

Legends From The Storm

The Enid

I'm walking next to you
To the grey upon your shore
I breathe your salty mind
And my ears hear your wave's roar

Most precious things got lost
Lost am I upon your sand
Your waters grey from hope
From those dreams died hand in hand
Two rusty sails appear
My eyes rinsed saltwaterly
A light in grey disorder
Sawing spindrift in the sea
The rust becomes a shape
And the shape a ship in form
It's weeping wordless poems
Telling legends from the storm
It's landing in the bay
Softly wavering on our hands
The sails run down the mast
While the gangman nearly lands
I'm entering like a pilgrim
On my lastest pilgrimage
On deck sit icy frozen
Numbed man in badinage
I'm placing my beloved
Right into the frozen round
I leave the ship's planks groaning
And the sails I set the sound

While you take man my dear one
Into a grey moven swarm
Your voice signs while I'm leaving
Telling legends from the storm