

Atlantic

Thrice

It's been so long
And tin cans and string for years
Is all that we've known
Could it be you're really here?'Cause my eyes are open
And everything still moves in slow motion
Breathless and blue, and behind your eyes
The sea oceans of light envelop me But things can't be as they seem
I'm so far from home
This must be another dream
But my eyes are open

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