

New World

Balligomingo

My withering dreams
are clouds in the sky
formless memories shaped by the wind

whispering fears that follow me
reflecting faces I'll see till the end

crystal blue clear water invites me
memories fade I jump in
enduring the tide and the pound of the ocean
I'm carried by waves from my sin

wishing on my star
feels like floating home
on and on
holding on to some night sky
wont drag me down

a brand new world to try
again
looking now
I see
everything

your light in the night
from the stars is what I see
and in with faith my feet hit the ground
I know that they hold my memories tightly
somewhere they'll never be found

holding on to some night sky
wont drag me down
wishing on my star

holding on to some night sky
on and on