

## We Ride

Fiction Family

Sun rising over troubled waters  
Over troubled fathers of the sons  
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

And we ride  
We ride  
We ride  
Down these living seas  
Down these living seas  
Down these living seas

Winter comes  
And the deep is free  
And turns clever thieves to steal the breath  
From angry seas  
Hold me down where blood meets water  
Where time is black  
And white bright blue until you breathe  
Breathe

And we ride  
We ride  
We ride  
Down these living seas  
Down these living seas

We ride  
And we ride  
And we ride  
Down these living seas  
Down these living seas