

Whigfield

"The Furthest Shore"

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So long ago, I set out to sea, forsaken by god and man
Visions of passion, glory and gold beckoned from
distant lands
I left behind all I had known, aspiring to live, love, and
conquer
Unaware that these futile pursuits would only yield a
drifting sepulchre

Desperate
I have traversed
The seas of
Sorrow

Aimlessly drifting for many a year, cursing this fated
endeavor
Hopeless, I accept that the solace I've sought will elude
me forever
Straining against the maelstrom unbound, my limbs
fraild and broken
Splintered apart after storm upon storm, my heart and
hopes have sunken

Desolate
I have succumb
To the seas of
Sorrow

Tortured memories of sailing and searching, finding
and failing
Eroding the will to further resist the waves violent
churning
Bereft of strength I've lost hold of the dream now
sinking in sorrow
Falling helpless to the waters raging below

For a fleeting moment I clutched the debris of my
vessel now flotsam
A futile attempt of an overcome man to fend off the
ocean
I know it is hopeless when I see the approach of the
conquering wave

That has come to carry me to my watery grave

Washed ashore, succumb to the sea
The waves force upward my lifeless eyes
To watch the sun set for the last time
Only in death, would peace be mine

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