Back to sin again, must be fate the wait was all day Black acts to amend at the gate awaiting to taste

Something perished past and gone away And nothing ever lasts that hesitates

Cause I know these days are calling out the simple sets in the skyline

These days they call wind, it's gone Season of the wake They are calling out and shooting in a silent cave We set the sails again alone Season of the wake

Back from holiday in my head the ocean calling Magic in the grave at the end the old way falling

Something calling asking to create The only other lasting love to make

Cause I know these days are calling out the simple sets in the skyline $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +\left($

These days they call wind, it's gone Season of the wake They are calling out and shooting in a silent cave We set the sails again alone Season of the wake

Cause there's something between
There's something within, I'm awake
All my friends
There's something between
Because something within, I'm awake
You're all my, friends
I've been long, enough awake
I'm alone
I've been long enough awake
I'm alone (repeat)

We've got a feeling of the day
Last time wasn't what we made but we make away
Love is our only true escape
Fear is nothing washed away awake away awake

Last time wasn't what we made but we make away