

Land Or Sea

Sleeping at Last

One day we'll wake up and realize-
To make any difference one must simply try.
Try to use words less than our hands,
For change is a direct result of our plans.

We've got no stakes in the ground.
We've got no anchors tied down.
Land or sea, there are no guarantees here, we know,
There is nothing but our fears of being free.

It feels deeper than any ocean floor,
Our lungs no longer believe in any shore.

So let's dry out our clothes and catch our breath.
Our process implies our progress.

We've got no stakes in the ground.
We've got no anchors tied down.
Land or sea, there are no guarantees here, God knows,
There is nothing but our fears of being free.

Finally, there's a mountain beneath us.
But up here our lungs fight against us.
Land or sea, there are no guarantees here.
God knows there is nothing but our fears.