

My Russia

Woven Hand

The morning comes, I've not yet closed my eyes
Cold and bright as I need it and the sun does rise
These were my thoughts as I passed 'neath your window
I saw you through stained glass with only one eye
Hide me in your hand with the mother of my children
Where the land sinks deep in its color
Bless the ground where we kneel, safe in your woven creel
And we follow for you speak, you speak as no other
No one asks any questions for fear that I might answer
They covered their ears to your song
Have I shown them compassion, have I shown them any love?
I hope they know it comes from the father above
Hide me in your hand with the mother of my children
Where the land sinks deep in its colors
Bless the ground where we kneel, safe in your woven creel
We follow for you speak, you speak as no other
Self righteous self pity this I do not doubt
Bind and turn the strong man out
For you know my frame, the sound of my name
And I hold forth nothing worth saving
For I am everything, I am everything
I am everything that he is not
Hide me in your hand with the mother of my children
Where the land sinks deep in its color
Bless the ground where we kneel, safe in your woven creel
We follow for you speak, you speak as no other

Songwriters

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