In the beginning I was counting the stones on the seashore Look ing for the precious ones Among the stones, I found many pretty things While the sea rolled on beside me all the time

Time moved on I had collected many stones 'til I tired of them And I think they tired of me Some were lovely, but I was never satisfied And the sea rolled on beside me all the time

And the wind rose, east and cold Whip'ring sweetly to my soul A nd it said "Look you fool You are missing precious things Raise your eyes and look towards the sea"

So I looked: It was as if I saw the sea for the first time And it's power captured me All the time I had wasted seeking stones I had missed the rolling glory of the sea

And the sea Devoured a mighty swathe of heart: Overwhelmed me I n a way I couldn't know And the price for the love of greater t hings Was surrender to the great and cruel sea

And it stole me And I feared the aching sea It consumed me Drow ned my mind The wind said "Look, you fool No matter what you do You can't contain the ocean like a stone"