

Seneca

Patti Smith

Oh chariot of insect
Oh crown of wind
Two royal leopards run with him
On a golden lead of tapered vine
Oh the blood sky, oh the blood sky
Vine of a god running wild
Oh golden seed who made the winged child

Run, run my little one
Run out to sea
Run, run my little one
What do you seek?

The canvas is high
The scheme of a life
Written in the wind
The pen, the knife

Run my little one
Breathe a hymn
Breathe my little one
A hymn to him
To him

The master is calling, calling
The canvas is high
The scheme of a life
Written in the wind
The pen, the knife

Run, run out to sea
Run my little one
What do you seek?

If you were his eyes
If you were his dreams
The whole of the sky could not contain you
So run, run, run out to sea
Run my little one
Breathe a hymn for him
For thee