

# Unforming

Swans

Now I can't feel my fingers  
But I'm trying to breathe  
Where do I end?  
I don't think this is me  
Well, I think that I'm thinking  
But there's too much to know  
It seems that I'm shrinking  
While I continue to grow  
There's someone inside me  
But it's not really clear  
It seems that I'm changing  
But I'm not really here

I can't feel with these hands  
I don't think with this mind  
It's just that I'm looking  
But don't see with these eyes  
Now I'm happy to be here  
To contain what I've lost  
Just by thinking this thought  
Two parallels cross  
Just by thinking I'm here  
I will soon disappear  
Who cares and who knows  
Where I've been or will go?  
My true name was written  
In the water and snow  
And that was the time  
To let it all go  
To let it all go  
To let it all go

Freedom!  
Freedom!  
Freedom from fear!  
Freedom!  
Freedom!  
Freedom from fear!  
Freedom!  
Freedom!  
Freedom from...