

The smell of you and the ancient taste
Of salt and sea wakes me from my equilibrium
Shakes me from my lasting equilibrium
The sudden cries of rising sea-birds
Ascending from the foaming waves

No more, nowhere to be found equilibrium
I'm descending into protean dreams
Drawn by the sea-shine in your open eyes
White-fingered waves reach out for my skin
Softer than velvet and colder than ice
I'm descending into the protean dreams
Crossing the threshold of a deeper realm
Dreams of the sea reach out for my soul
Softer than velvet and older than time

Older than time
Dreams of the hunter
Protean dream
Dreams of the lover
Dreams of the warden
Protean dream
Dreams of the lover

Protean, ever-changing sea
Crushing waves, beckoning me
Opening me, dreams to see
Descending into protean dreams
Following the ancient streams
Understanding what it all means
What it all means
I am waking from equilibrium