

Not One Stone

Woven Hand

And in so
They took on
As far as one can go
To crack the smile
And the old backbone
You offer up not your reason aloneDeep asleep as wolves
Who rise to worship their dreams
Under the mountain
Thin as thieves
Armed to the teeth
We have the same handsBehold the lamb
Behold the lamb
Given for us
Made curse for us
Behold the lambNot one stone
Atop another will standAs one of them
I always am
On my way down
This weary melody ends
The host of heaven descends
Down beneath this bleeding groundBehold the lamb
Behold the lamb
Given for us
Made curse for us
Behold the lamb
Behold the lambNot one stone
Atop another will stand

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