



Erik



Oceansides where we saw you last,
Thinking your way out the future past,
Mixing wind with crystal waves,
Raising dreams from watery graves.

Soul full of blues and reggae rhythms,
Wheatfields, vineyards, chaotic systems,
You've a habit of forgiving transgressions –
No mistaking savior on a mission.

Forever into getting across,
Redeeming paradise we somehow lost –
Mythic soul, legendary kind,
Altruistic faithful Loving mind.

Compassion and empathy in a world gone mad,
An eye for the good somehow gone bad –
Like to lead us out this quagmire?
You got the stuff just add fire.