

Dry

Quill

What I see before my eyes is a man that'll never be
Wandering the freedom trail, don't let this man be me
Wipe the dust from bloodstained skin but failing to stand tall
Sit and watch the wise roll by, please save a wicked soul

Searching high and low 'cause my spirit is moaning
I'm on my way to higher ground
All I need to know is where the water is flowing
Before the well inside of me is running dry

There is so much left to say no time for dying down
In this muddy waterhole one sip could make me drown
Gimme strenght to carry on to waters rushing free
Lay me out on fertile ground, somewhere I can be me

If there's water flowing
Fill me 'cause I'm running dry