

Illustrated Bible Stories for Children

The Weakerthans

Morning bright, rise
Go over your lines
Iron your carefully crafted disguise We'd all like to sing
It's easy to sigh
To sprinkle a handful of plausible lies Our buildings will rise
Poke out our own eyes
Publicly smile and privately frown A weeping reprise
Please hear my cries
I'd like to pull just this one building down So turn off the sky
Head in my hands
Night keep me warm, white window-sill Blinded by heart
Cut my hair short
Eyeless in Gaza with the slaves at the mill

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