

I climbed down to watch the tide
Mark the time that slips away
Where the oceans meet the sky
The drawing out of self
And bitter cold goes side by side
The self sustained obscurity
The scent I can't maintain
The ghost that never wanes

I walk out to meet my fate
In the receding of the day
In hope the tide will grant me stay
From the ghost that never wanes

So torn and afraid
I find lies faces none can wear away
Time slips away
Let them rest upon the waves
Peace at last for those who wait
Before I go out to far
Before the depth I seek moves further away

I walk out to meet my fate
In the receding of the day
In hope the tide will grant me stay
From the ghost that never wanes