

# Woven Hand, Cripplegate (Standing On Glass)

shake sleep  
wool and glass  
hung on nails  
here and there  
wails the wall I pass  
in you alone  
in you alone  
there is no harm  
in you alone

your sound  
in a picture frame  
your burlap silken scarf  
right hand stares down the left  
I wish to know nothing here  
save the blood of the cross  
in you alone  
in you alone  
there is no harm  
in you alone