

Woven Hand, My Russia (Standing On Hands)

the morning comes
cold and bright as I need it
the morning comes

no one asked any questions
for fear that I might answer

cold and bright as I need it
the morning comes

hide me in your hand
with the mother of my children
the morning comes
where the land sinks deep in it's color
bless the ground where we kneel
safe in your woven creel
cold and bright as I need it
the morning comes
you speak as no other

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
I saw you through stained glass
with only one eye

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