

Mike Scott, Behold The Sea

I woke up in the morning
stripped down my sheets
I put on my clothes, stepped into my shoes
tumbled into the street
The daylight was shimmering
and the ghost of a breeze
was rattling flagpoles
and whispering through the trees
"that was the river
this is the sea"

I went down to the station
I ran all across town
but the streets were all empty and the markets were closed
there was no-one around
I wandered like a phantom down alleys and passageways
heavy with history
I heard nothing but silence
silently saying to me
"that was the river
this is the sea"

Found myself at the highway
trucks thundering by
pillars and pylons
pointing away up at the sky
cars hissing like visions
bikes buzzing like bees
freight hurtling and moving
but not moving me
That was the river
this is the sea

I slipped into the cathedral
it was quiet and cool
the air was humming with incense
the windows were studded with jewels
there was a stained glass image of Jesus
shining in front of me
haloed and bleeding, surrounded by children
and shining in front of me
and as I walked out
I was still saying "that was the river";
I was still saying "this is the sea";

I went down to the harbour
stepped out in the rain
with a song in my head
and the blood pounding in my veins
I went down to the harbour
fell on my knee
for at the end of all roaming
I found You in me
That was the river
This is the sea