

## **THE TIME OF SEAS**

Lyrics and music: Lisandro Etala

I'm stepping into mud  
not knowing what I'll do next.  
I've tried looking at the world upside down  
and so lonely I've been left, you see.

This is the time of seas.

I'm preparing my skin  
without thinking of returning, I've left  
and heard a murmur of salt,  
a voice I felt distant  
said:

This is the time of seas.  
The rougher, the more open.  
And the sea foam seethes.  
That doesn't seem to hurt.

I'm soaking my feet.  
I'm going into the sea, calmly,  
and thus, without searching, I've found  
what I can now call home.

This is the time of seas.  
The rougher, the more open.

And the beach foam draws  
what we dream of.  
In time it becomes clearer

everything returns to the sea.

And one thanks for more drops.  
Nothing like being into nothing.  
To swim to walk again.  
Swimming without thinking of anything.  
That doesn't seem to hurt.

This is the time of seas.