

Blind Faith, Sea Of Joy

Following the shadows of the skies,
Or are they only figments of my eyes?
And I'm feeling close to when the race is run.
Waiting in our boats to set sail.
Sea of joy.

Once the door swings open into space,
And I'm already waiting in disguise.
Is it just a thorn between my eyes?
Waiting in our boats to set sail.
Sea of joy.

Having trouble coming through,
Through this concrete blocks my view
And it's all because of you.

Oh, is it just a thorn between my eyes?
Waiting in our boats to set sail.
Sea of joy.

Sea of joy.
Sea of joy.
Sailing free.
Sea of joy.