

Feels like elevation of my soul
And feel sensation's rising out the cold
We're intimate strangers
And carefully now
An idea is growing
Somehow...
We're intimate strangers
And carefully now
An idea is growing
Somehow in ourselves

You think you're in a motif sky

Reach the point of never get enough
Go past a height I've never been above
We move in slow motion
And strip raw our minds
A kick, from emotions
Collides...
We move in slow motion
And strip raw our minds
A kick, from emotions
Colliding in ourselves...

You let my spirit fly

Reach the point of never get enough
Go past a height I've never been above...