

## **Jam Pearl**

### **"Tremor Christ"**

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Winded is the sailor drifting by the storm.  
Wounded is the organ he left all bloodied on the shore.  
Gorgeous was his savior, sees her, drowning in his  
wake.  
A-daily taste the salt of her tears but, a chance blamed  
fate.

Little secrets, tremors, turned to quake.  
The smallest oceans still get big, big waves. Yea...

Ransom paid the devil. He whispers pleasing words.  
Triumphant are the angels if they can get there first.  
Yea...

Little secrets, tremors, turned to quake.  
The smallest oceans still get big, big waves. Yea...

I'll decide... ..take the dive. Take my time; not my life.  
Wait for signs. Believe in lies to get by. It's divine.  
Whoa...  
Oh, you know what it's like.

Turns the bow back towards him. Drops the line.  
Puts his faith and love in tremor Christ

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