

Nine Horses, Snow Borne Sorrow

Strip the branches
Unsheathe the hatchets
The threads of friendship
Are coming off

The teeth of lawyers
Man the trenches
Bands of betrothal
Are coming off

But if we're good
If we're kind
But if we're good
Generous and kind
We'll inhabit their sunsets
Their goddesses and queens
We'll try to do the right thing

(Oh save them)
Oh save them
(Oh save them)
(Oh save them)
Oh save them
(Oh save them)

Let the children come to me

It's a harrowing world
Of adults and girls
Lashing out at the hurt
That surrounds them

With the knives drawn apart
They shatter the heart
Of anyone that dares come between them

Let the children come to me

Once a playground of swings
Then the malice set in
And reduced all the colours to winter

So we made it our own
This snow borne sorrow
And this love that stutters and splinters

Let the children come to me

Her apostles have gone
They left one by one
With no forwarding address to trace them

It's a secular world
Of adults and girls
And we ask because nothing is certain

Let the children come to me

When their feet touch the ground
Naked unbound
I want them to know they can trust me

There's so much to be ungrateful for

Let the children come to me