

# July For Kings, Washed Away

There was blue green clay  
on the banks that day  
as we left the world behind  
it was upstream then  
like it's upstream now  
in this livelong outside  
there's a trestle across the water  
like my hands across that year  
for a moment the green was mine

And our footsteps worn  
from years of rain  
and it held my hand  
like it holds my name  
and my childhood born  
and the difference  
the water washed away  
the water washed away

I'm bruised and red  
from the pain of rock  
stepping stones until I fall  
and daggers when I land  
a roman candle in my hand  
was a weapon to the outside  
and I walked in my father's wake  
I prayed to a god to take  
the endlessness of those shores

And our footseps worn  
from years of rain  
and he held my hand  
he still holds my name  
and my childhood born  
and the difference  
We let the water wash away  
the water washed away

The water washed away  
the water washed away  
the water washed away  
the water took it all  
all away

Those sacred trails  
by the waterside left  
to other souls(soles) without love or hate  
they're bleeding the everything  
they're soiling the brilliant green  
and I'm drowning for the water's sake

our footsteps worn  
from years of rain  
and he held my hand  
and I still hold his name  
and my childhood born  
and the difference  
I let the water wash away

The water washed away

Let the water wash away  
I let the water wash away  
The water washed away

Washed it all  
The water washed it all away

I let the water wash away  
I let the water wash away  
The water washed away  
away  
Water washed it all away  
washed it all away  
away

The water washed away  
the water washed away  
the water washed away  
take it all away  
all away

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on the banks that day  
as we left the world behind