

## 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