waves

Zirafa

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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