

Nine Horses

"Snow Borne Sorrow"

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Strip the branches
Unsheathe the hatchets
The threads of friendship
Are coming off

The teeth of lawyers
Man the trenches
Bands of betrothal
Are coming off

But if we're good, if we're kind
But if we're good, generous and kind
We'll inhabit their sunsets
Their goddesses and queens
We'll try to do the right thing

Oh, save them, oh, save them
Oh, save them, oh, save them
Oh, save them, oh, save them

Let the children come to me
Let the children come to me

It's a harrowing world
Of adults and girls
Lashing out at the hurt
That surrounds them

With the knives drawn apart
They shatter the heart
Of anyone that dares
Come between them

Let the children come to me
Let the children come to me

Once a playground of swings
Then the malice set in
And reduced all
The colors to winter

So we made it our own

This snow borne sorrow
And this love
That stutters and splinters

Let the children come to me
Let the children come to me

Her apostles have gone
They left one by one
With no forwarding address
To trace them

It's a secular world
Of adults and girls
And we ask
Because nothing is certain

Let the children come to me

When their feet touch the ground
Naked unbound
I want them to know
They can trust me

There's so much to be ungrateful for

Let the children come to me, oh

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