

# Thrice, Atlantic

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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