

# Oh How I Dreamed

Wendy Rule

Mother, with your hand in mine  
We will walk the way  
Of the dark divine  
We will kiss the soil  
We will cross the line

Oh how I dreamed of things impossible  
Oh how I dreamed of things impossible

Seems like a life ago  
I had walked the fields where the flowers grow  
I had picked the bloom of my beautiful sorrow

Oh how I dreamed of things impossible  
Oh how I dreamed of things impossible

You would scream despair  
And dry the teeming land  
And reach beneath the Earth  
And offer me your hand  
And save me  
And save me  
And save me

Sometimes I feel your pain  
Like a driven nail  
Like the falling rain  
Like the future pulled through an open vein

Oh how I dreamed of things impossible  
Oh how I dreamed of things impossible

See the gaping wound  
The blood on which I float  
Your love is both the poison  
And the antidote  
That saves me