

## 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