

Cloud Of Unknowing

Rickie Lee Jones

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 flies 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