

Felt Tip Pens, The "Sea"

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I'm on a plane
and looking down such a calm sea
My heart is filled
with your strength and memories
But the feelings always hover
between daydreams and reality
I hear vibrant sounds through the piano you play
Why I keep going back to this sense

You know you ought to go on your own path
but I don't know the path
This world is immense to me

An ocean extends
as far as I can see
The blue sky turns to grey
and then it reveals the pouring rain
I wonder why
I dreamt about your childhood
with your angelic smile
I spoke in my own voice and you didn't oh
Why I keep going back to this sense

You know you ought to go on your own path
but I don't know the path
This world is immense to me

I'm trying to find my own path

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