

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