

Ocean Is Theory

"Plant Your Fields"

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We set sail to this thing called trust
The plans of the righteous are just
But I'm still recovering
I'm contemplating other things
But I've set my sights on you

All that I need is the smallest seed
To plant the faith to move a city
And all that I see is distress and apathy
But I won't lose faith and be like the pharisees

I'll depart with nothing I've held in my two hands
You wealthy rulers: no you won't understand
Better is tranquility in one
Than the grievous evil under the midday sun
We'll look at what we've done
What will we have to run from

All that I need is the smallest seed
To plant the faith to move a city
And all that I see is distress and apathy
But I won't lose faith and be like the pharisees

May my time here be pleasing to you
May my words, dear, move closer to truth
Can my thoughts be oh, so pure
Hold me now I want nothing more

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