

Wovenhand

"Your Russia"

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Medicine tounge and a heavy hand
Together made a fist
They put me down and I do not rise
And now as an old child
I'll hand it down
I'll hand it down
Then I blow around
See me blow around
Just like dirty paper

Medicine tounge and a heavy hand
Together made a list
Row on row
Of cold and hardened hearts that wish
My weeds and flowers
Would together both grow wild
From a distance
From a distance
They come up close to smile

Medicine tounge and a heavy hand
Together made a fist
They put me down and I do not rise
And now as an old child

Far be it from me to take care
Take care the words you say
In heart on new's day

By word of mouth
All young men do stagger
And all come to shambles by heart
Saw your eyes wide and flashing
Setting the woods on fire
Breathing heavy dirt
Beneath the skin of a liar
Did I cross your heart
Behind my back just then
I must push on hard
In prayer and take it by force
Though you've said it

You say it better
With more conviction than I

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