

Ocean Voyager

"Futility"

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1898

At a little room
Between candle light and a bowl of soup
Morgan looks into the mirror
Seeing a fairy spirit of his own
His eyes are like the Atlantic
Upon which a Titan sank a ship
The solid block of ice is just a miles
Thrown away by a prophet and a poet in 1998

A candle, a mirror
And the moment of poet to the nature
Upon which to (what does she say here?)

Numbers are posing to arrows
In front of your fate
And prevent you from playing the actual game

Time is composed of 2 hands
We can move in all directions

Humanity's fate

Here is your room
And within this, your world
Without the hands of a clock
Beyond time

Magic lives and the lots of pleasure
Being a man without a mask

A Titan sank the Titanic
On the chestguard of the Atlantic sea
Futility

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