

The Castaway

Stormlord

The boat lays destroyed on the rocks,
There is no sign of my bride
The sea now it's peaceful and quiet
Am I alone on this island?
Am I alone in this hell?

As foaming waters are chanting their songs,
Sands are the clothes that I wear
As waves caress my empire made of wood,
Salt is the crown on my head

Emperor among these wastelands,
The clouds are my roof,
Time is frozen at my desert court
Stones are slowly becoming the throne of a god,
On dead leaves I walk like a king

I am the castaway
These shores are now my kingdom

As foaming waters are chanting their songs,
Sands are the clothes that I wear
As waves caress my empire made of wood,
Salt is the crown on my head

Here, lost in sorrow,
I start questioning 'bout myself
Am I still the same man
When morality looses all it's chains?

Isn't ethics just a cape that we wear
To hide the beast that we are?
Loneliness is like a mirror to us,
It reveals nature of all mankind

I cannot remember my real name,
The past fades away,
And sometimes I stare at the far skyline
Of water and fire, but I don't know why
It's too late, I've found the real me
The castaway