

Woven Hand "Iron Feather"

Visit "[Iron Feather](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I must miss you
Under the ashen sky
And out from among them
You and you
Those who spin as glass
On this iron ship
Into their own hands cast
Oh it is this sad news
That has traveled so fast

All these tears
Gather together
Down your cheek
Your neck and feathers
All these tears

Letter by letter
They must be found
While still day
As dead men do
Do not find their way
Beneath the cedars
The cedars of Lebanon they

All these tears
Gather together
Down your cheek
Your neck and feathers
All these tears

Feather fell a voice
A calling answer there
To the hearing soul
The soul in the hollow square

Visit [Woven Hand](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.