

# Woven Hand, Blue Pail Fever

Thy will be done  
Here on this highway  
In every house and field I pray  
All in meekness yield  
Aided by want  
Among stranger people  
To disgrace so soon I've come

Drift like sleep  
Into the hotel montana  
Lay low for thy names sake  
El matador louisiana

Full of bulls blood and what not  
Coarse jest to a tight knot  
You are not acquainted with your own heart  
Frozen prayer upon my lips  
Inside the blood runs hot  
He was reviled  
Yet he reviled not

Like a voice in an empty house  
Breath your breath  
And speak to me  
Speak to me

It's a dry leaf that shivers on the branch  
What matter if the wind cast it down  
With a ruthless hand  
Cause we remember always  
That it took place forever  
Thy kingdom come in  
Whosoever