

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