

If I stand around and watch them drown in a pool of gray
When we dive in I can surely say there's feud with force
Am I in your way? Please knock me down. Can I help you in?
When I'm not around let us all be found in certain ways

Dear Mr. Queequeg you have been informed your life's been saved
You are not a black-hearted vicious mess so it has been claimed
If this is the beast pulling us towards the east with mighty waves
Let us look inside and pull out all your pride you know it's up to us

Holding pasts in ash black earth
Bound by roots
Roots into sand
Grow towards the giver

There's an open wound placed upon my heart in anger's rage
If we open up a spirit, a spirit that can bleed
Ahab the leading lad we can trust his obsession carries them
Meet us at the temple healing all the crippled

Don't forget the maimed
Lower soul sent with gifts offering
Teeth of hope travel with
Child laid next to mother