

Fiction Family, We Ride

Sunrise over troubled waters
Over troubled fathers of the son of sun and sand

Steady now
You're the loosest cannon
Not yet a man but
We're not children
We're not kids anymore

(CHORUS)
And we ride
We ride
We ride
Down these living seas
Down these living seas
Down these living seas

The winds are calmed and the deepest freed
We turn clever frills to steal the breath of angry seas
Hold me down where blood meets water
Where time is black and white bright blue until you breathe (breathe)

Chorus (x1)

Down these living seas
Down these living seas