

# 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

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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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