

Soul To Soul

West, John

When does life become death, and death become life?
It's a fine line - one I can't see even if I squint my eyes

If the soul can rise up and live again
Why is it I just don't remember?

Feels like I've been here before
Looked in the window, but never opened the door
All of my visions have gone black
Now I'm trying to find my way back

To another life
In a time when the mysteries were told
To another life
In a world full of shadows, behold
I'm moving soul to soul
Soul to soul

When does art imitate life, and life become art?
It's a hard line and crossing over is my only desire

If I have walked this Earth before
Why is it I just can't remember

Feels like I've been here before
Peered in the window, but never opened the door
All of my visions fade black
Now I'm trying to find my way back

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And now it fels like I've been here before
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