

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...