

# Cloud Of Unknowing

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So he dropped the webs of the spider of heaven down through the  
clouds,  
All the way into the pool of blood at the bottom of hell  
Far above in heaven a bird flys through the terrible cloud of u  
nknowing  
Trust can make a man into a wood, trust can make a man green

An everything that longs to Be  
Broken and small enough to see  
To be held in his hands  
To be a part and yet alone

Here he is, reaching for the speed of light  
Here he is, reaching for the sound of forgiveness  
Now wounding 'round the waterfront she listens for a voice  
A sign of Mother God, a sign of God the lad

I long to enter you with gentleness and compassion  
But sorrow is always an open door  
I know many days go by and I forget to look up at the stars  
I forget there are stars, I forget there is the rest

Thin threads of light follow you around  
Through the pale blue, down your skin  
Down your skin