

Shipwreck A.D. "Thaw"

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Morning blooms, purple skies descend
The candles burning, burning at both ends
I feel I am the shepherd
Falling snow or is it frozen ash
Steadily squalls like the dripping wax
Looking for his sheep
An ill, faded tundra greets my sight
My world of color now hopelessly white
I may as well be blind
An ignorant quest I can't take any longer
A conscious famine driven by the hunger
A fuel for the flame
Just to get me through this
Call me a glutton
But I starve for a purpose
Hard to have direction
In this dry sea of waste
When there's no rose
To guide me on my way
Instead I stare out for a beacon
An icon of hope to appear in the distance
The omen, to see
The omen, to believe
The omen, a sign that my life has meaning
I await and gaze
And still there's no prophecy
Blind, finally I behold...

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