

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