

Arms I Know So Well

Emma Ruth Rundle

Oh boundless life were we to gain
From lost lands to the garden's gate
Its fear of the frozen and unhappy skies
Burnt now, burnt now, breathing only fire
And deliver me from all the evil I did to myself
And deliver me to arms so open, arms I know so well
As for the dead, they can raise themselves
In secret I sing for no one else
Its fear of open spaces I have travelled in
Come so far, dragged myself on this phantom limb
Please deliver me from all the evil I did to myself
And deliver me to arms so open, arms I know so well
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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