

## Woven Hand

### "The Soviet"

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God is love and love is real,  
But the dead are dancing with the dead  
And though all that's charming disappears  
All things lovely only hurt my head  
As I gather stones from fields like pearls of water on  
my fingers' ends  
And wrap them up in boxes,  
Safe from windows, from things that break,  
As the night-time shined like day it saw my sorry face,  
Hair a mess but it liked me best that way  
(Besides, how else could I confess?  
When I looked down like if to pray,  
Well I was looking down her dress...)  
Good God, please!  
Catch for us the foxes in the vineyard - The little foxes.  
Turn your ear, musician, to silence because they only  
come out when it's quiet,  
Their tails brushing over your eyelids  
Wake up, sleeper, and rise from the dead!  
Or the fur that they she'd will cover your bed in a  
delicate orange-ish cinnamon red,  
Ah, I don't need this!  
I have my loves, I have my doubts.  
I don't need this.

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