

I.C.A.R.U.S.

Bikker

Icarus to station, final report, 16-07-2245.

Mission complete, primary objective achieved, awaiting further instructions.

Icarus to station, request acknowledgement, 16-07-2246.

Awaiting further instructions.

Icarus to station, request acknowledgement, 16-07-2248.

Awaiting further instructions.

I landed with a smack on another wet and weathered rock
...Nothing here,
but the rubble of an ancient wall surrounded by the great black sea

No signs of prior man but chisel marks and rusty chains
...No one here,
just dirty stones scattered in the great black sea

Cerulean skies lured me into flight one too many times
...Stranded here,
with paper wings beyond repair somewhere in the great black sea

I.C.A.R.U.S. to station, I.C.A.R.U.S. to station.

Relentless Time endures as single god
While chronicles of empty pasts are buried here,
(It wasn't hubris that caused my fall, crashing into the great black sea)

A new tide is born that eats away my rock
...And I'm still here,
wishing and waiting, lost, upon a great black sea

Tomorrow I will wake up old dreams
Of flying long forlorn
Nothing here, will relinquish Any relics of my stay

Besides perhaps this ancient wall
with will and woe inscribed:
ICARUS was here – in his kingdom drowned – below the great black sea

*I.C.A.R.U.S. to station, I.C.A.R.U.S. to station, Repeat:
Intercontinental Atomic Rubble Unearthing Service to station.
No reply... no reply... no reply.*

From the album Roc na Seann Sgoile,
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