

Delacroix

"Devil's Shore"

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shoreline of dusk heaven light,
sterling waves in darkened skies

Our keel could've kneeled in every past reel,
we've got breakwaves through volcanic tide

Seams of streams through whirlpool of night,
drifting, drifting

Ordained ordeal, under current rise,
the sea pregnant with devilish sighs

And the dreams, always been messing,
with the screams of my beloved ones

Streams always been turning my way around

The dreams always been messing
with the screams of my beloved ones

Streets always been turning so,
say now what you want to see,
into dreams that are not seen so

Hey mister did you see what I saw?
Oarsman called out from a jagged jaw

A beacon glimes there again for us all,
tells us welcome to the devil's shore

sweeping the light as it were, the lighthouse stood
screaming

Leaning, hovering tall, welcome to the devil's shore

And the dreams, always been messing,
with the screams of my beloved ones

Hey mister did you see what I saw,
I called out from a jagged jaw

there's a beacon that glimes again for us all,
tells us welcome to the devil's shore

sweeping the light as it were,
the lighthouse stood screaming

Leaning, hovering tall, welcome to the devil's ball.

And the dreams, always been messing,
with the screams of my beloved ones

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