Devotion

Saint Saviour

Sisters in threes, pilgrims from overseas
borrowed belief, garlands and bilva leaves
On hands and knees, crawl to a saintly scene
Crazy to me, I don't see what they see.Gasoline dreams, raging against machines
peaceful release, marigolds mark the street
eyes for the blind, no question in his mind
knots intertwined, can't quite believe it butI wanna feel devotionScrolls from the sea, Gods tied to cosmic trees
Arrows and spears, preachers and pioneers
Cubits of stone make walls for a - wailing on
Stories of home bring people comfort so

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