

03 Blood & Clay

Oh, the bright seam in the sky;
Torn ribbon light behind the trees.
Oh, we drove the wheels around;
Wore down the ground beneath our feet.

When the veils over our eyes
Seem to fall away,
We stand transparent in the light of day,
All spirit–fire and tears, blood, and clay.

Great Northern Lake combs out her curls
On the smooth stone shoulders of her shore.
Oh, we strove against the waves,
Overwhelmed, we loved each other more.

While lying bound in chains, in chains,
Our bodies struggle but still remain
All spirit–fire and tears,
Blood, and clay.

Oh, dreams move behind our eyes
Wink and whisper—say they'll make us wise.
But oh, the skin cloth covers lies,
Can we know what's true when we arise?

Then the veils over our eyes
Seem to fall away.
We stand transparent in the light of day;
All spirit–fire and tears, blood, and clay.

The first few lines of this song come from a poet who is now unknown to me. The strong images in the first verse inspired me to write the rest of it. I never dreamed at the time that I would some day publish these words as a recording. I would love to credit that poet for those inspiring words. If anyone knows the poet's name, please write me at my website: johnbyronshank.com.

As for my meaning, some painful relationships are wonderfully worked through by passionate determination. Once the root illusions, false assumptions, and offending judgments come to the light, we must wrestle for the deeper truth. We must truly know we are spirit–fire and tears, blood, and clay.