

This is my element time is irrelevant
How did it come to this?

I go to the water
When the wolf is at my door...
She wraps her waves around you
And makes you feel loved once more
'Cos water is the truth I can't turn my back on this
'Cos back on dry land is where
All the trouble is...

Lost in stories by Hemingway feel the salty ocean spray
Looking for the sampol stone...
I could finally be happy I could sheath the knife
Now that I've stopped searching for
The charmed but empty life

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Once more...

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'Cos back on dry land
Is where all the trouble is...