

The Maker

Daniel Lanois

Oh, oh, deep water
Black and cold like the night
I stand with arms wide open
I've run a twisted line
I'm a stranger in the eyes of the Maker

I could not see
For the fog in my eyes
I could not feel
For the fear in my life

And from across the great divide
In the distance I saw a light
John Baptist walking to me with the Maker

My body is bent and broken
By long and dangerous sleep
I can't work the fields of Abraham
And turn my head away
I'm not a stranger in the hands of the Maker

Brother John, have you seen
The homeless daughters?
Standing here with broken wings

I have seen the flaming swords
There over East of Eden
Burning in the eyes of the Maker
Burning in the eyes of the Maker
Burning in the eyes of the Maker
Oh, river rise from your sleep