

Set Your Mind

Walking with Strangers

This ship has set it's sails
Sailing in a dried out ocean
Broken and burned

We're high on the illusion
Breathe in the conclusion

Let them go, you're better off alone.

The burnt skin, on our backs
Just won't go away
Set your mind on things worth
Thinking of.

You're better off alone.

Grinding through the bottom of it all
Trying so hard, to reach the top
The wind in our sails will never stop

This ship has set it's sails
Sailing in a dried out ocean again.

The burnt skin, on our backs
This won't go away.