

Motorama

"Seagulls"

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Flowers from fields they come to a burial
That's why our mothers, they can't sleep enough

They can't sleep enough

Seagulls come to shore, to your boat
She stayed on the edge right next to the dawn

Colors and glimpse had gone to the catacombs
That's why our mothers, holy mothers, they can't sleep
enough

Open your gates to the shore
Open your gates
Open your gates
Open your gates to the shore

Seagulls come to shore, to your boat
She stayed on the edge right next to the dawn

Open your gates to the shore
Open your gates
Open your gates
Open your gates to the shore, brother
Open your gates to the shore

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