

On Your Wings

Our Endless Numbered Days

God, there is gold hidden deep in the ground
God, there's a hangman that wants to come around
How we rise when we're born
like the ravens in the corn
on their wings, on our knees
crawling careless from the sea
God, give us love in the time that we have
God, there are guns growing out of our
bones
God, every road takes us farther from home
All these men that you made
how we wither in the shade
of your trees, on your wings
we are carried to the sea
God, give us love in the time that we have

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