

## Watchtower

### "And"

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I am haunted by my love for comparison  
My fascination with a single common theme  
And I am hounded by the fear that I might be losing it  
Slipping from reality into dream

When my mind is muddled by the way it seems to work  
I start looking for just one connecting Force  
Someone to assure me we that didn't lose the war  
today  
That the battle's General's still riding on his horse

In the mornings when I pray, I've often come to You  
with dreams  
Little bits of power that I can't comprehend  
And sometimes I can keep my eyes unclosed for long  
enough  
To see the blowing of a distant steady Wind

The distance doesn't take too long for You to cover it  
And when You reach me, You just blow these things  
apart  
You clear the crowd that's gathered 'round the crisis of  
my soul  
And whisper to my suffocating heart

And is the juice of the joints of the motion of life  
And is the love that is between God and his beautiful  
wife  
And has two hands and two feet and a long, lovely side  
And rose three days after he was crucified

So You're the Force of gravity that I feel pulling at my  
feet  
You're the Fuel at the center of the sun  
And, it's your Ghost that fills the atmosphere with what  
we need to breathe  
And, everything I've ever wondered, You're the one

Both my hands are stained with blood  
And both my lips are stained with tears  
From when I kissed the widow of the man I killed

And, yet You're asking me to swallow Your forgiveness  
here today  
You say the bond required for my pardon's been  
fulfilled

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