

I dont know how I ended up here
On this frozen nameless shore
I remember nothing of the journey
And there is no one else around

I go down across the towering dunes
To watch the seagulls glide above
So graceful when they are silent
Like lonely white ghosts in the air

I notice they are all unique
With faces that are all their own
Born to kiss the turbulent sky
Before they collapse and die

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As I look and dream myself away
A sound grows loud enough to hear
Like disembodied friendly voices
Carried on by southbound winds

I wake up to the sound of silence
Their words are faint and far away
Like the finest spray of water
They still speak of things I know

I turn to fix my eyes on the horizon
And I face the freezing gale
I observe the majestic white waves
As they rise and break and fall

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While they rise into the wild wind
It picks them up before it strikes
Steals away their urgent faces
Lifts their spirits to the skies

And their languages soft and broken
But still I understand it well
We talk about the ones we care for
And of all the things we lost

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