

The Tide

Neurosis

Where are they now?
They are gone.
I saw them run,
run to the sea.

Under the waves all has been said.
Their voices are free.
Free from the sun's stare,
free from the noise of lost souls.

An exiled sound washed in with the tide.
Their voices are free.
Free from the sun's stare,
free from the noise of lost souls.

On the waves their voice carries on.