

# Waves

## The Receiver

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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