

# The Strand

## Fates Warning

the more i try  
the more i feel i'm missing  
the more i run  
the more my feet keep slipping  
the more i think  
the more i tend to worry  
the more i look  
i see my thoughts before me and i dream of a strand  
as i struggle on the waves  
and i see the end of a passing day  
as i see the strand  
in the corners of my mind  
windows offer the view  
of a coming day the more i stretch  
the more these walls confine me  
the more i beg  
the less it all seems likely  
the more i mind  
the matter that surrounds me  
the more i find  
my thoughts before me drifting on an open sea  
shipwrecked clinging to broken beams  
waters to my neck  
i strain to catch my breath  
drifting in the boundaries  
i've built up deep within me  
waters to my neck  
i strain to catch my breath  
i'm tired of treading again  
i'm swimming to the strand

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