

## 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