

Holy The Sea (John Gourley and Kris Ayana)

Forgive Durden

Please take a seat.

Let me tell you both a tale of love and hope.

It's a story that you may have heard before, told as mythical lore.

But this translation is clear, unlike the embellishments that have reached your ears.

There was a boy who shared your bones, your eager blood, your affinity for love.

He had it all in his hands, and he watched it all turn to sand. If this boy they speak of sincerely sits atop my
family tree,

Then I was truly meant to leave the Dark,

Down this path set out in front of me.

I will reunite this world's divided halves.

Fulfill my history.

This is more than divine decree, it's my destiny. Digging 'round the deep, only missing out on sleep.

Chasing 'bout my head like the wolf that found the sheep.

Don't go digging 'round there, you be slipping bit too much.

Milling muck and mud with the mind that lost its touch.

I been traveling 'bout in time, never stepping out for much.

Deepest of the deep with the wolf that lost those sheep.

Because it's more than a little but less than a bunch,

Found their way around with the blind that lost its touch. The choices he made that day to burn down the world
he'd helped create.

Don't be scared, kid.

You're gifted.

Follow this stream, and live out that prophecy.

Watch out for the wicked ones who call themselves beloved ones.

Beware of the medicine before you lay your head again.

Watch out for the wicked ones who call themselves beloved ones. So they arrived at the doctor's camp, his crude
shack.

A shanty with walls of broken glass,

Light leaking through the shattered cracks.

And through he was cordial, the young couple was doubtful. If this boy they speak of sincerely sits atop my
family tree,

I was truly meant to leave the dark down this path set out in front of me. For the longshoremen had warned them
to keep a close eye on their adored ones.

But they had journeyed for a reason, they were here for the medicine.

To cure the infection. But nothing could prepare him for the events that would ensnare them.

All he could do is trust what he knew. He would listen to his gut and live for his love.

Songwriters

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