

Sitting By The Shore

Raniran traditional



There is an old rock by the shore of the sea
One day I met there clad in garments of white
I walked up to her and she lifted her head.
So many called me with the last of their breath,
I have not seen her since that day any more,
There is an old rock by the shore of the sea



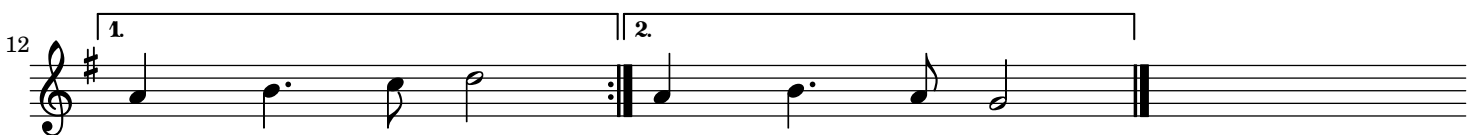
where I would go to which was only for me. A place for me to
a woman with hair as if of brilliant light. Sitting where I would
Her eyes were swollen and impossibly sad. I asked the goddess:
cursed me or blessed me in the moment of death. All I can do still
nor had another one seen her on this our shore. For good she had left
where I would go to which was only for me. A place for me to



re-remember what's lost, what we had left back on faraway coast.
with an unworldly grace taking away from me my favorite place.
What have you to mourn? Do tell me where from your sadness was born.
is bearing the shame, crying and mourning the lives lost in vain.
this realm, for at last she had understood: Her time had long passed.
re-remember what's lost, what we had left back on faraway coast.



While I'd be sitting by the shore, watching the waves,
Where I'd be ...
Why you are ...
Those can't be ...
Time to be ...
While I'd be ...



hear- ing the roar. hear- ing the roar.