

Drown or swim.  
The choice is up to you.  
There's nothing left to do.

Here come the waves.  
Sounds like thunder.  
Here comes the wind.  
Feels like the tide.  
Here come the storms.  
Tastes like a fever.  
Here come the moods.  
Look like the seasons.

Fight or flee.  
Blood is the sea.  
There's everything left to be.

When you leave,  
all I can do is say goodbye.  
When I leave,  
all you can do is say goodbye.

Work or play.  
You have to flow the day.  
& sail the night.

Floats all around my head.  
Swim w/the breeze of the ocean.  
As it falls right to the ground.  
W/the tears of the sky.  
The currents dance within.