Sea Of Joy

Blind Faith

Following the shadows of the skies or are they only figments of my eyes?
And I'm feeling close to where the race is run
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joyOnce the door swings open into space and I'm already waiting in disguise
Or is it just a thorn between my eyes?
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joyHaving trouble coming through, through this concrete, blocks my view
And it's all because of you
Or is it just a thorn between my eyes?
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy

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