

## Memento Mori

### "Caravan Of Souls"

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I stand alone on this cold, stormy shoreline  
no one can tell the secrets in keep  
out from the seeming real  
rise silent scry  
trying to find nothing but peace.

Marching on  
the caravan of souls  
they're marching on;  
the caravan of souls.

Soul's caravan  
seems to walk upon water  
shapeless in make  
beyond descriptions reach  
friends taking you  
what is this that I feel  
joy and relief, I'm eager to join.

I'm not alone on this cold, drowning shoreline  
alive without end; far from my domine  
I can't believe my eyes as I turn around,  
leaving behind the footprints in the sand.

Marching in the caravan of souls.  
It's the breath taking you  
it's the caravan of souls.

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