

Paramaecium, Over the Sea

We sailed from southern England to the coast of Palestine
I stepped upon the shore and gazed back across the brine
For my own impress I ventured to explore the Holy Land
With little more than my faith I turned and made my way across the sand

Making my way inland to the sites I have heard bespoiled
I seek echoes of the past, things deep within the soil
All my life, all my days, taken with the need to raise the dead

I journeyed through the heat to the mountain of Nebo
To survey all that lay in the Jordan valley below
And there laid out like a blanket was the land that Moses saw
The promise of Sinai fulfilled to those that went before

Making my way inland to the sites I have heard bespoiled
All my time, all my faith, stands upon the need to raise the ...
All my life, all my days, taken with the need to raise the dead

Away from the darkness, over the sea,
My greatest fear is that this darkness has followed me

The doubts which had inspired my quest
I'm certain were stalking me in this place
And were even now determined to steal my very soul

All my time, all my faith, stands upon the need to raise the
All my life, all my days, taken with the need to raise the dead

Out of the darkness, into the daylight
I find in my way that life is worth living