

Doused Deep Inland

Blindfold, feeling bold, oh

Crawl, fly, climbing high

Gaining height, oh

Wool and cotton wet in my mouth

Speak no longer

Traveling south

Searing hands, doused deep inland

Heaving still touch in high demand

Breathless from the climb

Working over time, swim along the tide

Bound, sore, hoping for

Hand me your ruler

Color coded

Mark my words and cover me softly

With those

Searing hands, doused deep inland

Heaving still touch in high demand

Breathless from the climb

Working over time, swim along the tide

Scorched torched lying on the porch

You know my restless mind is dreaming all the time

Breathless from the climb

Working over time, swim along the tide