

The Sea Came in at Last

Vader

A massive blue calendar
Charting the age of apocalypse
The occupant marks the nodes
Maps the lines of terror

Across the city that keeps shifting
Spectral bicycles speed and ride
The fog devours and spits
New geography of the mind

Prostitution in memories
Secret desires without redemption
The past implodes on itself
The return to the womb begins

The sea came in at last
To claim all that is hers
The sea came in at last
To flood all sorrow and pain