

Gathering Field "The Soul Is Human"

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The crescent moon sits waxing in the clear, blue sky
tonight
Joanna sits relaxing down by the riverside
The cigarette she's smoking, a symbol of her sin
The words they still ain't spoken just a' hanging in the
wind

The soul is blackened by desire unprotected
The soul is weakened by love that goes neglected
The soul is drowning in a sea of sweet perfume and
Oh, lest we forget, the soul is human
Oh, lest we forget, the soul is human

What tangled webs we weave from idle speculation
A long, lost friend perceived the depth of her
frustration
Beer bottle sweating, she sits peeling off the label
She'll start regretting this as soon as she is able

The soul is blackened...

Oh it's been so long
Since she felt this way
Yeah it's been so long
Since she felt anything

"Just one more minute." She whispers in the moonlight
She's so deep in it, she cannot hold him too tight
The wheels are turning, she can feel them in the
distance
With such sad yearning, hard to put up much
resistance
The soul is blackened...

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