

## Wovenhand "Horsetail"

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He come up and throw himself down  
He finds no strength to get off this ground  
By the wave of the horsetail  
By the wave of the horsetail

He wishes no height, no height in your mind  
To climb the steep hill none he can find  
If you think you can see it in your hand  
Then you are blind

For unless he draw them, they will not come  
For no man seeks him, no not one  
There is number to your hours  
There is number to your hours

You, I don't know from a stone's throw  
If you think you can see it in your hand  
Then you are blind

And if you think you can see it in your hand  
Then you are blind

He bring the whirlwind to scatter your fire  
You cannot reach him  
No, not from your tallest spire

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