The Night Tide

Blood Ruby

She makes her home,
She lives alone
By the seaside.
Her fingers comb;
She folds the foam
By the seaside.
She sits and sways;
She makes her way
To your insides.
What losses her choices.
The years pass;
Her longing ebbs and flows.
Her whole life a slow slide
Caught in the undertow
Of the night tide.Her ear's soft cone,
Rosettes of folds
Like a seashell.
Her timid hands
Smooth out the sand
Where the sea swells.
Her tiny sighs
Cut through the night
Like a buoy bell.
What losses her choices.
The years pass;
Her longing ebbs and flows.
Her whole life a slow slide
Caught in the undertow
Of the night tide.Lyrics

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

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