

Woven Hand

"Not One Stone"

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And in so
They took on
As far as one can go
To crack the smile
And the old backbone
You offer up not your reason alone

Deep asleep as wolves
Who rise to worship their dreams
Under the mountain
Thin as thieves
Armed to the teeth
We have the same hands

Behold the lamb
Behold the lamb
Given for us
Made curse for us
Behold the lamb

Not one stone
Atop another will stand

As one of them
I always am
On my way down
This weary melody ends
The host of heaven descends
Down beneath this bleeding ground

Behold the lamb
Behold the lamb
Given for us
Made curse for us
Behold the lamb
Behold the lamb

Not one stone
Atop another will stand

