

Soul And The Sea

Joshua James

I dream of dusty roads, paved with gold that lead me in your eyes.

The marmeladed paintings sing a song that not the crows will try.

The Piano screams a sound inside your lips I have found,
Something I could never save.

The current pulls me down, into your river deeper now, than I had

Ever planned to sink, planned to sink

Scattered winds blow me cross the ocean,
Turns and spins, leaves me breathless, but with
No sense of my direction, or
Where the main land sits, where I find my soul.

The battles fought and fight inside these walls, the blood still stains my dress.

Through we spoke, my broken bones, the chandelier means more you said.

The thunder screamed a light into the thick black painted night,
but not

A muscle did you move for me.

The rapids growing taller than I ever do recall,
Dragging my soul to sea, my soul to sea

And I said

Lord what have I done? And I said Lord what have I done?

Scattered winds blow me cross the ocean,
Turns and spins, leaves me breathless, but with
No sense of my direction, or
Where the main land sits, where I find my soul.