

Before The Rain

"Breaking The Waves"

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Your smile, a postcard of flesh
Given to feed, in a turmoil of hunger
A crowd of giants, galloping the waves
Surfacing, to breathe the sky
A crowd, of giants... of giants
My bravest moment is gone. it's gone
Now, when the ravenous beckon
My voice, no longer solemn
A fading echo... just a fading echo
Breaking, timeless waves
And the constant weight of seclusion
And storms, of passing emotions
Lead to sullen despair
These somber tides lead nowhere
Nowhere, but to the black shores of doom
My voice no longer solemn
No longer, just a fading echo
Your smile, is strained from all the flesh
Driven and seared, in a turmoil of hunger
No longer giants, galloping the waves
Struggling, to reach the sky
But the summit is never near
Write me a short epitaph
Memoirs to my demise
Frail, with a roseate hue
Sail underneath my skin
Sail me across black waters
My severed pride, against the tide
And the song went dead when i ran out of breath
Where martyrs vainly dream
Where the gloom is weaving
Vigilant; an ever-lasting witness
And the summit it is never near...

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