

## Sun Stones

Excalion

Over  
Wide open deep sea  
Men toil on the trireme  
The stream  
Pulls us astray according  
To our sun stones

The sail and the hull are silhouettes  
As we consult  
The stars and the stones  
The captain's eyes  
Are fixed in place  
And the course is staying the same

With our charts all full of emptiness  
We're sailing towards nothingness  
Not a slightest bit  
Keen to admit that we're  
A ship in distress  
With our charts all full of emptiness  
We're sailing towards nothingness  
Here's the irony  
In all this foolery  
We are calling it progress

Is there  
After the edge of the earth  
An endless fall  
We all  
Have heard the stories  
But we have closed our ears

As many hands as there are sailors  
Are pointing in discord  
There's no clear  
Outspoken fear  
But it is starting to set in

Somewhere  
Beyond the skyline  
The ocean comes to an end  
We fend  
Off the uneasy feeling  
That we're drawing near