

The Soul Of Slavery

Waterdeep

Well, the first thing I noticed yesterday was
the bronze glow of dirt on her jeans
then the reckless curl of blackened hair
and what I tend to think that means
The way her shirt danced above
the surface of her waist
The way it brushed across her hips
whichever way she faced

And though my eyes were testing death again
my mind is done deciding
I'll avert them now to save myself
from a darkening abiding
I'm trying to know respect and trust
I've learned to hate the aimless thrust
Cause it's a sacred act in sacrifice
And it's paid for with a heavy price
And I know what flesh can be
The soul of slavery

I'm tired of pretending I've got it all understood
That doesn't do me any good
You're among the foremost of the bad ones
I have heard it said
Leave yourself at the doorstep
Trust in the One who is not dead

The first thing I noticed then today was
the tired look in her eyes
Then the way her shoulders bent beneath
the world and all its lies
This time I was feeling for
the things that haunted her
This time I was hoping that
she did not concur with them