

Woven Hand, The Good Hand

I am nothing without
his ghost within
and all your wooden eyes cannot see
the good hand upon me

I took my shelter neath a familiar tree
im livin where I come from
I am I am my fathers son
see the good hand
see what the good hand done

leave it lye
let it go to ruin
to be blown thin by the wind
a heavy drone
a heavy sway
girl I love to see you talk that way

I live
I live among them
and they breath forth fire
I run
I run fast and then
I do not tire
for the good hand upon me

I see you've chosen to lose your way
to greed with a clank for nothin'
keep your word
captive in thought
you will give all
you will give all you've got
to the good hand upon me
she will understand
from the bottom of her heart
embellished by pains engraving
just
how great thou art