

# Waves

## Metric

Kind of thunder from my heart  
Flooding my eyes  
Kind of armies marching  
Through my head  
Sombre soldiers  
From nowhere  
Kind of someone's  
Moving out of me  
Have no fear

Going somewhere  
Ship is leaving right on time  
Empty harbour, wave goodbye  
Evacuation of the isle  
Caveman's paintings drowning  
Famous last words on the air  
I stay here and you are there  
While our city softly sinks  
Cavemen's paintings drowning

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