

Destination On Course

Rival Sons

Sail your ships for openings
Ride the waves that cover me
Moving through uncharted space
Slow exist state of graceFar away from home
Return before too longLeave your troubles at the door
You haven't lost what you're looking for
Eyes that move across the sky
The signal fades, there's no replySuddenly refine
You turn the hands of time
Only to unveil
Your hands have slipped from the rail

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