

Cursive **"Tides Rush In"**

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The coast is clear.
The coast is everywhere.
I must have reached the end of the year
Of searching for meanings in meaning
The coast is clear.

Tides rush in.
Are we all being tugged by the same needy force
That tugged me in, let tides rush in.
That tucks us in with a kiss on closed eyes.
It's something felt you can't describe
We've always tried, we've always tried.

Tides rush in.
Fools fall from undertoe.

For the chance encounter
With something godsend.
The gods haven't sent me a thing yet,
And I know they never will.
This epiphany is just a cheap handjob I give myself
I give myself no credit for this,
This bastard attempt at standardized song
Is all I've got, and after years
Of searching for meanings in meaning.

The coast is clear
Tides rush in,
Fools for the undertoe.

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