

## Legends From The Storm

The End

I'm walking next to you  
To the grey upon your shore  
I breathe your salty mind  
And my ears hear your wave's roar

Most precious things got lost  
Lost am I upon your sand  
Your waters grey from hope  
From those dreams died hand in hand  
Two rusty sails appear  
My eyes rinsed saltwaterly  
A light in grey disorder  
Sawing spindrift in the sea  
The rust becomes a shape  
And the shape a ship in form  
It's weeping wordless poems  
Telling legends from the storm  
It's landing in the bay  
Softly wavering on our hands  
The sails run down the mast  
While the gangman nearly lands  
I'm entering like a pilgrim  
On my lastest pilgrimage  
On deck sit icy frozen  
Numbed man in badinage  
I'm placing my beloved  
Right into the frozen round  
I leave the ship's planks groaning  
And the sails I set the sound

While you take man my dear one  
Into a grey moven swarm  
Your voice signs while I'm leaving  
Telling legends from the storm