

The Plain Masks of Daylight

Elend

The night shade
A dark colonnadeThe cypress, then the shore...
I sought comfort in the foam
The wind heals the pain
A pale november rises
You know how the days gone by
Even night sought shelter
Under the plain masks of daylightBitterness we wait...
We ate the fruits of rainy hoursAs ulysses looking seaward
We mocked our innermost abodes
We sailed on older seas
And reached the bounds of deepest waterA wreckage in the rainBut the wind heals the pain

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

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