

Isle Of Solace

In Mourning

Haggard body, frail existence

Breaking through the waves, grasping for a cold surface

Swimming in uncertainty towards undefined nothing

When a dream is dying, the water is an endless foe

Agony ridden desolate struggle

Underneath the dark lies an unending depth

One foot hit the bottom, a cold touch of the ocean floor

A brief glimpse of hope, a sight of a coming relief

Loosing contact, slipping away from the newfound reverie

Slither ashore on newfound soil

Salt meets sand, cleansing the hands of the wounded

Illusionary shelter

Stranded on illusive ground, an island in a dream of solace

Trembling ascends from inside of the island

Given new life, the land awoke from it's ancient rest

Arms shot like towers through the foam and the waves

Surrounding and closing in, pulled under and torn deep down

A stream of emptiness from underneath sweeps it all away

Rising in the distance, apparition

An island lures a dreamer on the verge between life and ocean

Sinking away, with a final breath of water