

We Ride

Fiction Family

Sunrise over troubled waters
Over troubled fathers of the sons of sun and sand
Steady now, you're the loosest cannon
Not yet a man but we're not children, we're not kids anymore
And we ride, we ride, we ride
Down these living seas
Down these living seas
Down these living seas
The winter comes and the deepest freed
We turn clever thieves to steal the breath of angry seas
Hold me down where blood meets water, where time is black
And white bright blue until you breathe, breathe
And we ride, we ride, we ride
Down these living seas
Down these living seas
Down these living seas
Down these living seas
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