

Destination on Course

Rival Sons

Sail your ships for openings
Ride the waves that cover me
Moving through uncharted space
Slow exist state of grace
Far away from home
Return before too long

Leave your troubles out the door
You have been lost what your looking for
Eyes that move across the sky
The signal fades
There's no reply

Suddenly refine
You turn the hands of time
Only to unveil
Your hands have slipped from the rail

Slide through the night
Suffer through the rain
Destination on
Destination on course