

# The Great Fleet Of Echoes

Throes Of Dawn

When we have used  
all of our mistakes  
When we have lost  
the faith on ourselves

How deep is the darkness  
How frail is your mind  
Are you far or close  
to your dreams?

Watery-eyed and broken  
in a life of decay

Do you think you are free?

Living to wither  
We cut ourselves  
to fit into the world's  
grey machine

Gathering memories  
Frail evidence  
Falling pieces  
Oblique fragments  
Traces of a purpose

Our voices echo  
the shattered freedom  
Do you hear  
these words I say

Flying through the mouth  
Burning through the head  
Set fire into your soul  
and never let go

Do you see them  
Do you hear them  
These words moving  
through the air

Are you far or close  
to your deepest dreams?

Do you think you are free?

Overhead  
in a broad formation  
out through the smothered  
hearts of men  
come the great fleet of echoes  
in spasms full of life  
all shapeless and surreal  
echoes of shattered  
freedom