

Sea of Joy

Blind Faith

Following the shadows of the skies or are they only figments of
my eyes?
And I'm feeling close to where the race is run
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy
Once the door swings open into space and I'm already waiting in
disguise
Or is it just a thorn between my eyes?
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy
Having trouble coming through, through this concrete, blocks my
view
And it's all because of you
Or is it just a thorn between my eyes?
Waiting in our boats to set sail, sea of joy