Waterdeep, And

I am haunted by my love for comparison My fascination with a single common theme And I am hounded by the fear that I might be losing it Slipping from reality into dream

When my mind is muddled by the way it seems to work I start looking for just one connecting Force Someone to assure me we that didn't lose the war today That the battle's General's still riding on his horse

In the mornings when I pray, I've often come to You with dreams Little bits of power that I can't comprehend And sometimes I can keep my eyes unclosed for long enough To see the blowing of a distant steady Wind

The distance doesn't take too long for You to cover it And when You reach me, You just blow these things apart You clear the crowd that's gathered 'round the crisis of my soul And whisper to my suffocating heart

And is the juice of the joints of the motion of life And is the love that is between God and his beautiful wife And has two hands and two feet and a long, lovely side And rose three days after he was crucified

So You're the Force of gravity that I feel pulling at my feet You're the Fuel at the center of the sun And, it's your Ghost that fills the atmosphere with what we need to breathe And, everything I've ever wondered, You're the one

Both my hands are stained with blood And both my lips are stained with tears From when I kissed the widow of the man I killed And, yet You're asking me to swallow Your forgivness here today You say the bond required for my pardon's been fulfilled