

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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