

Automated tools won't help you in a sea of love
You move cos your hands are crawling
And the sea is rough
Sailin' on a basic instinct through a bloody war
Doing your sailors' favours when the battle is poor
Only sail on to a shore baby alright
Sing with the wind of hunger, a song to a siren
I'm blowing at me and ..
Forget your time
The wind that we need to conquer like precious time
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