

# Wind and Spirit

Chris Rice

I hear a sound and turn to see  
A new direction on that rusty weather vane  
Suddenly the dead brown leaves are stirred  
To scratch their circle dances down the lane And now the sturdy oaks start clappin  
With the last few stubborn leaves that wont let go  
I can hear Old Glory snappin  
And her tattered rope now clangin against the pole And my breath is snatched away  
And a chill runs up my spine  
Feels like somethins on the way  
So I look up to the sky, I look up to the sky And from the corners of creation  
Comes the Fathers holy breath  
Ridin on a storm with tender fierceness  
Stirring my soul to holiness, stirring my soul to holiness I see the lifeless dust now resurrected  
Swirling up against my window pane  
And carried cross the distance  
Come the long awaited fragrances of earth and rain And out across the amber field  
The slender grasses bend and bow and kiss the ground  
And in them I see the beauty of the souls  
Who let the spirit lay them down And it takes my breath away  
And a tear comes to my eye  
Feels like somethins on the way  
So I look up to the sky, I look up to the sky And from the corners of creation  
Comes the Fathers holy breath  
Ridin on a storm with tender fierceness  
Stirring my soul to holiness, stirring my soul to ho-holiness And like a mighty wind blows with a force I cannot  
see  
I will open wide my wings, I will open wide my wings  
I will open wide my wings and let the spirit carry me, yeah, yeah From the corners of creation  
Comes the Fathers holy breath  
Ridin on a storm with tender fierceness  
Stirring my soul to holiness, stirring my soul to holiness  
Stirring my soul to ho-holiness I hear a sound and turn to see  
A new direction on that rusty weather vane

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