

# At Dewy Prime

## Communic

The vision was a test of deprived physical strength  
Dipped in the ocean to be born again  
My soul was naked without a surface  
Then fingers folded around me and gave me a shell  
This ship on its travel carried meaningful thoughts  
Traveled over me and left their minds  
Then a shadow unbound me and stretched me with skin  
And adorned my soul with the memories of them, them  
Sailor, sailor burning bright  
On the stormy sea at night  
Golden heart and undying pride  
Their heart lies buried in a bay of Norway  
Bring back the memories  
Bring me back in time  
Bring back the colors  
And the scent of meadow lands  
Bring back the memories  
Bring me back in time  
Bring back the colors  
And the scent of meadow lands  
At dewy prime  
Bring back the souls of the dead  
At dewy prime  
Bring back the souls  
At dewy prime  
Bring back the souls of the dead  
At dewy prime  
Bring back the souls  
Bring me back in time to their homeland  
Bring back their souls together with me  
Bring back their souls to their homeland  
Bring me back in time together forevermore  
In remembrance of this kind  
That once came to round our land  
What immortal hand of time  
Made a frame and locked the symmetry  
Our eyes contemplated  
A transmission to the soul  
Spectacle of this universe  
The night veils its sadness in bloom  
One day will come  
Suppress all the dark thoughts  
Spirits of our destructive time  
Even into plains of ether  
Bring back the memories  
Bring me back in time  
Bring back the colors  
And the scent of meadow lands  
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