

# 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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