

Voices of sirens, they are calling him home  
He is an old man and he's breaking the waves  
Feeling the breeze of Mother Nature inside  
Now he is here to find the sense of it all

Just like a pilgrim, he is searching for god  
Touching the surface with his wounded, cold hands  
Remember him, breathing the storm  
Blessing of time is coming

Old man  
"Deep in the sea, I'll find my peace  
I feel the freedom and I'm on my own way  
To reach the holy shore  
I'll throw my sins into the sea  
And no one sees what I have seen  
This is my aim  
To feel the freedom and the harmony"

Watching the water in the light of the moon  
He's navigating through the storms  
Reaching the shore, the foreign land  
Touch of a new dimension

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