Opel

On a distant shore, miles from land stands the ebony totem in ebony sand a dream in a mist of grey... on a far distant shore... The pebble that stood alone and driftwood lies half buried warm shallow waters sweep shells so the cockles shine...

A bare winding carcase, stark shimmers as flies scoop up meat, an empty way... dry tears... crisp black squeaks tore reeds make a circle of grey in a summer way, around man so don't ground...

I'm trying
I'm trying to find you!
To find you
I'm living, I'm giving,
To find you, To find you,
I'm living, I'm living.