Swans, The River That Runs With Love Wont Ru

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