

Caedmon's Call

"My Calm // Your Storm"

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Seven years on the seven seas
The winds have ceased all is well at ease
There's no tempest to attack me
Afloat on the boat of mediocrity

Way back when You first calmed me
At peace with you I'd always be
But now it's empty methodology
The fine white tomb that no one sees.

Ooh Ooh I am perishing
Within the grey of faith and form
Arise rebuke my content and my peace
Make my calm, Your storm

I want to navigate out of this lukewarm sea
Into the stream of reality
Let the waves throw their threats at me
Makes me hold on more tightly

I want to set my sails free
Discontent with what will be will be
I want to kill this thief That steals life from me
And kill myself, the pharisee

Save me I am perishing
In this grey of faith and form
Arise rebuke my content and my peace
Make my calm, Your storm

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