

We Ride

Fiction Family

Sun rising over troubled waters
Over troubled fathers of the sons
Of sun and sand
Steady now, you're the loosest cannon
Not yet a man, but we're not children,
We're not kids anymore

And we ride
We ride
We ride
Down these living seas
Down these living seas
Down these living seas

Winter comes
And the deep is free
And turns clever thieves to steal the breath
From angry seas
Hold me down where blood meets water
Where time is black
And white bright blue until you breathe
Breathe

And we ride
We ride
We ride
Down these living seas
Down these living seas

We ride
And we ride
And we ride
Down these living seas
Down these living seas