

Shadow of the Colossus

Dan Bull

I, wander
I wander
I, wander
I wander

I wander lost alone
Far from home
You've got so far to roam
How can you go back
When you don't know where you started?
No
Crumbling rocks and stones
Crush your bones
The hardest blow
Is not the conflict
But the conflicted quandary
Your heart is loaded with
Pulling you apart from within
Nothing can grow in the garden of sin
And hidden in you hand
Is a key to the forbidden land
You've been here before
But feel like starting again

This is a rebirth
A regeneration
A throwback
The tail of the lizard
Stronger when it grows back
So, slice your sword through the light
Hold it aloft
Cut a hole through the sky
The shadow of the colossus

I, wander
I wander
I, wander
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Get off my back
Get off my back
Get off my back
Get off my back

See nature reclaiming the ancient sacred shrines
Making time and space entwined
Changing up the pacing of your frame of mind
Can't hide from fate
I'm facing mine
Want to fight me?
Wait in line
I'm taking my bow and aiming high
Feather and cane decorating the sky
Whatever problem personally pursues you
Posed on any scale
Perseverance
Plus persistence

Persistently prevail
It's a tale as old
As the mountain and peninsula
Your impediments will harden
As long as they're kept insular
That's why it's vital
That you fight for every inch
Of the particular predicament
That's pricking
Digging in your rib
And prickling you skin
Ripping you apart from within
Nothing can flourish in the garden of sin
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The mightiest axe
Is to a leviathan but tiny daggers
But it's not the size that matters
It's striking fast
With the right attack
As you find that light on the Titan's back
And drive in the knife 'til it staggers
The night is alive with the sound
Of the lightning pounding the ground
As the giant crashes

Lying dormant
The lying dormin
Light and dark
Eye and horn
In dying dawn
Now I am mourning
For the higher form
I thought was a guiding light
Through the dire door
To the trial hall
Of my final calling
All to find that I have fallen

Waterfall dweller
I'm a sort a door-to-door seller
Port of call:
Fellows that are forty four foot tall
Hello
I brought a sword
For the inevitable awesome brawl
Hella enormous proportions
Result in the portions of gore
That'd cause a pool
That could hold a whole Portuguese man o' war
Without folding its knees
Or whatever those damn dangly organs are called
Stinging
Wringing you apart from within
Salting the earth
Halting rebirth of the garden of sin
And hidden in your hand
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