

Over the mountains I see the open sky  
Pulling me in, pulling me in over the hills, yeah  
It seems like visions of kings and princes castles made of  
Clouds and rain, how do I stand still? Whoa oh

So many visions I have one voice

So where do I fit in and how do I get home from here?  
Have I lost my way in the sky so gray?  
So where do I fit in and how do I get home from here?  
Have I lost my way in the sky so gray?  
Are you my beacon leading home?

Swim in the oceans I feel the rising tide  
Pulling me in, pulling me in over the waves, yeah  
Looking for answers inside a grain of sand  
Washing away, washing away, clearing my mind, whoa oh

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I raise my hands, I raise my voice  
To anyone who ever follows dreams  
I took a stand, I made a choice  
To take the road less traveled in-between  
So hold on tight this crazy life

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