

Beacon (Forging Tempests Part IV)

Autumn

I ponder over parallel being
Remnants of a man worth his salt,
A shadow from the North
Once I spent
Some thousand days out at sea with my love,
Hopelessly devoted to the tides

To and fro,
a dance of brittle bones, old as the skies
I wonder how could I break on you now?
I'd lived in all directions,
Unfazed through deception

Shadow North,
you've thrown me off course
No stars for guidance in absence of light
And I wonder why I couldn't stop pretending by the riverside
And the river ran dry

Gently blowing my way (and the faultline shifting)
Shift to silence
Storm of the I
Thunderous crashing waves (they rise and they fall)
Fall on deaf ears
The turning of the tides is a rush of blood away (and edging ever closer)
And raising new questions
Fury upon me
Wasted enmity (stand tall 'till I'm frozen to the core)
Frozen to the core

I'm falling prey to solemn waves
Carry me away to unsettling horizons

Hold on for dear life, for the storm in my eyes is growing cold
Hold fast as I tear at the marrow
Bite down as I tear into the fabric of life
So cold in the eye of the storm
So cold here in the storm of the I