

Enya, The River Sings

Our words go beyond the moon.
Our words go into the shadows.
The river sings the endlessness.
We write of our journey through night.
We write in our aloneness.
We want to know the shape of eternity.

Who knows the way it is?
Who knows what time will not tell us?

Mountains, solitude and the moon
Until the journey's end?
The river holds the lost road of the sky;
The shape of eternity?

Who knows the way it is?
Who knows what time will not tell us?

Where is the beginning?
Where is the end?
Why did we fall into days?
Why are we calling out into the endlessness?

Who knows the way it is?
Who knows what time will not tell us?