

Her Odyssey

She, maps our her odyssey
A meridian of stars and seas
Binds her heart to the horizon

And so, by the light of August's moon
Leaves her footsteps in the dunes
Sets her sail as tides are rising

If her quest is bathed in sun then I'll face the darkness
If her days are filled with song then I'll take the silence
From coast to coast
As North leads to South
If she wants the world then I'll go without
I pray she returns to share her tales with me

She travels on to blue beginnings and dead ends
And in this age of monsters and men
I hope she finds her Holy Grail of knowing

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If her days are filled with song then I'll take the silence
From coast to coast
As North leads to South
If she wants the world then I'll go without
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I'll man the fort
I'll quaff the wine
Tend to the fields
Herd the swine
Burn days up in smoke
Drown all my years
Haunted by ghosts of yesteryear
I may take lovers
Pretend to be king
But I'll still have no-one
I will have nothing
End my days as nameless bones washed in the rain
Forever rooted to these shores

Somewhere on the wine dark sea
I hope she'll raise a toast to me
The prelude to her self-discovery
Fodder for her newfound sorcery
A footnote to her odyssey