

An Ocean Of Lights

Devil Sold His Soul

Into the depths that I had never before thought to have been a part of us.

Under bright lights things never quite look the same, the cracks widen through the whole thing.

I stop waiting for an answer, we're all lost.

As rain crushes my face, we're all lost.

The waves crash down around us, we're all lost.

This is a death, not my choice.

With the death of an ocean, will you pray for direction?

And the moment is fading, our hearts will never feel so heavy.