

# Mother India

## Caedmon's Call

Father God, you have shed your tears for Mother India  
They have fallen to water ancient seeds  
That will grow into hands that touch the untouchable  
How blessed are the poor, the sick, the weak

Father, forgive me, for I have not believed  
Like Mother India, I have groaned and grieved  
Father, forgive me, I forgot Your grace  
Your Spirit falls on India and captured me in Your embrace

The Serpent spoke and the world believed its venom  
Now we're ten to a room or compared to magazines

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Key change up

There's a land where our shackles turn to diamonds  
Where we trade in our rags for a royal crown  
In that place, our oppressors hold no power  
And the doors of the King are thrown wide

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