Oh, sweet sorrow
Let's write the book tomorrow
For I caught a glimpse
Been obsessed with it ever since

My eyes no longer weak amongst the clarity That you pronounce in me Won, you have won My illumination has begun

I am happily indifferent to the ones Who have consistently been wrong And all that once confined us Like minutiae at its finest now is gone

Oh, sweet sorrow
Let's write the book tomorrow
My eyes no longer weak amongst the clarity
That you pronounce in me

I am happily indifferent to the ones Who have consistently been wrong And all that once confined us Like minutiae at its finest now is gone

And all that that lies before me like the asphalt Lures me forward towards home, home, coming home