

Atlas to Atlantis

Darko

Found a bottle on the beach
The message inside wasn't complete
For the time had worn the paper thin
My reflections not
what it used to be
I'm broken down
somewhat fallen out with the fantasy
Drank the ink up of the paper
Till the words spilled down my chin
From my lips
They dripped on to my hands into my skin
Felt the rush as the letters tumbled on and on through my veins
To my heart
And on into my brain
Found a bottle on the beach
The message inside wasn't complete
For the time had worn the paper thin
My reflections not
what it used to be
I'm broken down
somewhat fallen out with the fantasy
The serifs tore at my synapses
Till I finally let them in
Ancient scripts
A war torn city on the brink
On the waters edge I faltered
Then the waves crashed overhead
And in the undertow my journey began
As the days fly by
The hours stand still
The hands of the clock move in for the kill
As the days fly by
The hours stand still
From these broken feathers, we'll make our wings
As the days fly by
The hours stand still
From these broken feathers, we'll make our wings
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