

# Woven Hand, My Russia

the morning comes  
I've not yet closed my eyes  
cold and bright as I need it  
the sun does rise

these were my thoughts as I  
passed neath your window  
saw you through stained glass  
with only one eye

hide me in your hand  
with the mother of my children  
where the land sinks deep in it's color  
bless the ground where we kneel  
safe in your woven creel  
we follow for you speak  
you speak as no other

no one asked any questions  
for fear that I might answer  
they covered their ears to your song

have I shown them compassion  
have I shown them any love  
I hope they know it come  
from the father above

self righteous self pity  
this I do not doubt  
bind and turn the strong man out  
for you know my frame  
the sound of my new name  
as I hold forth nothing worth saving

for I am everything  
I am everything  
I am everything that he is not