

Vandaveer

"Mighty Leviathan of Old"

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I found that I find the things that you find
Important rather peculiar
The space in between between you and me
Has grown darker and deep and bigger

Were it not for the knots that we tied long and taught
We might not be hanging around
At opposite ends of a towering span
Over troubled waters below

Down a raging river with a deadly undertow
We circled the moat and you rocked the boat
Like a mighty leviathan of old

With cracks in our feet we beat foreign streets
We got stranded, we canvassed for answers
But the prayers we prayed fell silent and straight
No a savior won't save when commanded

So we marched through the dark
With cast-iron hearts
And all the strength we could muster
With torches in hand we surveyed the land
And stumble one after the other
Damned with blind ambition
To a glass house miles below
And the garden did grow some roots down in droves
And blocked out the sun while it shone

You tied a rope 'round my finger
You hoped for a dead ringer
Yeah you draped it over a towering oak
But the rain came down with a furious sound
And rusted that belt until it broke

So I clawed through the dirt, the soil of the Earth
With bare hands that barely could shovel
And the canyon did flood with water and blood
From a thunderous storm up above

Yes and God spoke clearly for the very first time in my
life

And the sounds he made were glorious and great
It was a tidal wave of rhythm

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