

The smell of you and the ancient taste  
Of salt and sea wakes me from my equilibrium  
Shakes me from my lasting equilibrium  
The sudden cries of rising sea-birds  
Ascending from the foaming waves

No more, nowhere to be found equilibrium  
I'm descending into protean dreams  
Drawn by the sea-shine in your open eyes  
White-fingered waves reach out for my skin  
Softer than velvet and colder than ice  
I'm descending into the protean dreams  
Crossing the threshold of a deeper realm  
Dreams of the sea reach out for my soul  
Softer than velvet and older than time

Older than time  
Dreams of the hunter  
Protean dream  
Dreams of the lover  
Dreams of the warden  
Protean dream  
Dreams of the lover

Protean, ever-changing sea  
Crushing waves, beckoning me  
Opening me, dreams to see  
Descending into protean dreams  
Following the ancient streams  
Understanding what it all means  
What it all means  
I am waking from equilibrium