

# Shadow Project, Thy Kingdom Come

Gentle branches made of gold,  
a whirl of white, of night entombed  
be not sad in thought,  
your thoughts one day will cease  
it does not matter how or why  
gentle branches shall enfold thee

Our Father, who art in Heaven  
hollow be thy name  
thy kingdom come, come,  
thy wisdom spun in sanity and in derision  
thy kingdom come, come,  
thy vision hung in sanity and in derision

Give us this day our failing heads  
and deceive us of our free passage

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Our Father who art in heaven  
shallow be thy game  
thy kingdom come, come,  
thy wisdom spun in surgery and circumcision  
thy kingdom come, come,  
thy vision hung in sanity and in derision

May your circle be unwoven  
and the minds of children scorn your plans,  
refuse your hand

May your circle be unwoven  
and the minds of children scorn your plans,  
refuse your hand

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and the minds of children scorn your plans,  
refuse your hand

Thy kingdom come, come,  
thy wisdom spun, come, come  
thy will be done

Thy kingdom come, come,  
thy vision hung, come, come  
thy will be done

Thy kingdom come, come,  
thy will be done, come, come  
thy will be done

May your circle be unwoven  
by and by Lord  
bye, bye

May your circle be unwoven  
by and by Lord  
bye, bye

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May your circle be unwoven  
and the minds of children scorn your plans,  
refuse your hand