

James "Bubbles"

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Take an axe to your past
To your family tree
Carve a face from the wood
An effigy

Make wings from the leaves
Hide from the bark
Kindling for the hair
Rose for his heart

Someone to draw you right
Someone to catch the light

Draw the blue from the skies
Into his eyes
Carve the lines on his face
A map of the race

Juice from the root
Of a beet for his skin
Set the tides of the blood
With the pulse of the drum

Someone to draw you right
Someone to catch the light
I'm alive, I'm alive

Wash the boy in the stream
So tenderly
Press his lips to your lips
Give him your breath

He awakes with the weight
Of the vision he holds

Sees the rent in time
Through which he must fold

Someone to draw you right
Someone to catch the light
I'm alive, I'm alive

Stir the heart with a drum
Kiss smoke in his mouth
Show him signs of a life
That's a whole lot better

And he calls down the rain
Tornadoes and hurricanes
There's a world in his veins
That's a whole lot better

I'm alive, I'm alive

Fingers raised to the sky
A snake for a spine
He's drunk on a life
That's a whole lot better

Teach him songs of the bees
Double helix and honey comb
Play him wind through the leaves
That's a whole lot better

Alive, I'm alive
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