So you want me to drench a desert Bad water is all I've got. You ask me to imbue the poor

Bad water is all I've got.
So you want to perceive your life?
Bad water is in your mind.
Joy will never fill your heart
Red water turns into the tar.

I am a cracked jar
Bad water's running through my eyes.
I leak! It burns!
But still I can be refilled It returns...

It kills a seed, kills a breed,
Smothers everything we need,
Plugging our pores up.
Flakes of salt drag to the start...
Our lips are dry from constant cry,
Our mouths are made of chalk and sand.
If only we could take one last sip,
Backwater would invite us
To the one-way trip.

The sky is a cracked jar
Bad water's running through the clouds.
It leaks! It burns!
But still it can be refilled.
It returns...

Until we wash our feet in a creek,
Until we spit in a cup and then drink,
Till we curse upon the sea,
Until the land can't shed a single tear...
Bad water is all we will be...