

My Oceans Were Lakes

As It Is

More thought is less that's said
War fought inside my head
Hard times and valentines
Closed eyes and still frame minds
'Cause old thoughts hate modern words
It's not just the truth that hurts
Scars heal, but never stray
Will I see another day?
Another day

I'm starting to see my oceans were lakes
I'm starting to see my...
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I'm starting to see my...

Before and aftermath
A lost cause down countless paths
Loose grips and handlebars
Dull glow of lesser stars
I fall short with every mile
With fist fights in single file
If all this just washed away
Would I see a brand new day?
A brand new day

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