

# 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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In a time when the mysteries were told  
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