

Snow Borne Sorrow

Nine Horses

Strip the branches
Unsheathe the hatchets
The threads of friendship
Are coming offThe teeth of lawyers
Man the trenches
Bands of betrothal
Are coming offBut if we're good, if we're kind
But if we're good, generous and kind
We'll inhabit their sunsets
Their goddesses and queens
We'll try to do the right thingOh, save them, oh, save them
Oh, save them, oh, save them
Oh, save them, oh, save themLet the children come to me
Let the children come to meIt's a harrowing world
Of adults and girls
Lashing out at the hurt
That surrounds themWith the knives drawn apart
They shatter the heart
Of anyone that dares
Come between themLet the children come to me
Let the children come to meOnce a playground of swings
Then the malice set in
And reduced all
The colors to winterSo we made it our own
This snow borne sorrow
And this love
That stutters and splintersLet the children come to me
Let the children come to meHer apostles have gone
They left one by one
With no forwarding address
To trace themIt's a secular world
Of adults and girls
And we ask
Because nothing is certainLet the children come to meWhen their feet touch the ground
Naked unbound
I want them to know
They can trust meThere's so much to be ungrateful forLet the children come to me, oh

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