

# The Silver Sea

Mortiis

Oft I wonder...  
As my mind's eye fly it's own course...  
Into those places,  
That I cannot wander...

Where are they, those dark and hidden places...  
That I cannot wander to?  
Where is the place...  
A place my mind often travel to...  
That place I fear and hate,  
But still so long to go...

For I see my freedom there...  
The freedom of my my mind and body...  
I see great walls of stone...  
And I see beyond that silvery sea...

I see... Alas! I see... That silvery sea,  
By the end of the walls...  
Flowing into ever black infinity...  
Becoming the spirits of the twillight...  
Those free spirits,  
I see them and I wonder...  
Mayhaps I am the only who have seen...  
The spirits, the stars, flowing into the darkness...  
I wonder... May that there bright star whirling about...  
Be my spirit of old?