

Swans, The Sound Of Freedom

We're Standing By A River
In A Place Where Nothing Moves
And The White Light In The Sky
Is Meaningless And Cruel
And We Turn Our Face Away
From A Cold And Violent Wind
And We Bow Our Heads Down
And We Pray To The Sound
Of Freedom
With A Mirror In My Hand
And My Eyes Burned In The Fire
Drunk On Self Deception
And Punished By Desire
Leaping Directly Into A Bright White Sea
I'll Keep Myself Breathing
And I'll Swallow The Sound
Of Freedom
Nobody Else Can See You
Nobody Knows You Feel
Go Further Inside You
Where Nothing Else Is Real
Now Throw Yourself Into A Pool
Of Silence You Can See
And Hold The Mirror Before Your Eyes
And Light The White Light, It's The Sound Of Freedom
Now Time Is Just A Picture That
Moves Before Your Eyes
And Every Lie That I Believe
Is Falsely Compromised
And This Is Not A Sound
And We Are Not Alive
Someone Else Was Here Before
In Someone Else's Mind
And The Ground We Walk Is Sacred
And Every Object Lives
And Every Word We Speak
Will Punish Or Forgive
And The Light Inside Your Body
Will Shine Through History
Set Fire To Every Prison
Set Every Dead Man Free
And The Air We're Breathing Now
We Breathed A Million Times
And The Darkest Dreams We Dreamed
Were Dreamed By Other Minds
So Take Us To The Water
Take us to the sound
And Wash My Soul Away
Where It Can Never Be Found...
And The White Light That Surrounds Us
Is The Sound Of Freedom Pounding
And The Ground That Opens Up
Spits The Fire From Freedom's Mouth
And The Concrete, Glass And Steel
Break With A Freedom You Can Feel And
The Wind That Blows Through Heaven
It Screams The Sound Of Freedom
And The Violence That Destroys
Is The Birth Of Freedom Singing
And The Lovers In The Field
Make The Sound Of Freedom Bleeding
And The Pain That Eats My Mind
Is The Shout Of Freedom's Life
And The Sea That Splits In Two

Is The Cut Of Freedom's Knife
And The Fire That Burns This City
Is The White Light In Freedom's Eye
And The White Light Is The Sound
Of Freedom