

Watchtower

"Iona Song"

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Iona, sweet Iona
island out of time
Your lost child is returning
his shadow close behind
Anger in his breast
black dog in his mind

I feel like an island of rage
in a vast sea of peace
Like a worm in a cathedral
like a beggar at a feast
Columba heal my black heart!
let my nightmare cease

Lace upon the window
patterns on the sheets
Three ships in the distance
horsemen in the street
Lord God fit me
to be your hands and feet

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