

## **Woven Hand**

### **"The Beautiful Axe"**

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The night holds  
Holds a candle to you  
I see you are a hummingbird  
Living in the shadows of law  
Cleave her to vivid of dreams  
Picture before you  
The living word

He did ascend away  
To prepare a place  
Let the sound together hold you  
To the humble he has given grace  
From the proud he hides his face  
From the proud he hide his face

Joy has come  
It rises with the son  
He the highest on the horizon  
Joy has come  
In the mind that I see  
Beautiful the axe that flies at me

In the yard  
More than forty birds  
For to write upon my mind  
We fall out into the street  
As the last one flies  
The last one in kind

On the morning of the second day  
And old skin vision of my hope and stay  
A flaw in the man whichever way  
Thinking of his color

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