

Prince Of The Ocean

Anekdoten

Stood by the gate at the foot of the garden
Am I too late? Are you gone now forever?
So many things I never did tell you
So many things, but still not much getting done

Examining memories, dissecting dreams
Looking for visions and great, long lost schemes
Half-baked ideas were all that I found
No guide to my future, no key to what I've become

I am an island, a ship on a sea
I drift with the winds
Where the currents will lead
I am an island, a star in the night
I scan the horizons for beacons of light
Long are the hours
Still is the sea

When you had gone through the lost and the found
What were the things that stuck in your mind?
When you were tossing and turning in bed
What were the thoughts that went through your head
I know that you're longing for some greater plan
A welcoming harbour, a safe place to land
Abandon the anchor, go set the sail
Lashed to the mast, follow the nail!