

# Clumsy Lovers, After The Flood

After The Flood (Chris Jonat)

After the flood  
When the world is of mud  
And we send out the dove  
And it doesn't return  
Do you think then  
All the king's men  
Will start over again  
Is that when we'll learn

First was the word  
Which became flesh  
That's only the beginning  
I can't remember the rest  
It seems I'm always forgetting

First was the fall  
Bought by the death  
Glory stands waiting  
With baited breath

I'm always missing my mark

This is the thing:  
The heart and the mind  
And the soul and the spirit  
All things of that kind  
They crave what belongs  
They want what is real  
But they're blinded at birth  
They're searching by feel  
When it feels time  
To get up and stand  
The earth falls away  
It was only quick sand  
And blame and wonder  
And anger and worse  
When just calm is needed  
To feel the inverse  
I can be calm