

Wendy Rule

"Oh, How I Dreamed"

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Mother, with your hand in mine
We will walk the way
Of the dark divine
We will kiss the soil
We will cross the line

Oh how I dreamed of things impossible
Oh how I dreamed of things impossible

Seems like a life ago
I had walked the fields where the flowers grow
I had picked the bloom of my beautiful sorrow

Oh how I dreamed of things impossible
Oh how I dreamed of things impossible

You would scream despair
And dry the teeming land
And reach beneath the Earth
And offer me your hand
And save me
And save me
And save me

Sometimes I feel your pain
Like a driven nail
Like the falling rain
Like the future pulled through an open vein

Oh how I dreamed of things impossible
Oh how I dreamed of things impossible

See the gaping wound
The blood on which I float
Your love is both the poison
And the antidote
That saves me

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