

What Comes At The End

Cloud Cult

Will we wake up in the body of a buffalo,
running through the fields with our old friends?
Or will we sleep with our favorite ghosts?
I'm just wondering what comes at the end.
I hope I meet you again.

You'll be a hummingbird. And I'll be a bumblebee.
And we will fall in love in our new skin.
We will talk all night about our philosophies.
As we lay wondering what comes at the end...
I hope I meet you again.