

Atlantic

Thrice

it's been so long, and tin cans and string for years
is all that we've known, could it be you're really here

'cause my eyes are open, and everything still moves in slow-
motion,
breathless and blue, and behind your eyes the sea
oceans of light envelop me

but things can't be as they seem, I'm so far from home
this must be another dream, but my eyes are open

and everything still moves in slow-motion,
breathless and blue, and behind your eyes the sea
oceans of light envelop me

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