

# Iron Wine, On Your Wings

God, there is gold hidden deep in the ground  
God, there's a hangman that wants to come around  
How we rise when we're born  
like the ravens in the corn  
on their wings, on our knees  
crawling careless from the sea  
God, give us love in the time that we have  
God, there are guns growing out of our bones  
God, every road takes us farther from home  
All these men that you made  
how we wither in the shade  
of your trees, on your wings  
we are carried to the sea  
God, give us love in the time that we have