

God Has Three Faces Wood Has No Name

Current 93

A little wood
A little wood
It's in the middle of the burning
It's in the middle of the burning
Doesn't have name
Doesn't have name
God has three faces
But the wood has no name

Little child he
He's in the firing
He's a little lost
And he's in the burning
And he's in the middle of the world-go-round
He has no face
And he has no faith
And he's in the middle
Of cruel cruel burning

Sky looks round
Sun shines down
Moon is childlike
Moon is working
In the middle of big black sky
In top and bottom of big blue space
And peace
And wood's no name
Child no blood there

Where the green river flows
Oh that's where my heart does grow
Where the red rose bleeds
Oh that's where my love does need me
Where the silence starts to thicken
Oh that's where my heart quickens
Where the laurel tree is
With laurel crowned

Child has no name
Child has no name
He's in the middle of the deep deep wood
A little wood
A little wood
And the wood's got no name
And he's in the middle of the burning
It's in the middle of the turning
Wood's got no name
It doesn't have name
God has three faces
And the wood has no name

Little child he
He's in the middle of the firing
He's a little lost
He's in the middle of the burning
He's in the middle of the world-go-round
He has no faith

He has no face
And he's in the middle
Of cruel cruel burning