

The Maker

The Tea Party

Oh, oh, deep water
It's black and cold like the night
I stand with arms wide open
I've run a twisted mile

I'm a stranger
In the eyes of the maker

I could not see for the fog in my eyes
And I could not feel for the fear in my life
And from across the great divide
In the distance I saw a light

It was Jean Baptiste
He was walking to me with the maker

My body is bent and broken
By a long and dangerous sleep
I can't work the Fields of Abraham
And turn my head away

I'm not a stranger
In the eyes of the maker

Brother John
Have you seen the homeless daughters
They're standing there with broken wings
I have seen the flaming swords
There over east of eden
Burning in the eyes
Burning in the eyes
And they're burning in the eyes of the maker
Oh, river rise from your sleep