Daniel Lanois, Maker

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

I could not see for 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

oh river rise from your sleep....