

Wovenhand

"Blue Pail Fever"

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Thy will be done
Here on this highway
In every house and field I pray
All in meekness yield
Aided by want
Among stranger people
To disgrace so soon I've come

Drift like sleep
Into the hotel montana
Lay low for thy names sake
El matador louisiana

Full of bulls blood and what not
Coarse jest to a tight knot
You are not acquainted with your own heart
Frozen prayer upon my lips
Inside the blood runs hot
He was reviled
Yet he reviled not

Like a voice in an empty house
Breath your breath
And speak to me
Speak to me

It's a dry leaf that shivers on the branch
What matter if the wind cast it down
With a ruthless hand
Cause we remember always
That it took place forever
Thy kingdom come in
Whosoever

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