

Woven Hand

"Aeolian Harp (Under The World)"

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Now is the end of the gentile
Pluck aeolian harp, my child
Beyond the lust of this moment
Thin as a pine slat
It does no good to call you mine

You're a big brown bull
Button up and button down
Now grim pilgrim, he come around
As he did he will roll
Drivin' like there ain't no God at all

He digs his hole
I let him go
I let him go

Do you see the day far on?
Brothers, it is a line
There is no buffalo outside rifle child
It is more than hunger
That betrays my heart

I just let him go
Well, I let him go

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