

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