

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