

Claymore "Oceans"

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Voices of sirens, they are calling him home
He is an old man and hes breaking the waves
Feeling the breeze of Mother Nature inside
Now he is here to find the sense of it all

Just like a pilgrim, he is searching for god
Touching the surface with his wounded, cold hands
Remember him, breathing the storm
Blessing of time is coming

Old man
Deep in the sea, Ill find my peace
I feel the freedom and Im on my own way
To reach the holy shore
Ill throw my sins into the sea
And no one sees what I have seen
This is my aim
To feel the freedom and the harmony

Watching the water in the light of the moon
Hes navigating through the storms
Reaching the shore, the foreign land
Touch of a new dimension

Old man
Deep in the sea, Ill find my peace
I feel the freedom and Im on my own way
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