

## **Hiraeth<sup>1</sup> [He-rith]**

I woke up here but this ain't mine  
These walls protect me  
That cold outside

I long for this warm and special place  
Who's branches feed me  
And within her rivers I bathe

Gray wise sea  
I'll soon set sail  
May your current guide me  
May the moon lighten my trail

May your winds sing triumph  
And may my loneliness drown in your abyss  
For the bowels of this ship understands me It  
hears my cries

For those white sands that await  
I'll soon whisper your name  
You are everything to me  
This dream of mine  
A simple fantasy  
My failure

My demise.

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<sup>1</sup> Longing for a home you've never had

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