

Sparrows

Anathallo

I awoke from a dream, I was flying home
The wind wailed on my wings
And my strength was waning And I knew where from rescue would come
I scarcely called, I scarcely called
The sun's rays fell upon me there
Raining, raining, a sobering descent The dust I'm sure my voice was heard
On desolate heights weeping
Break up your fallow grounds
Do not sow among thorns Break up your fallow grounds
Do not sow among thorns The dust I'm sure my voice was heard
On desolate heights weeping
Break up your fallow grounds
Do not sow among thorns You shall call me my father and not turn away from me
As my father has cared for me to this end
How much more will he care for you?
O, Israel, return, o, Israel, return

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