

WATER FOR DIRT

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You say you can walk on water, but you can't
With every stride you take, you get a little more wet;
You walk, you sink, you thrash for hope for floating on your back
When you struggle to catch your breath, how do you count the steps?

And as you sink suffocating, on water for dirt
It's heavy in your chest, you get a little more hurt;
You walk, you sink, you thrash for hope for floating on your back
With the shifting sand beneath your feet, how do you count the steps?

I'll take that water to slake my thirst...
I'll take that water to wash away my dirt...
I'll take that water, to give you some earth...
Give you some earth, give you some land on which to measure every step.

I can't breathe, I can't sleep, I can't save you – you can't save me;
I must climb, you must swim, we must survive – to count the steps.

I'll choke that water to slake my thirst...
I'll douse that water to wash away my dirt...
I'll drown in that water, to give you some earth.
Give you some earth, give you some dirt, give you some land on which to
measure every step.

The smallest increment of time, our paces, is the only way to measure every
step. I promise to count each one with you.