

Memento Mori

"The 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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