

## Woven Hand

### "The Cure For Pain"

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The cure for pain is in the pain,  
So it's there that you'll find me.  
Until again I forget,  
And again he reminds me,  
"Hear my voice in your head,  
And think of me kindly."

Let me be, let me be..

Lowered down like a casket  
And buried just below her chest.  
"Whatever I was searching for,  
It was never you," she says.  
The record ended long ago,  
We go on dancing nonetheless.

I opened like a locket,  
"If you're ever cold," I wrote,  
"there's warmth inside me.  
I'm the pocket of an old winter coat."  
But where she used to say "I need you."  
Now...."I don't."

You'd only make the softest sound,  
Like sugar pouring into tea.  
Darling let your Self pour down  
And dissolve into the Love  
Who revealed himself there quietly to me...

(Jesus have mercy on us.)

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