

# New World

Balligomingo

My withering dreams  
are clouds in the sky  
formless memories shaped by the wind

whispering fears that follow me  
reflecting faces I'll see till the end

crystal blue clear water invites me  
memories fade I jump in  
enduring the tide and the pound of the ocean  
I'm carried by waves from my sin

wishing on my star  
feels like floating home  
on and on  
holding on to some night sky  
wont drag me down

a brand new world to try  
again  
looking now  
I see  
everything

your light in the night  
from the stars is what I see  
and in with faith my feet hit the ground  
I know that they hold my memories tightly  
somewhere they'll never be found

holding on to some night sky  
wont drag me down  
wishing on my star

holding on to some night sky  
on and on