

Alone

Parkway Drive

Shifting light outlines my battered form.
Stranger to the world, alone in my abandonment.
A gaining army of white horses, stark warning before the icy front.
The deceiving calm betrays all signs of impending change.
Evening tide what do you hide, damnation or salvation?
As my skin breaks the blackened surface, the cold is rising, yet all embracing.
Darkness, erase this lonesome place from my every existence.
An angry sky bares the signs, a distant violence yet to break.
The ocean's travellers cry forth across the waves.
Lightning cracks across a vast horizon, reaching out its hands towards an unsuspecting shore.
No light to guide.
No ties, no ties to bind.
Evening Tide what do you hide?
To the years spent waiting on the winds of change, this is penance paid.
This is my penance paid, to the morning Sun, whose warmth never found this young man's face.
Shifting light outlines my battered form.
Stranger to the world.
Alone.
Evening tide, what do you hide? Lightning cracks across a vast horizon, reaching out its hand towards an unsuspecting shore.
With a final effort I strike out across the swells, seeking only the answers, maybe horizons hold.