

The sea is rough
The spindrift cold
The bridge is under fire
The master left the sinking ship as waves were rising higher
Unbaptized
Unconverted
Just a henchman on the verge of throwing high aims overboard to
feed the surge

But if I fail or if I fall
I'll be aid and consolation
If I range or if I crawl
I will shelter you my love
If I starve or if I sear
I'll be faith and inspiration
Raise my hope and ease the fear
I'll be there to back you up

The sand like glow
The desert wide
The sun truncated brains
The well dried up and thoughts are like a caravan in chains
Bedraggled and ahungered
Just a traveler in search of confidence and devotion before it
burns

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A lightning strike on killing fields
The soil is soaked with blood
A deafening burst
The smell of death and faces blurred with mud
Ingenuous
Blameless
A peace seeker in the jam
But I'm stuck in here till judgment day on ruined land