

Ocean "Isla Del Sol"

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Grow to the sun.
We fell on rock.
Awoke with broken bones.
Crawled our way back at rugged dirt roads to find
we're not alone and never wanna go back home:
We'll never go back home.
Drain me.
I can't find no place to rest.
What I've been searching for does not exist.
All arrows point inwards: The white in my eyes will
shine.
All plans forgotten: I've drawn a brand-new sign.
Sometimes it all seems so tasteless.
We carry on just the same, regardless.
My heart is hollow.
All I feel, so shallow.
Show me someone to follow.
Give me something to crave for.
What I've searching for doesn't exist:
Tonight we step out of the past and grow, grow to the
sun.

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