

# Fiction Family, We Ride

Sunrise over troubled waters  
Over troubled fathers of the son 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

(CHORUS)  
And we ride  
We ride  
We ride  
Down these living seas  
Down these living seas  
Down these living seas

The winds are calmed and the deepest freed  
We turn clever frills to steal the breath of angry seas  
Hold me down where blood meets water  
Where time is black and white bright blue until you breathe (breathe)

Chorus (x1)

Down these living seas  
Down these living seas