

I AM BUT A SHELL OF WHAT I USED TO BE

By Christine Stafford

**I am but a shell of what I used to be.
A Medieval Cathedral of old Coventry.
My Gothic arches now are few, my roof alas no more.
No clunk can be heard as folk pass through my door.**

**I stood so fine and passing time did not reduce my worth.
For centuries I had stood upon God's hallowed earth.
One moonlight night the bombers came destroying most of me.
I am but a shell of what I used to be.**

**I am but a shell of what I used to be.
I am now a ruined church a symbol to the free.
I stand for faith, hope, and love so shed no tears for me.
I am the heart that still beats strong in proud Coventry.**

**Cultures now diverse mingle with each other.
No wars or conflict now just brother meeting brother.
I stand beside a newer church, a grand design to see.
I am but a shell of what I used to be.**

**I am but a shell of what I used to be
And yet I am world renowned, I stand for liberty.
Though wounded are my fragile bones, I stand before you all
To listen to you night or day should any of you call!**