

Zwan, Mary Star Of The Sea

Rooms full of salt
fault my pluck
and a poets charm so far, ever far
little stars that burn the holes in my soul
and everything just feels like rain
the road we're on, the things we crave
and everything just feels like rain
if I should sleep, what's left to dream?
when everything feels like rain
drift as I dive
find the deep
out of reach of all light
far, ever far
restless tides along the changing shore
and everything just feels like rain
the road we're on, the things we crave
and everything just feels like rain
if I should sleep, what's left to dream?
when everything feels like rain