

The Morning Of, The Sound Of Something Secure

So here's to what we do best
You'll never here this about the rest
But, it seems like times are changing
So i guess i'll start explaining
Give it to me nice and slow
And then, i'll teach you everything i know
Can you hear it?
Can you hear it calling?
Raise the mast and set the sail.
We'll carve a path, we'll start a trail.
Keep the cannons ready
Because i can not see what is up ahead.
The choirs singing reckless nonsense
The words assemble answers in our heads
And i have hope of coming home
So let me defend your honor
And i will give you my name
My valor grows with exuberance
And now our souls are sustained
And to this cosmic correction
Of our undying dreams
And we'll let fate play it's part
As well pull ties from the seems
Can you hear it?
Can you hear it calling?
Raise the mast and set the sail.
We'll carve a path, we'll start a trail.
Keep the cannons ready
Because i can not see what is up ahead.
Have you solved this riddle?
Decipher my rhyme.
The universe works easier;
When you keep it in mind.
The choirs singing reckless nonsense
The words assemble answers in our heads
And i have hope of coming home
The choirs singing reckless nonsense
(the stars they tell me the message)
The words assemble answers in our heads
(that tomorrow is finally here)
And i have hope of coming home
Have you solved this riddle?
Decipher my rhyme.
The universe works easier;
When you keep it in mind