

Bird song awakens my ears
The sea water at my feet, could this be the end of me?
Washed ashore was the front door to our house
One way way out, through the shark fins
I'll take my chance, could be my last

No looking back on what was left behind
The shoreline disappears as I sail forward on this wooden wreck
, in search or more

In search of land to fill this everlasting longing for that stable ground
Where earthquakes happen only twice a year (perhaps once if we're lucky)

It came from the sea (or never we'd be lucky)
The limbs lashing down fractured holes in my door
The memories we built with our hands were erased when you came in and destroyed everything

Waves crashing down on me
My door will not hold for long