

Wovenhand

"Story And Pictures"

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Shook out my salvation
In all four corners of my room
Lowly is the dust
Trustworthy the broom

White lady
Growlin on a chain
Peacock caw the sound of my lover's name
The tone was pure and played on gut
From your birdhouse aflame

Your fire burns for me
Red as grace
The blush came easily to your face
Your fire burns for me
Red as grace
And she says that none would have her

As a boy I too drew near
To the love of dust
Toughskin blue light cowboy
Idle hands they rust

Your fire burns for me
Red as grace
The blush came easily to your face
Your fire burns for me
Red as grace
And she says that none would have her

Let us allow the character to build
Wise as serpents and harmless as doves
Let's allow the emptiness to fill
Rich mercy and brotherly love

Your fire burns for me
Red as grace
The blush came easily to your face
Your fire burns for me
Red as grace
And she says that none would have her

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