

Hand of God

Emma Ruth Rundle

I am a desperate love, always am needing it
I wish the Hand of God would come
and relieve me of this way
I can't touch anyone
to touch without feeling
somehow is always wronged
to those who receive me in this way
come, bring your sons and let them see
come and lay them down in front of me
I can't do anyone right, I used to be somehow better
some are just born to night
some wear the scarlet letter
I wish the Hand of God
would cover the faces and cover the traces
of lovers lost
I wear the colors of Babylon
into a world, dressed as the girl I know is gone
I was true, I sang violins, touched and the like
so slowly, the soft singing will leave you in time
look through me now, see violence replaces the light
I wish the Hand of God
would cover the faces and cover the traces
of lovers lost
I wear the colors of Babylon
into a world, dressed as the girl
I know is gone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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