

## Prince Of The Ocean

Anekdoten

Stood by the gate at the foot of the garden  
Am I too late? Are you gone now forever?  
So many things I never did tell you  
So many things, but still not much getting done

Examining memories, dissecting dreams  
Looking for visions and great, long lost schemes  
Half-baked ideas were all that I found  
No guide to my future, no key to what I've become

I am an island, a ship on a sea  
I drift with the winds  
Where the currents will lead  
I am an island, a star in the night  
I scan the horizons for beacons of light  
Long are the hours  
Still is the sea

When you had gone through the lost and the found  
What were the things that stuck in your mind?  
When you were tossing and turning in bed  
What were the thoughts that went through your head  
I know that you're longing for some greater plan  
A welcoming harbour, a safe place to land  
Abandon the anchor, go set the sail  
Lashed to the mast, follow the nail!