

Rich Mullins, The Howling

"I can see the iron horses' tracks
Pressed in the mud from the weight of all that steam and steel
But the wind don't blow where you want it to go
No the wind just goes where it will and you follow
I can feel the breath of winter
Driving this snow across these newly-whited plains
Takes my breath from me and it leaves me falling
Then it picks me up again in its own strength

And I can hear the wild wind howling
And I can feel it in my bones
And I know that the howling will take me home

I can see some traveller's footprints
There's a little bit of blood in every step he made
I wonder what kind of burden he's bearing
That has cut him so deeply every step along the long long way
In the west I see an evening
This scarlet thread stretched beneath the gathering dark
Red as the blood on the hands of the Savior
And rich as the mercy that flowed from His broken heart

And I can hear the wild wind howling
And I can feel it in my bones
And I know that the howling will take me home

These men of violence they have made this a world full of wars
Oh God break Your silence and let Your justice shine forth
Show some mercy Oh Lord

'Cause I can see a people dispossessed
Broken and brave in the face of so much fear
Driven from their homes by the greed of a nation
Whose treaties were as good as litter
Along the trail of their tears
I can see the Covenant colors
The sun and the rain have woven against the blue of the sky
And I know if we live we will live by His promise
I know He who made it and
And I'm sure that He would not lie

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And I know that the howling will take me home"