

My Soul

Emma Shapplin

My soul I drowned
Thy tears to taste
Their lapping sound
My mounts now raste...

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Thy tears to taste
Their lapping sound
My mounts now raste...

Trusting...
Your heart to other lights...
But you're trying...
But you're trying...
If you want to run...
That's alright with me
Your mettle made us yield...
Mine will set you free...
If you want to run
Don't look back baby
Ô you want to run away...
I'll survive, I'll be fine...

My soul I fold...
To thy evil eyes...
Thy lies to hold
My mounts now ride
My soul's bereft...
(trusting)
Of thy body's depth... It's...

(your heart to other lights)
Just your point of view...
(But you're trying...)
But you're trying...

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Mine will set you free...
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