

## My Calm Your Storm

### Caedmon's Call

Seven years on the seven seas  
The winds have ceased all is well at ease  
There's no tempest to attack me  
Afloat on the boat of mediocrity

Way back when You first calmed me  
At peace with you I'd always be  
But now it's empty methodology  
The fine white tomb that no one sees.

Ooh Ooh I am perishing  
Within the grey of faith and form  
Arise rebuke my content and my peace  
Make my calm, Your storm

I want to navigate out of this lukewarm sea  
Into the stream of reality  
Let the waves throw their threats at me  
Makes me hold on more tightly

I want to set my sails free  
Discontent with what will be will be  
I want to kill this thief That steals life from me  
And kill myself, the pharisee

Save me I am perishing  
In this grey of faith and form  
Arise rebuke my content and my peace  
Make my calm, Your storm