Atlas to Atlantis

Darko

Found a bottle on the beach
The message inside wasn't complete
For the time had worn the paper thin
"My reflections not... what it used to be....
I'm broken down,..... somewhat fallen out with the fantasy"Drank the ink up of the paper
Till the words spilled down my chin
From my lips
They dripped on to my hands into my skin
Felt the rush as the letters tumbled on and on through my veins
To my heart
And on into my brainFound a bottle on the beach
The message inside wasn't complete
For the time had worn the paper thin
"My reflections not,.... what it used to be....
I'm broken down,.... somewhat fallen out with the fantasy"The serifs tore at my synapses
Till I finally let them in
Ancient scripts
A war torn city on the brink
On the waters edge I faltered
Then the waves crashed overhead
And in the undertow my journey beganAs the days fly by
The hours stand still
The hands of the clock move in for the kill
As the days fly by
The hours stand still
From these broken feathers, we'll make our wingsFound a bottle on the beach
The message inside wasn't complete
For the time had worn the paper thin
"My reflections not,....what it used to be.....
I'm broken down,.... somewhat fallen out with the fantasy".....

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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