

Thrice "Atlantic"

Visit "[Atlantic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's been so,
Long,
And tin cans and string,
For years,
Is all that we've known.
Could it be you're really here?

'Cause my eyes are open,
And everything still moves in slow,
Motion,
Breathless and blue and be-,
Hind your eyes,
The sea,
Oceans of,
Light envelop me.

But things can't be as,
They seem.
I'm so far from home.
This must be another dream,
But my eyes are,
Open.

And everything still moves in slow,
Motion,
Breathless and blue and be-,
Hind your eyes,
The sea,
Oceans of,
Light envelop me.

My eyes are open,
And everything still moves in slow,
Motion,
Breathless and blue and be-,
Hind your eyes,
The sea,
Oceans of,
Light envelop me.....

