

Hearts Are Islands

Hearts are islands in the sea
Some of them have a lighthouse blinking
Some of them I will never see
Others are coral reefs sinking

Some of them are made for you
Freshly green, embracing hands
To others try the Sirens' woo
And then desolate barren lands

Without a map, some of them can't be found
Others emerge from the blur
You must know where you are bound
Out on the sea, wayfarer

Sometimes you recoil and run from the shore
But the days pass and
You find out that whether king or whore
Everyone looks for a land

Hearts are islands in the sea
Some of them have a lighthouse blinking
Some of them I will never see
Even though they were inviting