

Chris Rice

"Wind And Spirit"

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I hear a sound and turn to see
A new direction on that rusty weather vane
Suddenly the dead brown leaves are stirred
To scratch their circle dances down the lane

And now the sturdy oaks start clappin'
With the last few stubborn leaves that won't let go
I can hear Old Glory snappin'
And her tattered rope now clangin' against the pole

And my breath is snatched away
And a chill runs up my spine
Feels like somethin's on the way
So I look up to the sky, I look up to the sky

And from the corners of creation
Comes the Father's holy breath
Ridin' on a storm with tender fierceness
Stirring my soul to holiness, stirring my soul to holiness

I see the lifeless dust now resurrected
Swirling up against my window pane
And carried 'cross the distance
Come the long awaited fragrances of earth and rain

And out across the amber field
The slender grasses bend and bow and kiss the
ground
And in them I see the beauty of the souls
Who let the spirit lay them down

And it takes my breath away
And a tear comes to my eye
Feels like somethin's on the way
So I look up to the sky, I look up to the sky

And from the corners of creation
Comes the Father's holy breath
Ridin' on a storm with tender fierceness
Stirring my soul to holiness, stirring my soul to ho-
holiness

And like a mighty wind blows with a force I cannot see
I will open wide my wings, I will open wide my wings
I will open wide my wings and let the spirit carry me,
yeah, yeah

From the corners of creation
Comes the Father's holy breath
Ridin' on a storm with tender fierceness
Stirring my soul to holiness, stirring my soul to holiness
Stirring my soul to ho-holiness

I hear a sound and turn to see
A new direction on that rusty weather vane

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