

Stirling Says "Ocean Air"

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Books on the table with the paperbacks dusty,

Gold leaf lettering shines out from the shelving,

Pages aging speak of time full of delivery,

When consequence of action taken in the name of
chivalry.

And I swear, I could taste the salt in the air and the
deep,

Beauty blue of a sword coast view,

And my hand to my hilt, and the picture of her
underneath my helm.

Faces fade into the shade of the tallest tree,

Sudden change in the range leads to mystery,

And the answer to the dream floats along the faerun
stream,

And it seem that everything is darker here.

Did you hear the news today? our old lives flew away,

And from the conclusion concluded was delusion

And the mask was lifted and the shapes were shifted.

Did you set your feelings free? follow your freedom to
mastery,

And a black labeled door holds a label and a score,

And we've finally conformed to explosions at the core.

Poison ready. Arrow steady, ready to embark on the
mission to the mark,

And the words on a page offer shields to a mage,
Who attempts to engage a barbarian in rage.
Did you hear the news today? our old lives flew away,
And from the conclusion concluded was delusion
And the mask was lifted and the shapes were shifted.
Did you set your feelings free? follow your freedom to
mastery,
And a black labeled door holds a label and a score,
And we've finally conformed to explosions at the core.

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