

Force of Nature

I grew up listening to the sea
A channel width that could be swum
Not often though just possibility
[no words]

Chorus;

*It's not easy work/the pay is poor/the weather worse
The boss a racist/and what's more/ this field's cursed
The sea encroaches, levels rise/Weather changes before our eyes
Only fools swim 'gainst the tide/Not seen again, the ocean cries*

The waves against our rocky shore/ Susurrated upon embankments
As a child, winds seemed to roar/ and flooded our foundations

Morning came as morning does/ Unexpected but no surprise
Sun shone clearly on what we prized/ Was nothing but to start again

Chorus;

The sea will take away/To return? They are wrong
What the tide returns/ Is not what we long for
The bodies are below/ water soil gravel
The entourage in black/ returns from where they traveled

When winds and waves rise up against/ Whatever walls we've built
Do not expect to win ~ beware/ The force of nature.

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