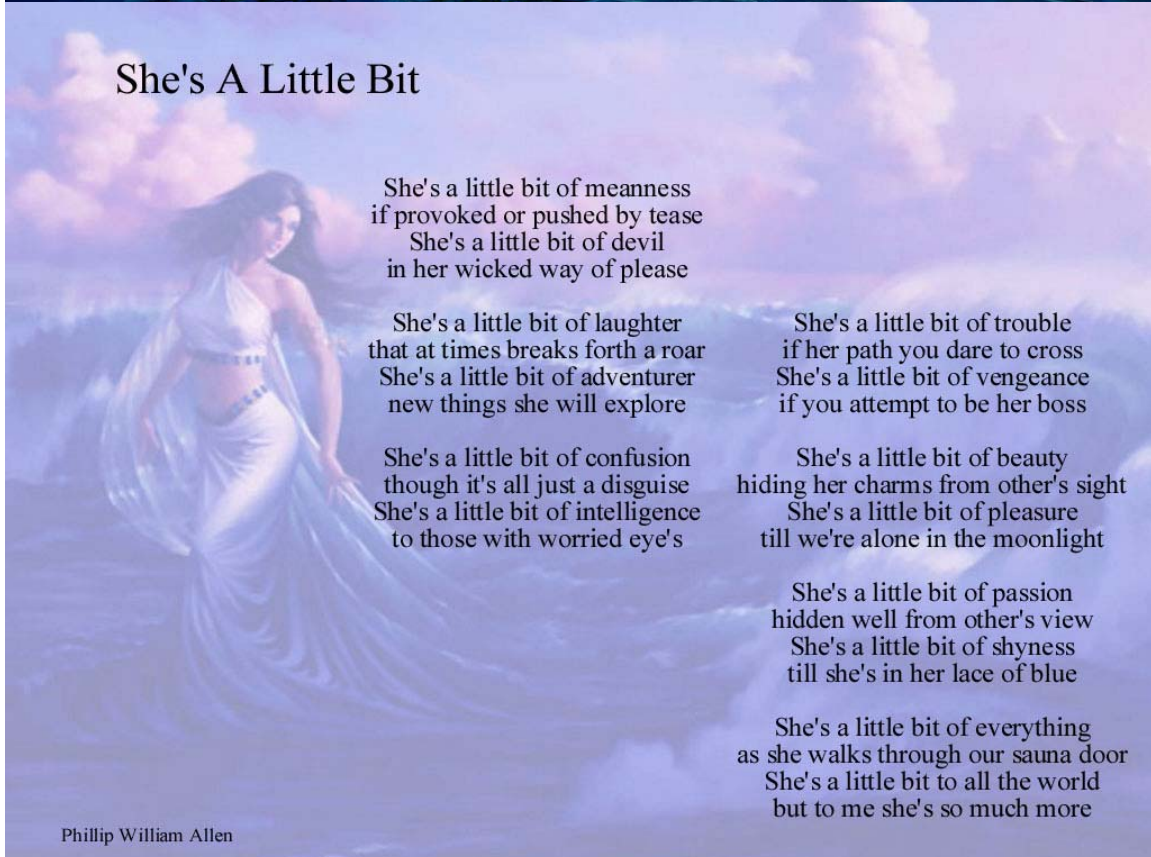


Last Minutes

*When the stars fall as diamonds
And gold fills the oceans blue
My thoughts will be on but one thing
The riches I have in you*

*When tomorrow no longer comes
And today is at its end
May my last breath and minutes
Be yours and mine to spend*

Phillip William Allen



She's A Little Bit

*She's a little bit of meanness
if provoked or pushed by tease
She's a little bit of devil
in her wicked way of please*

*She's a little bit of laughter
that at times breaks forth a roar
She's a little bit of adventurer
new things she will explore*

*She's a little bit of confusion
though it's all just a disguise
She's a little bit of intelligence
to those with worried eye's*

*She's a little bit of trouble
if her path you dare to cross
She's a little bit of vengeance
if you attempt to be her boss*

*She's a little bit of beauty
hiding her charms from other's sight
She's a little bit of pleasure
till we're alone in the moonlight*

*She's a little bit of passion
hidden well from other's view
She's a little bit of shyness
till she's in her lace of blue*

*She's a little bit of everything
as she walks through our sauna door
She's a little bit to all the world
but to me she's so much more*

Phillip William Allen