

The Strand

Fates Warning

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