

Beaver "Repossessed"

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Gone all the way over
Gone to the other shore

Like a mantra the waves
Roll in and she listens
To hear that eternal
Sweet low repetition she says

Iæŝ! carefully booting
My trail through the sand
Crossing the dunes over repossessed land

Gone, gone, gone all the way over
Gone to the other shore

While dead sharp I wait
She says all these questions
Are useless to ask
Make one fine scrapcollection she says

Floodgate of memories
Comes to a hold
Dead sharp I wait till the story unfolds

Like a mantra the waves
Roll in and she listens
To hear that eternal
Sweet low repetition

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