

## Wovenhand "Iron Feather"

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I must miss you  
Under the ashen sky  
And out from among them  
You and you  
Those who spin as glass

On this iron ship  
Into their own hands cast  
Oh, it is this sad news  
That has traveled so fast

All these tears gather together  
Down your cheek  
Your neck and feathers  
All these tears

Letter by letter  
They must be found  
While still day as dead men do  
Do not find their way  
Beneath the cedars  
The cedars of Lebanon they

All these tears gather together  
Down your cheek  
Your neck and feathers  
All these tears

Feather fell a voice  
A calling answer there  
To the hearing soul  
The soul in the hollow square

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