Fates Warning, The Strand

the more i try
the more i feel i'm missing
the more i run
the more my feet keep slipping
the more i think
the more i tend to worry
the more i look
i see my thoughts before me

and i dream of a strand as i struggle on the waves and i see the end of a passing day as i see the strand in the corners of my mind windows offer the view of a coming day

the more i stretch
the more these walls confine me
the more i beg
the less it all seems likely
the more i mind
the matter that surrounds me
the more i find
my thoughts before me

drifting on an open sea shipwrecked clinging to broken beams waters to my neck i strain to catch my breath drifting in the boundaries i've built up deep within me waters to my neck i strain to catch my breath i'm tired of treading again i'm swimming to the strand