

Daniel Lanois, The Maker

Oh, Oh Deep water
Black, and cold like the night
I've stand with arms wide open
I've run a twisted line
I'm a stranger
in the eyes of the maker

I could not see
For the fog in my eyes
I could not feel
for the fear in my life
From across the great divide
In the distance I saw a light
Jean Baptiste
Walking to me with the maker

My body is bent and broken
By long and dangerous sleep
I can't work the Fields of Abraham
And turn my head away
I'm not a stranger
In the hands of the maker

Brother John
Have you seen the homeless daughters
Standing there
With broken wings
I have seen the flaming swords
There over east of Eden
Burning in the eyes of the maker
Burning in the eyes of the maker
Burning in the eyes of the maker
Burning in the eyes of the maker

Oh river rise from your sleep....