

# The Plain Masks Of Daylight

Elend

The night shade  
A dark colonnade

The cypress, then the shore...  
I sought comfort in the foam  
The wind heals the pain  
A pale november rises  
You know how the days gone by  
Even night sought shelter  
Under the plain masks of daylight

Bitterness we wait...  
We ate the fruits of rainy hours

As ulysses looking seaward  
We mocked our innermost abodes  
We sailed on older seas  
And reached the bounds of deepest water

A wreckage in the rain

But the wind heals the pain