

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