

## IN HIS HANDS

His gifts to me are hard to see  
Skyfulls of tears heavens of hells  
Swallowing years

Robbed of my hope and out of rope  
I laid to rest what I loved most  
What I loved best

And In his hands I left my heart  
And he forgot but hitch-hike I ride  
Unseen inside

Love's labors lost  
Ashes and frost  
Then he returns Jericho falls Everest burns

And in his hands the morning broke  
What slept awoke long blinded by night  
Shuddered at sight

And in his hands he held my words....

Made wings for birds  
That never would fly

