

Birthing

Swans

In light your skin is golden
The truth remains unspoken
The door was closed, but opens
With mind and limb interwoven

I'll go now
I'll go now
I'll go now
I'll go now

Through a tunnel carved in the air, I am falling
I can hear them, voices calling
Children singing, laughing, screaming, without meaning
Colors shifting, vapor rising
Sifting oceans here in my hand, disappearing

Will it end? Will it end?
Will it end? Will it end?
To begin, at the end:
Will it end? Will it end?
Does it endlessly end, in the end?
Will it end? Will it end?
Does it end? Will it end?
Does it end? Will it end?
Will it end? Will it end?

Pay attention motherfuckers
[Reversed:] Pay attention motherfuckers

I saw you, I saw you
Beneath the sea
I saw you, I saw you
Behind the air, above the sky
I saw you