

## From the Water

William Fitzsimmons

Hold up your arms, I don't see you  
Let tide return  
Your tired limbs, sea and battered  
I look for you

I will pull you from water  
Let your lungs return to air  
Take you back unto the shore  
And lead you home

This ravaged mind, a thousand voices  
They call for you  
Draw near my hand, the swelling water  
Your rest will come

I will pull you from water  
Let your lungs return to air  
Take you back unto the shore  
And lead you home

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