

Waves

The New Wine

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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