

The Sky Is Painted Gray Today

Ásgeir

On an unpaved weather-worn highway
You walk with a staff in your hand
In the distance you see a boat fighting
The waves by the coastland
You see that the boat is fighting
Weary and worn by the swell
Straying off course in the chaos
Feeble little shell

The clouds are swiftly sailing by
The ocean blares a battle cry
The sky is painted gray today

You find it so hard to think of
A friend in a state of dismay
When you cannot reach out and help them
To find a better way
But by looking a little bit closer
Now, I can see what is true
That the waves are the struggles of living
And the boat is you

The clouds are swiftly sailing by
The ocean blares a battle cry
The sky is painted gray today
The clouds are swiftly sailing by
The ocean blares a battle cry
The world is painted gray today