

Wovenhand

"My Russia"

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The morning comes
I've not yet closed my eyes
Cold and bright as I need it
The sun does rise

These were my thoughts as I
Passed neath your window
Saw you through stained glass
With only one eye

Hide me in your hand
With the mother of my children
Where the land sinks deep in it's color
Bless the ground where we kneel
Safe in your woven creel
We follow for you speak
You speak as no other

No one asked any questions
For fear that I might answer
They covered their ears to your song

Have I shown them compassion
Have I shown them any love
I hope they know it come
From the father above

Self righteous self pity
This I do not doubt
Bind and turn the strong man out
For you know my frame
The sound of my new name
As I hold forth nothing worth saving

For I am everything
I am everything
I am everything that he is not

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