

From the day the sky rained down, on
This ocean, no others ships around,
I've tried to reach the clearing,
Illusions of sunshine in my mind..

Some say I've grown delusional from trying,
Some say time will show me otherwise,
Never had much peace of mind, I just
Hope my ship will dock, somehow..

He's the nice guy you never dared to ask,
He's the cool guy who's scared outside,
He's the shy guy who's boasting to hide,
Running allways running with the demons inside..

And she takes his hand, reaches for his face,
Whispers comfort and sympathy into his tears,
When the dream images fade, there's just
A ship, sailing towards a storm clearing..

Running allways running with the demons inside..

Most people sail alone,
Reach and touch someone,
Try to give more, more than you can handle,
There's still time to find what you want..

Stop running, throw your demons outside..

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