

## To the Coast

Enslaved

To the coast, but not across  
Static sanctuary

Longing for the heart of the changer  
Chained to the past, a dream of liberation  
The vultures above, they know, they've seen him linger  
here  
Where the barren land meets sea; the mother and the  
reaper  
The irony of

Sorrow kept close  
Hanging head  
Gaze upon the waters and turn back again  
Like so many times before

Riders on the horizon with darkness in tow

Too painful to let go of the fear, too strong the ties  
He came without a face  
And a promise of belonging  
So I caved and gave way to this vision  
Bleak and never-ending the pages  
I'd like to see what lies beyond  
Dissolving ink in salt water  
Wrecked and laughing at the skies and the open sea

To the coast but not across  
Had some strange days then walked back  
To the coast but not across

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Black clad back into the all over again