

Wovenhand

"The Speaking Hands"

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I long to be with
God on his mind and behind her laughter
Circle the block, come back and tell me
You took the words he painted by heart
Right out of my hand

Like the scrawl
We scratch the screen and all
Do as we want yes, we do as we want
As the fall
We taste the shame and all
We've never not, we've never not
What is the end of
My troubled mind
To embitter to sin
Provoke my soul
Come Christ within yeah

I don't have the courage
To carve my splinters out no
But I got a friend St. Steven
These pictures of us
Wood, hay and stubble
We as well are nothing but trouble

Like the scrawl
We scratch and scream and all
Do as we want, do as you want
Like the fall
We taste the shame and all
We've never not, we've never not

What is the end of
Your troubled mind
To embitter to sin
Provoke your soul
To Christ within

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