

Oceanlab, Ashes

Across the Eerie waters,
Misty covered glass I spied.
A sad procession, snaking down,
The dry and deathly trail...
And as my telescopic eye...
Focused on the marching line,
It settled on the fallen crown,
Now covered with a veil.

The heavy weight of mourning,
Drew each head... to face the ground.
Muscles tight on bearers' arms,
Each body cold and frail...
And through the muslin mist,
The beating drums, the only sound..
Twenty boats out in the bay,
All ready to set sail.

Ashes... take me back to earth...
Water... quench my human thirst...
Ashes.. take me back to earth...
Water.. quench my human thirst...

My bones soaked in the icy cold,
And fixed me where I lay...
Until each vessel left the shore...
And made a line for me.
There never was a breeze,
The leaves were silent all that day.
They say the sails were ghosts,
That stole the wind to set them free.

I layed transfixed,
Felt nothing, but... the beating of my fear...
As flames rose up and swallowed whole,
Greatest... of the fleet.
The others circled round,
And I heard chanting fill the air...
The ashes lifted high,
Were falling back... into the sea.

Ashes... take me back to earth...
Water... quench my human thirst...
Ashes.. take me back to earth...
Water.. quench my human thirst...