

The Sea

Dark Moor

It's the sea of life a nightmare
For the searching and ever coming back.
In the middle of the empty nowhere
In a deep hole that is getting black
The sea
Is a pool full of tears that shed
My solitude that was thus fed
With the outrage voices uttered by the sirens.
The sea
Is the vast void from I can't flee
Is the smooth mirror of my glee
Like liquid stuff of blurred time
[Chorus]
In the unstill bluish sea
Searching a port that cares for me
Coming back to get free
My tortured soul
I can ride
In love the waves in glide
In love I'm looking for a reason to hold on
Hearing in the sea an old tone
Of mermaids at my side
While the waves make my ocean tide
The sea
Is where I just try to make sense
Of this life fabric thick and dense
Where I can feel distress and dismay for me.
The sea
Is the great well of fantasy
Whose source is our melancholy
From which springs up and flows
[Chorus]
The sea
Is a pool full of tears that shed
My solitude that was thus fed
With the outrage voices uttered by the sirens.
The sea
Is the vast void from I can't flee
Is the smooth mirror of my glee
Like liquid stuff of blurred time