

This is where the water becomes shallow.
And nothing here is quite as deep
as you hoped it would be.

You wish the lines were drawn a little clearer.
The tides have turned
this drought will burn
and everything is falling out of place.

And drying in the sun
shriveling and shrinking
the hides are turning brown
wrinkling and stinging.

as you bury yourself

deep in the dust
of the sandiest grave you can find
it's a new desert life.

to be reborn again
out of glass and of sand
and you're shimmering and you are clear.

this is where
the water is shallow and nothing is as deep
as you hoped it would be.

and this drought will burn
and everything's falling
out of place.

and you're glimmering and you are clear.