

The Silver Sea

Mortiis

Oft I wonder...
As my mind's eye fly it's own course...
Into those places,
That I cannot wander...

Where are they, those dark and hidden places...
That I cannot wander to?
Where is the place...
A place my mind often travel to...
That place I fear and hate,
But still so long to go...

For I see my freedom there...
The freedom of my my mind and body...
I see great walls of stone...
And I see beyond that silvery sea...

I see... Alas! I see... That silvery sea,
By the end of the walls...
Flowing into ever black infinity...
Becoming the spirits of the twillight...
Those free spirits,
I see them and I wonder...
Mayhaps I am the only who have seen...
The spirits, the stars, flowing into the darkness...
I wonder... May that there bright star whirling about...
Be my spirit of old?