## 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