# Soul Song

## Grey Daze

I'll be waiting
With a song in my soul
A fortunate weakling
Which I have foretoldHe raises his arms tied
Above the oppressed
Singing this sweet song
His melody opened up the sunAnd freedom rained
God has come
With the rivers of blood
Pushed back in my veins
She sleeps with her eyes closed
To dream of the past
Her mind has gone blind now
Her memory closes up the sun

Songwriters
SHUGGIE OTISPublished by
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