

## The Strand

Fates Warning

The more I try  
The more I feel I'm missing  
The more I run  
The more my feet keep slipping  
The more I think  
The more I tend to worry  
The more I look  
I see my thoughts before me

And I dream of a strand  
As I struggle on the waves  
And I see the end of a passing day  
As I see the strand  
In the corners of my mind  
Windows offer the view  
Of a coming day

The more I stretch  
The more these walls confine me  
The more I beg  
The less it all seems likely  
The more I mind  
The matter that surrounds me  
The more I find  
My thoughts before me

Drifting on an open sea  
Shipwrecked clinging to broken beams  
Waters to my neck  
I strain to catch my breath  
Drifting in the boundaries  
I've built up deep within me  
Waters to my neck  
I strain to catch my breath  
I'm tired of treading again  
I'm swimming to the strand