

Some of us are made to live,
Some of us are made to dream,
Some of us are made to kill,
We're all about to die
There's something, somewhere,
A risky place, a kind of hell,
Attractive, impressive,
Where freedom dwells!

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I leave behind the quiet sea
to join the place where real storms are.
I feel the warmth of a new stream
Healing the hips of my deepest dream
Tomorrow comes, the march is on
Ocean breeze... Freedom teases me on!

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Surrendering everything, I got to go
To somewhere called a new life, version 2.0!