

Sea of Joy

Blind Faith

Following the shadows of the skies or are they only figments of
my eyes?

And I'm feeling close to where the race is run

Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy

Once the door swings open into space and I'm already waiting in
disguise

Or is it just a thorn between my eyes?

Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy

Having trouble coming through, through this concrete, blocks my
view

And it's all because of you

Or is it just a thorn between my eyes?

Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy