The rising Rising in the distance Feel no resistance Weightless and free Gliding Gliding on this feeling Ever increasing In frequency Searching For the perfect moment Stand still, time's frozen Wait patiently Trying But can't pull us under Won't steal our thunder Now we'll soon break free

On a wave Crashing once more We'll make this last Trust me now and hold fast Say the word We're gonna break through All things must pass I'm asking you to hold fast On a wave Crashing once more We'll make this last Trust me now and hold fast Say the word We're gonna break through All things must pass I'm asking you to hold fast