

Days like this, I don't know what to do with myself,
All day and ... all night.
I wander the halls, along the walls and under my breath,
I say to myself, I need fuel, to take flight.

And there's too much going on,
But it's calm under the waves,
In the blue of my oblivion,
Under the waves, in the blue of my oblivion ...

Is that why they call me ... a sullen girl, sullen girl?
They don't know how I used to sail
 the deep and tranquil sea.
But he washed me ashore, ... and he took my pearl,
And left an empty ... shell of me.

And there's too much going on,
But it's calm under the waves,
In the blue of my oblivion,
Under the waves, in the blue of my oblivion ...

Under the waves, in the blue of my oblivion ...
But it's calm under the waves,
In the blue of my oblivion...