

Black Lodge "Tower Inertia"

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Amber walls and spires, a tower out of the sands
An image of the mind
Ripe to the winds and seas
Spring tides of strancience brooding
Pulled by a lunar mood
The sands are running out
The tide is coming in
And all the urge that raised the walls
Dissolves in high weater
Truth is elusive, it denounces me, to shielf myself, my
integrity
I have become tower inertia
I push the dark tide back... again
Strong it returns
And all I have embraced... changes
And is washed away
Nothingness sinks upon me
Clears the horizon

"The day needs the night
As darkness defines light
Hopes and fears alike washed ashore"

Coherence lost
There is a thief among us
Time steals away with his prize
How may I welcome this offer
They carry a promise of loss
The day needs the night
And darkness defines light
Order leaves my shore
Empty hands greet the new
Renewal, redemption
What lies ahead, is intangible
I am Chris Zewe
Yet I deny
To be swallowed by the waves
All may change
But I dance with her
I was touched by want
I capture that moment
It is forever

Order leaves my shore
Empty hands greet the new
Renewal, redemption
There are sentiments
That defies the waves
Left a foundation
Upon to build more than just a dream
The leaden sky enclosing a certain slant of light
New ashen masonry rises
Founded in stone
I push the dark tide back... again
Strong it returns
And all I have embraced... changes
And is washed away.

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