

Swans, The River That Runs With Love Wont Run

I won't think it,
I won't speak it
But I feel it
And I see it,
And it comes down,
And surrounds us,
With sensation,
With perfection, without purpose
And there's color, and there's light,
And there's movement
On the other side of the world
With each movement
New reactions, cause sensations,
which move through us,
And the warm wind,
Kissed your body
And the sun was rising, on the other
Side of the world
And there's color, and there's light,
And sensation
On the other side of the world
Now I breathe it,
And I see it,
Before thinking,
And it's perfect, without purpose
And they're rising,
On the other side of the world