

# Arms Of The Sea

Textures

Man, born  
Locked down by water  
Hear the rustle spat out from the corner  
As we are thrown  
Right into the arms of the sea

Sheer bliss  
The dense cold collides  
The cliffs loomed up in the distance  
As they exhale, inhale

We must be born anew  
To paint our portraits like the way we are  
We must learn to breathe again  
To reach the core of patterns in our souls

Maybe we are something we are not  
It gives us a reason to be  
The spine of our soulless approach  
That gives us a reason to die

Grand your light to the sun  
And turn your back on the shells  
At the shores, the sea

Sow your seeds into the soil  
And recall the ideas that we shared  
In the years that we spent to progress

Oversee to be free, mesmerize  
And try to embrace the arms that come forth  
By the days of resurgence stream

Change me  
Drain all blood from the wounds  
And sleep your woes, slumbering  
Shed your skin and swim  
Right into the arms of the sea

The waves lifting, rising from the oceans  
The undertow breaths again  
As we are thrown  
Right into the arms of the sea

The dense cold collides  
The cliffs loomed up in the distance  
As they exhale, inhale

Maybe we are something we are not  
That gives us a reason to be  
The spine of our mental approach  
That gives us a reason to live