

# Expedition

## Sickdoll

Freedom fires burning  
Mighty kingdoms shall rise  
Crystal ships have returned  
Like pawns on a distant shore  
There's a cold empty place inside  
Where you know there's no end  
Mighty storm, mighty storm  
Stirs from the skies above  
Like a cold chill rushed upon my face  
Searching for what awaits us  
Set a course for a new shore  
Searching for what awaits us  
For what tomorrow, tomorrow will bring  
Plunging the northern seas, winds fill the sails  
As we approach another world  
Time has forgotten me  
The sun blinds and circles me, oh, oh  
No man is an island  
No footsteps have walked these shores  
Walked these shores  
Discoveries on virgin soil  
Let the expedition begin  
Searching for what awaits us  
Set a course for a new shore  
Searching for what awaits us  
For what tomorrow, tomorrow will bring

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