

Woven Hand "My Russia"

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The morning comes, I've not yet closed my eyes
Cold and bright as I need it and the sun does rise
These were my thoughts as I passed 'neath your
window
I saw you through stained glass with only one eye

Hide me in your hand with the mother of my children
Where the land sinks deep in its color
Bless the ground where we kneel, safe in your woven
creel
And we follow for you speak, you speak as no other

No one asks any questions for fear that I might answer
They covered their ears to your song
Have I shown them compassion, have I shown them any
love?
I hope they know it comes from the father above

Hide me in your hand with the mother of my children
Where the land sinks deep in it's colors
Bless the ground where we kneel, safe in your woven
creel
We follow for you speak, you speak as no other

Self righteous self pity this I do not doubt
Bind and turn the strong man out
For you know my frame, the sound of my name
And I hold forth nothing worth saving

For I am everything, I am everything
I am everything that he is not

Hide me in your hand with the mother of my children
Where the land sinks deep in it's color
Bless the ground where we kneel, safe in your woven
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We follow for you speak, you speak as no other

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