

Chris Rice, Wind and Spirit

I hear a sound and turn to see
A new direction on that rusty weather vane
Suddenly the dead brown leaves are stirred
To scratch their circle dances down the lane
And now the sturdy oaks start clappin'
With the last few stubborn leaves that won't let go
I can hear Old Glory snappin'
And her tattered rope now clangin' against the pole
And my breath is snatched away
And a chill runs up my spine
Feels like somethin's on the way
So I look up to the sky, I look up to the sky
And from the corners of creation
Comes the Father's holy breath
Ridin' on a storm with tender fierceness
Stirring my soul to holiness, stirring my soul to holiness
I see the lifeless dust now resurrected
Swirling up against my window pane
And carried