

Xanthe Littlemore

"Glass Of Rain"

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V1) I drink the glass of rain You sent down from the sky
I eat the magic earth of the feast that You supply
I breathe the outer space that circles round this rock
I never left Your arms for one second of the clock

Sanctified, saturated, satisfied, situated
You are the Place that I love best
Think I'll lie down here and rest

V2) I see the floating stars You hold within Your palm

As You sing the surging sea into crescendo and to
calm
With my feet on dewy grass in the sun at even-song
As I drink the glass of rain, how could I ever not
belong?

Sanctified, saturated, satisfied, situated
You are the Place that I love best
Think I'll lie down here and rest

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