

Caedmon's Call "Mother India"

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Father God, You have shed Your tears for Mother India
They have fallen to water ancient seeds
That will grow into hands to touch the untouchable
How blessed are the poor, the sick, the weak
Father, forgive me, for I have not believed
Like Mother India, I have groaned and grieved
Father, forgive me, I forgot Your grace
Your Spirit falls on India and captures me in Your
embrace
The serpent spoke and the world believed it's venom
Now we're ten to a room or compared with magazines
There's a land where our shackles turn to diamonds
Where we trade in our rags for a royal crown
In that place, our oppressors hold no power
And the doors of the King are thrown wide

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