

Tides

First Blood

First you give. FIRST YOU GIVE. Then you take, just like the turning of the tides. I will rise...HIGH TIDE rise and find good things and bring them within reach. Bring me good fortune. Reward my good deeds. Then as the tide recedes, you steal a piece of me. This neverending cycle constantly CREATES ME. This cycle, it will NEVER END. Bring me love, take it away, just like the turning OF THE TIDES. Pick me up, then bring me down, just like the turning OF THE TIDES. Bring me hope, then hopelessness, just like the turning of the tides. Learning to adjust my expectations cause I know that the TIDE WILL TURN. Stricken by this persistence, but I know that the TIDE WILL TURN. Preying on my existence, but I know that the tide will turn HIGH TIDE rise and bring me...BRING ME PEACE. Neverending cycle of life repeats.

Tides keep turning...Why can't you leave me be? Give to me, then take from me. I know that the tide WILL TURN. Bring me life, then bring me death. I know that the tide WILL TURN.